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Painted by Sir I. Lawrence B.A.

Engraved by R. Graves.

DONNA MARIA.



Printed for the Proprietors of the Amulet

THE
A M U L E T.

EDITED BY S. C. HALL.

LONDON :
FREDERICK WESTLEY AND A. H. DAVIS.

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TO HER MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY,

THE QUEEN,

THE NINTH VOLUME OF

THE AMULET

IS HUMBLY DEDICATED,

BY HER MAJESTY'S

MOST DEVOTED SERVANTS,

THE EDITOR AND PUBLISHERS.

10, Stationers' Hall Court,
Nov. 1833.

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Painted by G.S. Newton R.A.

Engraved by Chas. Rolls

THE DUENNA.

Obtained for the Proprietors of the Theatre.

THE AMULET.

THE DUENNA.

Ax, close the window, draw the blind,
Shut out the noisy street,
Full of those worldly vanities
No maiden's eye should meet.

Here, take your broidery, my child,
And finish your red rose :
Ah ! sighed the maid, I think of that
Which in the free air blows.

Come, string your lute, you've merry songs
To fill the idle noon :
The maiden only thought of one
She heard beneath the moon.

Or here's your pencil—here are flowers
Whose likeness you may trace :
She flung them down—her heart was filled
With one beloved face.

“ Shame on this sullen idleness !—
Wilt sit and mope alone ! ”
She drew the bolt—she turned the key,—
The prisoner soon was flown.

No marvel : for the captive bird
Is still most apt to fly,
And longs, while in its weary cage,
Its eager wings to ply.

It is in vain to fether youth
With harsh restraint and rule ;
It is a hard, ungracious task,
The wild, warm heart to school.

Ah ! if, instead of bolt and bar,
The maiden had but known
The kindly look, the gentle word,
She never would have flown.

Æ.

ARASMANES ;

OR,

THE SEEKER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PELHAM," &c.

CHAP. I.

IN the broad plains of Chaldæa, and not the least illustrious of those shepherd-sages from whom came our first learning of the lights of heaven, the venerable Chosphor saw his age decline into the grave. Upon his death-bed he thus addressed his only son, the young Arasmanes—in whose piety he recognized, even in that gloomy hour, a consolation and a blessing; and for whose growing renown for wisdom and for valour the faint pulses of expiring life yet beat with paternal pride.

"Arasmanes," said he, "I am about to impart to you the only secret which, after devoting eighty years to unravel the many mysteries of knowledge, I consider worthy of transmitting to my child. Thou knowest that I have wandered over the distant regions

of the world, and have experienced, with all the vicissitudes, some of the triumphs, and many of the pleasures, of life. Learn, from my experience, that earth possesses nothing which can reward the pursuit, or satisfy the desire. When you see the stars shining down upon the waters you behold an image of the visionary splendours of hope : the light sparkles on the wave ; but it neither warms while it glitters, nor can it, for a single instant, arrest the progress of the stream from the dark gulf into which it hastens to merge itself and be lost. It was not till my old age that this conviction grew upon my mind ; and, about that time, I discovered, from one of the sacred books to which my studies were then applied, the secret I am now about to confide to thy ear. Know, my son, that in the extremities of Asia there is a garden in which the God of the Universe placed the first parents of mankind. In that garden the sun never sets ; nor does the beauty of the seasons wane. *There* is neither ambition, nor avarice, nor false hope, nor its child regret. *There* is neither age nor infirmity ; diseases are banished from the air ; eternal youth, and the serenity of an unbroken happiness, are the prerogative of all things that breathe therein. For a mystic and unknown sin our first parents were banished from this happy clime, and their children scattered over the earth. Superhuman beings are placed at its portals, and clouds and darkness veil it from the eyes of

ordinary men. But, to the virtuous and to the bold, there is no banishment from the presence of God; and by them the darkness may be penetrated, the dread guardians softened, and the portals of the divine land be passed. Thither, then, my son—early persuaded that the rest of earth is paved with sorrow and with care—thither, then, bend thy adventurous way. Fain could I have wished that, in my stronger manhood, when my limbs could have served my will, I had learned this holy secret, and repaired in search of the ancestral clime. Avail thyself of my knowledge; and, in the hope of thy happiness, I shall die contented.” The pious son pressed the hand of his sire, and promised obedience to his last command.

“But, oh, my father!” said he, “how shall I know in what direction to steer my course? To this land who shall be my guide, or what my clue? Can ship built by mortal hands anchor at its coast; or can we say to the camel-driver, ‘Thou art approaching to the goal?’”

The old man pointed to the east.

“From the east,” said he, “dawns the sun—type of the progress of the mind’s light: from the east comes all of science that we know. Born in its sultry regions, seek only to pierce to its extreme; and, guiding thyself by the stars of heaven ever in one course, reach at last the ADEN that shall reward thy toils.”

And Chosphor died, and was buried with his fathers.

After a short interval of mourning, Arasmanes took leave of his friends; and, turning his footsteps to the east, sought the gates of Paradise.

He travelled far, and alone, for several weeks; and the stars were his only guides.

By degrees, as he progressed, he found that the existence of Aden was more and more acknowledged. Accustomed from his boyhood to the companionship of sages, it was their abodes that he sought in each town or encampment through which the wanderer passed. By them his ardour was confirmed; for they all agreed in the dim and remote tradition of some beautiful region in the farthest east, from which the existing races of the earth were banished, and which was jealously guarded from profane approach by the wings of the spirits of God. But, if he communicated to any one his daring design, he had the mortification to meet only the smile of derision, or the incredulous gaze of wonder: by some he was thought a madman, and by others an impostor. So that, at last, he prudently refrained from revealing his intentions, and contented himself with seeking the knowledge, and listening to the conjectures, of others.

CHAP. II.

At length the traveller emerged from a mighty

forest, through which, for several days, he had threaded his weary way ; and beautiful beyond thought was the landscape that broke upon his view. A plain covered with the richest verdure lay before him ; through the trees that here and there darkened over the emerald ground were cut alleys, above which arched festoons of many-coloured flowers, whose hues sparkled amidst the glossy foliage, and whose sweets steeped the air as with a bath. A stream, clear as crystal, flowed over golden sands ; and, wherever the sward was greenest, gathered itself into delicious fountains, and sent upward its dazzling spray, as if to catch the embraces of the sun, whose beams kissed it in delight.

The wanderer paused in extasy ; a sense of luxurious rapture which he had never before experienced crept into his soul. “ Behold ! ” murmured he, “ my task is already done ; and Aden, the land of happiness and of youth, lies before me ! ”

While he thus spake, a sweet voice answered—
“ Yes, O happy stranger !—thy task is done : this is the land of happiness and of youth ! ”

He turned, and a maiden of dazzling beauty was by his side. “ Enjoy the present,” said she, “ and so wilt thou defy the future. Ere yet the world was, Love brooded over the unformed shell, till from beneath the shadow of his wings burst forth the life of the young creation. Love, then, is the true God, and whoso serveth him he admits into the mysteries of a

temple erected before the stars. Behold ! thou enterest now upon the threshold of the temple ; thou art in the land of happiness and youth !”

Enchanted with these words, Arasmanes gave himself up to the sweet intoxication they produced upon his soul. He suffered the nymph to lead him deeper into the valley ; and now, from a thousand vistas in the wood, trooped forth beings, some of fantastic, some of the most harmonious, shapes. There was the satyr and the faun, and the youthful Bacchus—mixed with the multiform deities of India, and the wild objects of Egyptian worship ; but more numerous than all were the choral nymphs, that spiritualized the reality by incorporating the dreams of beauty ; and, wherever he looked, one laughing face seemed to peer forth from the glossy leaves, and to shed, as from its own joyous yet tender aspect, a tenderness and a joy over all things ; and he asked how this being, that seemed to have the power of multiplying itself every where, was called ? And its name was Eros.

For a time the length of which he knew not—for in that land no measurement of time was kept—Arasmanes was fully persuaded that it was Aden to which he had attained. He felt his youth as if it were something palpable ; every thing was new to him—even in the shape of the leaves, and the whisper of the odorous airs, he found wherewithal to marvel at and admire. Enamoured of the maiden that had first

addressed him, at her slightest wish (and she was full of all beautiful caprices) he was ready to explore even the obscurest recess in the valley which now appeared to him unbounded. He never wearied of a single hour. He felt as if weariness were impossible ; and, with every instant, he repeated to himself, “ In the land of happiness and youth I am a dweller.”

One day, as he was conversing with his beloved, and gazing upon her face, he was amazed to behold that, since the last time he had gazed upon it, a wrinkle had planted itself upon the ivory surface of her brow ; and, even while half doubting the evidence of his eyes, new wrinkles seemed slowly to form over the forehead, and the transparent roses of her cheek to wane and fade ! He concealed, as well as he could, the mortification and wonder that he experienced at this strange phenomenon ; and, no longer daring to gaze upon a face from which before he had drank delight as from a fountain, he sought excuses to separate himself from her, and wandered, confused and bewildered with his own thoughts, into the wood. The fauns, and the dryads, and the youthful face of Bacchus, and the laughing aspect of Eros, came athwart him from time to time ; yet the wonder that had clothed them with fascination was dulled within his breast. Nay, he thought the poor wine-god had a certain vulgarity in his air, and he almost yawned audibly in the face of Eros.

And now, whenever he met his favourite nymph—who was as the queen of the valley—he had the chagrin to perceive that the wrinkles deepened with every time ; youth seemed rapidly to desert her ; and, instead of a maiden scarcely escaped from childhood, it was an old coquet that he had been so desperately in love with.

One day he could not resist saying to her, though with some embarrassment—

“ Pray, dearest, is it many years that you have inhabited this valley ? ”

“ Oh, indeed, many ! ” said she, smiling.

“ You are not, then, very young,” rejoined Arasmanes, ungallantly.

“ What ! ” cried the nymph, changing colour—“ Do you begin to discover age in my countenance ? Has any wrinkle yet appeared upon my brow ? You are silent. Oh, cruel Fate ! will you not spare even this lover ? ” And the poor nymph burst into tears.

“ My dear love,” said Arasmanes painfully, “ it is true that time begins to creep upon you ; but my friendship shall be eternal.”

Scarcely had he uttered these words when the nymph, rising, fixed upon him a long, sorrowful look, and then, with a loud cry, vanished from his sight. Thick darkness, as a veil, fell over the plains ; the NOVELTY of life, with its attendant, POETRY, was gone from the wanderer’s path for ever.

A sudden sleep crept over his senses. He awoke confused and unrefreshed, and a long and gradual ascent, but over mountains green indeed, and watered by many streams gushing from the heights, stretched before him. Of the valley he had mistaken for Aden not a vestige remained. He was once more on the real and solid earth.

CHAP. III.

For several days, discontented and unhappy, the young adventurer pursued his course, still seeking only the east, and still endeavouring to console himself for the sweet delusions of the past by hoping an Aden in the future.

The evening was still and clear; the twilight star broke forth over those giant plains—free from the culture and the homes of men, which yet make the character of the eastern and early world; a narrow stream, emerging from a fissure in a small rock covered with moss, sparkled forth under the light of the solemn heavens, and flowed far away, till lost amongst the gloom of a mighty forest of palms. By the source of this stream sat an aged man and a young female. And the old man was pouring into his daughter's ear—for Azraaph held to Oeltor that holy relationship—the first doctrines of the world's wisdom; those wild but lofty conjectures by which philosophy penetrated into the nature and attributes of God; and

reverently the young maiden listened, and meekly shone down the star of eve upon the dark yet lustrous beauty of her earnest countenance.

It was at this moment that a stranger was seen descending from the hills that bordered the mighty plains ; and he, too, worn and tired with long travel, came to the stream to refresh his burning thirst, and lave the dust from his brow.

He was not at first aware of the presence of the old man and the maiden ; for they were half concealed beneath the shadow of the rock from which the stream flowed. But the old man, who was one of those early hermits with whom wisdom was the child of solitude, and who, weary with a warring and savage world, had long since retired to a cavern not far from the source of that stream, and dwelt apart with Nature—the memories of a troubled Past, and the contemplation of a mysterious Future,—the old man, I say, accustomed to proffer to the few wanderers that from time to time descended the hills (seeking the cities of the east) the hospitalities of food and shelter, was the first to break the silence.

Arasmanes accepted with thankfulness the offers of the hermit, and that night he became Ochter's guest. There were many chambers in the cavern, hollowed either by the hand of nature, or by some early hunters on the hill ; and into one of these the old man, after the Chaldæan had refreshed himself with the simple viands

of the hermitage, conducted the wanderer: it was covered with dried and fragrant mosses; and the sleep of Arasmanes was long, and he dreamed many cheerful dreams.

When he rose the next morning, he found his entertainers were not within the cavern. He looked forth, and beheld them once more by the source of the stream, on which the morning sun shone, and round which fluttered the happy wings of the desert birds. The wanderer sought his hosts in a spot on which they were accustomed, morning and eve, to address the Deity. "Thou dost not purpose to leave us soon," said the hermit; "for he who descends from yon mountains must have traversed a toilsome way, and his limbs will require rest."

Arasmanes, gazing on the beauty of Azraaph, answered: "In truth, did I not fear that I should disturb thy reverent meditations, the cool of the plains and the quiet of thy cavern, and more than all thy converse and kind looks, would persuade me, my father, to remain with thee many days."

"Behold how the wandering birds give life and merriment to the silent stream!" said the sage; "and so to the solitary man are the footsteps of his kind." And Arasmanes sojourned with Ochtor the old man.

CHAP. IV.

"This then is thy tale," said Ochtor; "and thou still

believest in the visionary Aden of thy father's dreams. Doubtless such a land existed once for our happier sires; or why does tradition preserve it to the race that behold it not? But the shadow wraps it, and the angel guards. Waste not thy life in a pursuit, without a clue, for a goal that thou never mayest attain. Lose not the charm of earth in seeking after the joys of Aden. Tarry with us, my son, in these still retreats. This is the real Aden of which thy father spake; for here comes neither passion nor care. The mortifications and the disappointments of earth fall not upon the recluse. Behold, my daughter hath found favour in thine eyes—she loveth thee—she is beautiful and tender of heart. Tarry with us, my son, and forget the lessons that thy sire, weary with a world which he yet never had the courage to quit, gave thee from the false wisdom of Discontent.

“Thou art right, venerable Ochter,” cried Arasmanes with enthusiasm; “give me but thy daughter, and I will ask for no other Aden than these plains.”

CHAP. V.

The sun had six times renewed his course, and Arasmanes still dwelt in the cave of Ochter. In the fair face of Azraaph he discovered no wrinkles—her innocent love did not pall upon him; the majestic calm of Nature breathed its own tranquillity into his soul, and in the lessons of Ochter he took a holy

delight. He found in his wisdom that which at once stilled the passions and inspired the thoughts. At times, however, and of late more frequently than ever, strong yearnings after the Aden he had so vainly pursued were yet felt. He felt that curse of monotony which is the invariable offspring of quiet.

At the end of the sixth year, as one morning they stood without the door of the cavern, and their herds fed tranquilly around them, a band of men from the western hills came suddenly in view: they were discovered before they had time to consider whether they should conceal themselves; they had no cause, however, for fear—the strangers were desirous only of food and rest.

Foremost of this band was an aged man of majestic mien, and clothed in the richest garments of the east. Loose flowed his purple robe, and bright shone the jewels on the girdle that clasped his sword. As he advanced to accost Ochtor, upon the countenance of each of the old men grew doubt, astonishment, recognition, and joy. “My brother!” burst from the lips of both, and the old chief fell upon Ochtor’s bosom and wept aloud. The brothers remained alone the whole day, and at nightfall they parted with many tears; and Zamielides, the son of the chief (who was with the band), knelt to Ochtor, and Ochtor blessed him.

Now when all were gone, and silence once more slept upon the plains, Ochtor went forth alone, and

Azraaph said unto her husband : “ My father’s mind seems disquieted and sad ; go forth, I pray thee, my beloved, and comfort him ; the dews lie thick upon the grass, and my father is very old.” By the banks of the stream stood Ochter, and his arms were folded on his breast ; the river-horses were heard snorting in the distance, and the wild zebras came to drink at the wave ; and the presence of the beasts made more impressive the solitude of the old man.

“ Why art thou disquieted, my father ?” said Arasmanes.

“ Have I not parted with my near of kin ?”

“ But thou didst never hope to meet them ; and are not thy children left thee ?”

Ochter waved his hand with an unwonted impatience.

“ Listen to me, Arasmanes. Know that Zamiel and I were brothers. Young and ardent, each of us aspired to rule our kind, and each of us imagined he had the qualities that secure command ; but, mark, my arm was the stronger in the field, and my brain was the subtler in the council. We toiled and schemed, and rose into repute among our tribe ; but envy was busy with our names. Our herds were seized—we were stripped of our rank—we were degraded to the level of our slaves. Then, disgusted with my race, I left their cities, and in these vast solitudes I forgot ambition in content. But my brother was of more

hopeful heart; with a patient brow he veiled the anger he endured. Lo, he hath been rewarded ! His hour came—he gathered together his friends in secret—he smote our enemies in the dead of night; and at morning, behold, he was hailed chieftain of the tribe. This night he rides with his son to the king of the City of Golden Palaces, whose daughter that son is about to wed. Had I not weakly renounced my tribe—had I not fled hither, that glorious destiny would have been mine; *I* should have been the monarch of my race, and my daughter have matched with kings. Marvellest thou now that I am disquieted, or that my heart is sore within me ?”

And Arasmanes saw that the sage had been superior to the world, only while he was sickened of the world.

And Ochter nourished the discontent he had formed to his dying day; and, within three months from that night, Arasmanes buried him by the source of the solitary stream.

CHAP. VI.

The death of Ochter, and his previous confession, deeply affected Arasmanes. He woke as from a long sleep. Solitude had lost its spell; and he perceived that inactivity itself may be the parent of remorse. “ If,” thought he, “ so wise, so profound a mind as that of Ochter was thus sensible to the memories of ambition—if, on the verge of death, he thus regretted

the solitude in which he had buried his years, and felt, upon the first tidings from the great world, that he had wasted the promise and powers of life, how much more accessible should *I* be to such feelings, in the vigour of manhood, and with the one great object which I swore to my father to pursue unattained, and even unattempted? Surely it becomes me to lose no longer time in these houseless wastes; but to rise and gird up my loins, and seek with Azraaph, my wife, for that Aden which we will enter together!"

These thoughts soon ripened into resolve; and not the less soon in that, Ochter being dead, Arasmanes had now no companion for his loftier and more earnest thoughts. Azraaph was beautiful and gentle; but the moment he began to talk about the stars she unaffectedly yawned in his face. She was quite contented with the solitude, for she knew of no other world; and the herds, and the streamlet, and every old bush around the cavern, were society to her; but her content, as Arasmanes began to discover, was that of ignorance, and not of wisdom.

Azraaph wept bitterly on leaving the cavern; but by degrees, as they travelled slowly on, the novelty of what they saw reconciled her to change; and, except at night, when she was weary of spirit, she ceased to utter her regrets for the stream and the quiet cave. They travelled eastward for several weeks, and met with no living thing by the way, save a few serpents,

and a troop of wild horses. At length, one evening, they found themselves in the suburbs of a splendid city. As they approached the gates they drew back, dazzled with the lustre, for the gates were of burnished gold, which shone bright and glittering as they caught a sunny light from the lamps of naphtha, that hung, frequent, from the mighty walls.

They inquired, as they passed the gates, the name of the city; and they heard, with some surprise, and more joy, that it was termed, "The City of Golden Palaces."

"Here, then," cried Azraaph, "we shall be well received; for the son of my father's brother is wedded to the daughter of the king."

"And here, then, will be many sages," thought Arasmanes, "who will, doubtless, have some knowledge of the true situation of Aden."

They were much struck, as they proceeded through the streets, with the bustle, and life, and animation, that reigned around, even at that late hour. With the simplicity natural to persons who had lived so long in a desert, they asked at once for the king's palace. The first time Arasmanes asked, it was of a young lord, who, very sumptuously dressed, was treading the streets with great care, lest he should soil the hem of his robe. The young lord looked at him with grave surprise, and passed on. The next he asked was a rude boor, who was carrying a bundle of wood on his

shoulders. The boor laughed in his face; and Arasmanes, indignant at the insult, struck him to the ground. There then came by a judge, and Arasmanes asked him the same question.

“The king’s palace!” said the judge; “and what want ye with the king’s palace?”

“Behold, the daughter of the king is married to my wife’s cousin.”

“Your wife’s cousin! Thou art mad to say it; yet stay, thou lookest poor, friend (here the judge frowned terribly). Thy garments are scanty and worn. I fancy thou hast neither silver nor gold.”

“Thou sayest right,” replied Arasmanes; “I have neither.”

“Ho, ho!” quoth the judge; “he confesses his guilt; he owns that he has neither silver nor gold. Here, soldiers, seize this man and woman. Away with them to prison; and let them be brought up for sentence of death to-morrow. We will then decide whether they shall be hanged or starved. The wretches have, positively, neither silver nor gold; and, what is worse, they own it!”

“Is it possible!” cried the crowd; and a shudder of horror crept through every by-stander. “Away with them!—away with them! Long life to Judge Kaly, whose eye never sleeps, and who preserves us for ever from the poor!”

The judge walked on, shedding tears of virtuous delight at the reputation he had acquired.

Arasmanes and Azraaph were hurried off to prison, where Azraaph cried herself to sleep, and Arasmanes, with folded arms and downcast head, indulged his meditations on the very extraordinary notions of crime that seemed common to the sons of the City of Golden Palaces. They were disturbed the next morning by loud shouts beneath the windows of the prison. Nothing could equal the clamour that they heard; but it seemed the clamour of joy. In fact, that morning the princess who had married Azraaph's cousin had been safely brought to bed of her first child; and great was the joy and the noise throughout the city. Now, it was the custom in that country, whenever any one of the royal family was pleased to augment the population of the world, for the father of the child to go round to all the prisons in the city, and release the prisoners. What good fortune for Arasmanes and Azraaph that the princess had been brought to bed before they were hanged!

And by and by, amidst cymbal and psalter, with banners above him and spears around, came the young father to the jail in which our unfortunate couple were confined.

“Have you any extraordinary criminals in your prison?” asked the prince of the head jailor; for he was studying, at that time, to be affable.

“Only one man, my lord, who was committed last night; and who absolutely confessed, in cold blood

and without torture, that he had neither silver nor gold. It is a thousand pities that such a miscreant should be suffered to go free ! ”

“ You are right,” said the prince ; “ and what impudence to confess the crime ! I should like to see so extraordinary a man. ”

So saying, the prince dismounted, and followed the jailor to the cell in which Arasmanes and his wife were confined. They recognised their relation at once ; for, in that early age of the world, people in trouble had a wonderfully quick memory in recollecting relatives in power. Azraaph ran to throw herself on the prince’s neck (which the guards quickly prevented), and the stately Arasmanes began to utter his manly thanks for the visit.

“ These people are mad,” cried the prince, hastily. “ Release them ; but let me escape first. ” So saying, he ran down the stairs so fast that he nearly broke his neck ; and then, mounting his horse, pursued his way to the other prisons, amidst the shouts of the people.

Arasmanes and Azraaph were now turned out into the streets. They were exceedingly hungry ; and they went into the first baker’s shop they saw, and asked the rites of hospitality.

“ Certainly ; but your money, first,” said the baker.

Arasmanes, made wise by experience, took care not to reply that he had no money ; “ but,” said he, “ I have left it behind me at my lodging. Give me the bread now, and, lo ! I will repay thee to-morrow. ”

“Very well,” said the baker; “but that sword of yours has a handsome hilt: leave it with me till you return with the monies.”

So Arasmanes took the bread, and left the sword.

They were now refreshed, and resolved to leave so dangerous a city as soon as they possibly could, when, just as they turned into a narrow street, they were suddenly seized by six soldiers, blindfolded, gagged, and hurried away, whither they knew not. At last they found themselves ascending a flight of stairs. A few moments more, and the bandages were removed from their mouths and eyes, and they saw themselves in a gorgeous chamber, and alone in the presence of the prince, their cousin.

He embraced them tenderly. “Forgive me,” said he, “for appearing to forget you; but it was as much as my reputation was worth in this city to acknowledge relations who confessed to have neither silver nor gold. By the beard of my grandfather, how could you be so imprudent? Do you not know that you are in a country in which the people worship only one deity, the god of the precious metals? Not to have the precious metals is not to have virtue; to confess it is to be an atheist. No power could have saved you from death, either by hanging or starvation, if the princess, my wife, had not been luckily brought to bed to-day.”

“What a strange—what a barbarous country!” cried Arasmanes.

“Barbarous!” echoed the prince: “This is the most civilized people in the whole world,—nay, the whole world acknowledges it. In no country are the people so rich, and, therefore, so happy. For those who have no money it is, indeed, a bad place of residence; for those who have, it is the land of happiness itself. Yes, it is the true Aden.”

“Aden! What, then, you, too, have heard of Aden?”

“Surely! and this is it—the land of freedom—of happiness—of gold!” cried the prince, with enthusiasm: “remain with us and see.”

“Without doubt,” thought Arasmanes, “this country lies in the far east: it has received me inhospitably at first; but perhaps the danger I escaped was but the type and allegorical truth of the sworded angel of which tradition hath spoken. But,” said he, aloud, “I have no gold, and no silver, O my prince!”

“Heed not that,” answered the kind Zamielides: “I have enough for all. You shall be provided for this very day.”

“But will not the people recognize me as the poor stranger?”

The prince laughed for several minutes so loudly that they feared he was going into fits.

“What manner of man art thou, Arasmanes?” said he, when he was composed enough to answer. “Knowest thou not that the people of this city never

know what a man has been when he is once rich? Appear to-morrow in purple, and they will never dream that they saw thee yesterday in rags."

CHAP. VII.

The kind Zamielides, then, conducting his cousins into his own chamber, left them to attire themselves in splendid garments, which he had ordered to be prepared for them. He gave them a palace and large warehouses of merchandise. "Behold," said he, taking Arasmanes to the top of a mighty tower which overlooked the sea: "behold yonder ships that rise, like a forest of masts, from that spacious harbour: the six vessels with the green flags are thine. I will teach thee the mysteries of Trade, and thou wilt soon be as wealthy as myself."

"And what is Trade, my lord?" said Arasmanes.

"It is the worship that the people of this country pay to their god," answered the prince.

CHAP. VIII.

Arasmanes was universally courted; so wise, so charming a person had never appeared in the City of Golden Palaces; and as for the beauty of Azraaph, it was declared the very master-piece of nature. Intoxicated with the homage they received, and the splendour in which they lived, their days glided on in a round of luxurious delight.

“Right art thou, O Zanielides !” cried Arasmanes, as his ships returned laden with new treasure ; “the City of Golden Palaces is the true Aden.”

CHAP. IX.

Arasmanes had now been three years in the city ; and you might perceive that a great change had come over his person : the hues of health had faded from his cheek ; his brow was care-worn—his step slow—his lips compressed. He no longer thought that he lived in the true Aden ; and yet for Aden itself he would scarcely have quitted the City of Golden Palaces. Occupied solely with the task of making and spending money, he was consumed with the perpetual fear of losing, and the perpetual anxiety to increase, his stock. He trembled at every darker cloud that swept over the heavens ; he turned pale at every ruder billow that agitated the sea. He lived a life of splendid care ; and the pleasures which relieved it were wearisome because of their sameness. He saw but little of his once idolized Azraaph. Her pursuits divided her from him. In so civilized a country they could not be always together. If he spoke of his ships he wearied her to death ; if she spoke of the festivals she had adorned, he was equally tired of the account.

CHAP. X.

The court was plunged in grief. Zanielides was

seized with a fever. All the wise men attended him ; but he turned his face to the wall and died. Arasmanes mourned for him more sincerely than any one ; for, besides that Arasmanes had great cause to be grateful to him, he knew, also, that if any accident happened to his vessels he had now no friend willing to supply the loss. This made him more anxious than ever about the safety of his wealth. A year after this event, the king of the City of Golden Palaces thought fit to go to war. The war lasted four years ; and two millions of men were killed on all sides. The second year Arasmanes was at a splendid banquet given at the court. A messenger arrived, panting and breathless. A great battle at sea had been fought. Ten thousand of the king's subjects had been killed.

“ But who won the battle ? ” cried the king.

“ Your Majesty.”

The air was rent with shouts of joy.

“ One little accident only,” continued the herald, “ happened the next day. Three of the scattered warships of the enemy fell in with the vessels of some of our merchants returning from Ophir, laden with treasure, and, in revenge, they burnt and sunk them.”

“ Were my ships of the number ? ” asked Arasmanes, with faltering tongue.

“ It was of thy ships that I spoke,” answered the messenger.

But nobody thought of Arasmanes, or of the ten

thousand subjects that were killed. The city was out of its wits with joy that His Majesty had won the victory.

“Alas, I am a ruined man !” said Arasmanes, as he sat with ashes on his head.

“And we can give no more banquets,” sighed his wife.

“And every body will trample upon us,” said Arasmanes.

“And we must give up our palace,” groaned the tender Azraaph.

“But one ship remains to me !” cried Arasmanes, starting up : “It is now in port. I will myself be its captain. I will sail myself with it to Ophir. I will save my fortunes, or perish in the attempt.”

“And I will accompany thee, my beloved,” exclaimed Azraaph, flinging herself on his neck ; “*for* I cannot bear the pity of the wives whom I have outshone.”

The sea was calm, and the wind favourable, when the unfortunate pair entered their last ship ; and for a whole week the gossip at court was of the folly of Arasmanes, and the devotion of his wife.

CHAP. XI.

They had not been many weeks at sea, before an adverse wind set in, which drove them entirely out of their destined course. In vain the pilot toiled, and Arasmanes stormed : they were beaten eastward ; and,

at length, even the oldest and most experienced of the mariners confessed they had entered seas utterly unknown to them. Worn and wearied, when their water was just out, and their provisions exhausted, they espied land, and, at nightfall, the ship anchored on a green and pleasant shore. The inhabitants, half naked, and scarce escaped from the first savage state of nature, ran forth to meet and succour them: by mighty fires the seamen dried their wet garments, and forgot the hardships they had endured. They remained several days with the hospitable savages, repaired their vessel, and replenished its stores. But what especially attracted the notice of Arasmanes was the sight of some precious diamonds which in a rude crown the chief of the savages wore on his head. He learned from signs easy of interpretation, that these diamonds abounded in a certain island in the farthest east; and that from time to time large fragments of rock in which they were imbedded were cast upon the shore. But, when Arasmanes signified his intention to seek this island, the savages, by gestures of horror and dismay, endeavoured to denote the dangers that attended the enterprise, and to dissuade him from attempting it. Naturally bold, and consumed with his thirst for wealth, these signs made but little impression upon the Chaldæan; and one fair morning he renewed his voyage. Steering perpetually towards the east, and with favouring winds, they came, on the

tenth day, in sight of a mighty rock, which shone far down over the waters with so resplendent a glory as to dazzle the eyes of the seamen. Diamond and ruby, emerald and carbuncle, glittered from the dark soil of the rock, and promised to the heart of the humblest seaman the assurance of illimitable wealth. Never was human joy more extatic than that of the whole crew as the ship neared the coast. The sea was in this place narrow and confined, the opposite shore was also in view—black, rugged, and herbless, with pointed rocks, round which the waves sent their white foam on high, guarding its drear approach: little recked they, however, of the opposite shore, as their eyes strained towards “the Island of Precious Stones.” They were in the middle of the strait, when suddenly the waters became agitated and convulsed; the vessel rocked to and fro; something glittering appeared beneath the surface; and, at length, they distinctly perceived the scales and tail of an enormous serpent.

Thereupon a sudden horror seized the whole crew; they recognized the truth of that tradition, known then to all seamen, that in the farthest east lived the vast Snake of the Ocean, whose home no vessel ever approached without destruction. All thought of the diamond rock faded from their souls. They fell at once upon their knees, and poured forth unconscious prayers. But high above all rose the tall form of Arasmanes: little cared he for serpent or tradition.

Fame, and fortune, and life were set upon one east. "Rouse thee!" said he, spurning the pilot, "or we drive upon the opposite shore. Behold, the island of inexhaustible wealth glows upon us!"

Searee had the words left his lips, when, with a slow and fearful hiss, the serpent of the east seas reared his head from the ocean. Dark and huge as the vastest cavern in which ghoul or Afrite ever dwelt was the abyss of his jaws, and the lurid and terrible eyes outshone even the lustre of the diamond rock.

"I defy thee," cried Arasmanes, waving his sword above his head; when suddenly the ship whirled round and round; the bold Chaldæan was thrown with violence on the deck; he felt the waters whirl and blacken over him; and then all sense of life deserted him.

When he came to himself, Arasmanes was lying on the hot sands of the shore opposite to the Diamond Isle; wrecks of the vessel were strewn around him, and here and there the dead bodies of his seamen. But at his feet lay, swollen and distorted, the shape of his beautiful Azraaph, the sea-weeds twisted round her limbs, and the deformed shell-fish crawling over her long hair. And tears crept into the eyes of the Chaldæan, and all his old love for Azraaph returned, and he threw himself down beside her mangled remains, and tore his hair; the schemes of the later

years were swept away from his memory like visions, and he remembered only the lone cavern and his adoring bride.

Time rolled on, and Azraaph was buried in the sands ; and Arasmanes tore himself from the solitary grave, and, striking into the interior of the coast, sought once more to discover the abodes of men. He travelled far and beneath burning suns, and at night he surrounded his resting-places with a circle of fire, for the wild beasts and the mighty serpents were abroad ; scant and unwholesome was the food he gleaned from the berries and rank roots that now and then were visible in the drear wastes through which he passed ; and in this course of hardship and travail he held commune with his own heart. He felt as if cured for ever of the evil passions. Avarice seemed gone from his breast, and he dreamt that no unholy desire could succeed to its shattered throne.

One day, afar off in the desert, he descried a glittering cavalcade—glittering it was indeed, for the horsemen were clad in armour of brass and steel, and the hot sun reflected the array like the march of a river of light. Arasmanes paused, and his heart swelled high within him as he heard through the wide plains the martial notes of the trumpet and the gong, and recognised the glory and pomp of war.

The cavalcade swept on ; and the chief who rode at the head of the band paused as he surveyed with

admiration the noble limbs, and proud stature, and dauntless eye of the Chaldæan. The chief summoned his interpreters ; and in that age the languages of the east were but slightly dissimilar ; so that the chief of the warriors conversed easily with the adventurer. “ Know,” said he, “ that we are bent upon the most glorious enterprise ever conceived by the sons of men. In the farthest east there is a land of which thy father may have informed thee—a land of perpetual happiness and youth, and its name is Aden.” Arasmanes started ; he could scarce believe his ears. The warrior continued—“ We are of that tribe which lies nearest to the east, and this land is therefore a heritage which we of all the earth have the right to claim. Several of our youth have at various times attempted to visit it, but supernatural agents have repelled the attempt. Now, therefore, that I have succeeded to the throne of my sires, I have resolved to invade and to conquer it by force of arms. Survey my band. Sawest thou ever, O Chaldæan, men of such limbs and stature, of such weapons of offence, and shields of proof? Canst thou conceive men more worthy of such a triumph, or more certain to attain it? Thou, too, art of proportions beyond the ordinary strength of men—thou art deserving to be one of us. Come, say the word, and the armourers shall clothe thee in steel, and thou shalt ride at my right hand.”

The neighing of the steeds, and the clangour of the

music, and the proud voice of the chieftain, all inspired the blood of Arasmanes. He thought not of the impiety of the attempt—he thought only of the glory : the object of his whole life seemed placed within his reach. He grasped at the offer of the warrior ; and the armourer clad him in steel, and the ostrich-plume waved over his brow, and he rode at the right hand of the warrior-king.

CHAP. XII.

The armament was not without a guide ; for, living so near unto the rising of the sun, what with others was tradition with them was knowledge ; and many amongst them had travelled to the site of Aden, and looked upon the black cloud that veiled it, and trembled at the sound of the rushing but invisible wings that hovered over.

Arasmanes confided to the warrior his whole history ; they swore eternal friendship ; and the army looked upon the Chaldæan as a man whom God had sent to their assistance. For, what was most strange, not one of the army ever seemed to imagine there was aught unholy or profane in the daring enterprise in which they had enlisted ; accustomed to consider bloodshed a virtue, what was the crime of winning the gardens of Paradise by force ?

Through wastes and deserts they held their way ; and, though their numbers thinned daily by fatigue,

and the lack of food, and the fiery breath of the burning winds, they seemed not to relax in their ardour, or to repine at the calamities they endured.

CHAP. XIII.

Darkness gloomed like a wall! From heaven to earth stretched the palpable and solid Night that was the barrier to the land of Aden. No object gleamed through the impenetrable blackness; from those summitless walls hung no banner; no human champion frowned before the drear approach: all would have been silence, save that, at times, they heard the solemn rush as of some mighty sea; and they knew that it was the rush of the guardian wings.

The army halted before the darkness, mute and awed; their eyes recoiled from the gloom, and rested upon the towering crest and snowy plumage of their chief. And he bade them light the torches of naphtha that they had brought with them, and unsheath their swords; and, at the given sound, horseman and horse dashed in through the walls of night. For one instant, the torches gleamed and sparkled amidst the darkness, and were then suddenly extinguished; but through the gloom came one gigantic hand wielding a sword of flame; and, wherever it turned, man smote his nearest man—father perished by his son—and brother fell gasping by the death-stroke of his brother; shrieks and cries, and the trample of affrighted steeds, rung

through the riven shade—riven only by that mighty sword as it waved from rank to rank, and the gloom receded from its rays.

CHAP. XIV.

At eve the work was done; a small remnant of the warriors, alone escaped from the general slaughter, lay exhausted upon the ground before the veil of Aden. Arasmanes was the last who lingered in the warring gloom; for, as he lay struggling beneath the press of dying and dead, the darkness had seemed to roll away, and, far into its depths, he caught one glimpse of the wonderful loveliness of Aden. There, over valleys covered with the greenest verdure, and watered by rivers without a wave, basked a purpling and loving sunlight, that was peaceful and cloudless, for it was the smile of God. And there were groups of happy-beings scattered around, in whose faces was the serenity of unutterable joy; even at the mere aspect of their happiness, happiness itself was reflected upon the soul of the Chaldæan, despite the dread, the horror, and the desolation of the hour. He stretched out his arms imploringly, and the vision faded for ever from his sight.

CHAP. XV.

The king and all the principal chiefs of the army were no more; and, with one consent, Arasmanes

was proclaimed their leader. Sorrowful and dejected, he conducted the humbled remnant of the troop back through the deserts to the land they had so rashly left. Thrice on their return they were attacked by hostile tribes, but by the valour and prudence of Arasmanes they escaped the peril. They arrived at their native city to find that the brother of their chief had seized the reins of government. The army, who hated him, declared for the stranger-chief who had led them home. And Arasmanes, hurried away by the prospect of power, consented to their will. A battle ensued; the usurper was slain; and Arasmanes, a new usurper, ascended the throne in his stead.

CHAP. XVI.

The Chaldæan was no longer young; the hardships he had undergone in the desert had combined with the anxieties that had preyed upon him during his residence in the City of the Golden Palaces to plant upon his brow, and in his heart, the furrows of untimely age. He was in the possession of all the sources of enjoyment at that period when we can no longer enjoy. Howbeit, he endeavoured to amuse himself by his divan of justice, from which every body went away dissatisfied, and his banquets, at which the courtiers complained of his want of magnificence, and the people of his profligate expense. Grown wise by experience, he maintained his crown by flattering

his army; and, surrounded by luxury, felt himself supported by power.

There came to the court of Arasmanes a strange traveller: he was a little old man, of plain appearance, but great wisdom; in fact, he was one of the most noted sages of the East. His conversation, though melancholy, had the greatest attraction for Arasmanes, who loved to complain to him of the business of royalty, and the tediousness of his life.

“Ah, how much happier are those in a humbler station!” said the king: “How much happier was I in the desert-cave, tending my herds, and listening to the sweet voice of Azraaph! Would that I could recal those days!”

“I can enable thee to do so, great king!” said the sage; “behold this mirror; gaze on it whenever you desire to recal the past; and whatever portion of the past you wish to summon to your eyes shall appear before you.”

CHAP. XVII.

The sage did not deceive Arasmanes. The mirror reflected all the scenes through which the Chaldæan had passed: now he was at the feet of Chosphor, a happy boy—now with elastic hopes entering into the enchanted valley of the Nymph ere yet he learned how her youth could fade—now he was at the source of the little stream, and gazing on the face of Azraaph

by the light of the earliest star; whatever of these scenes he wished to live over again reflected itself vividly in the magic mirror. Surrounded by pomp and luxury in the present, his only solace was in the past.

“You see that I was right,” said he to the sage: “I was much happier in those days; else why so anxious to renew them?”

“Because, O great king,” said the sage, with a bitter smile, “you see them without recalling the feelings you then experienced as well as the scenes; you gaze on the past with the feelings you *now* possess, and all that then made the prospect clouded is softened away by time. Judge for yourself if I speak true.” So saying, the sage breathed over the mirror, and bade Arasmanes look into it once more. He did so. He beheld the same scenes, but the illusion was gone from them. He was a boy once more; but restlessness, and anxiety, and a thousand petty cares at his heart: he was again in the cave with Azraaph, but secretly pining at the wearisome monotony of his life: in all those scenes he now imagined the happiest he perceived that he had not enjoyed the *present*; he had been looking forward to the future, and the dream of the unattainable Aden was at his heart. “Alas!” said he, dashing the mirror into pieces, “I was deceived; and thou hast destroyed for me, O sage, even the pleasure of the past!”

CHAP. XVIII.

Arasmanes never forgot the brief glimpse of Aden that he had obtained in his impious warfare; and, now that the charm was gone from Memory, the wish yet to reach the unconquered land returned more powerfully than ever to his mind. He consulted the sage as to its possibility.

“Thou canst make but one more attempt,” answered the wise man; “and in that I cannot assist thee; but one who, when I am gone hence, will visit thee shall lend thee her aid.”

“Cannot the visitor come till thou art gone?” said Arasmanes.

“No, nor until my death,” answered the sage.

This reply threw the mind of Arasmanes into great confusion. It was true that he no where found so much pleasure as in the company of his friend—it was his only solace; but then, if he could never visit Aden (the object of his whole life) until that friend were dead,—the thought was full of affliction to him. He began to look upon the sage as an enemy, as an obstacle between himself and the possession of his wishes. He inquired every morning into the health of the sage; he seemed most provokingly strong. At length, from wishes for his death, dark thoughts came upon the Chaldæan; and he resolved to expedite it. One night the sage was

found dead in his bed : he had been strangled by the order of the king.

CHAP. XIX.

The very next day, as the king sat in his divan, a great noise was heard without the doors ; and, presently, a hag, dressed in white garment of a foreign fashion, and of a hideous and revolting countenance, broke away from the crowd, and made up to the king : “ They would not let me come to thee, because I am homely and aged,” said she in a shrill and discordant voice ; “ but I have been in a king’s court before now— ”

“ What wantest thou, woman ?” said Arasmanes ; and he felt, as he spake, a chill creep to his heart.

“ I am that visitor of which the wise man spake,” said she ; “ and I would talk to thee alone.”

Arasmanes felt impelled as by some mighty power which he could not withstand ; he rose from his throne, the assembly broke up in surprise, and the hag was admitted alone to the royal presence.

“ Thou wouldst re-seek Aden, the land of Happiness and Truth ?” said she, with a ghastly smile.

“ Ay,” said the king, and his knees knocked together.

“ I will take thee thither.”

“ And when ?”

“ To-morrow, if thou wilt !” and the hag laughed aloud. There was something in the manner, the

voice, and the appearance of this creature, so disgusting to Arasmanes that he could brook it no longer. Aden itself seemed not desirable with such a companion and guide.

Without vouchsafing a reply he hastened from the apartment, and bade his guards to admit the hag no more to the royal presence.

The sleep of Arasmanes that night was unusually profound, nor did he awaken on the following day till late at noon. From that hour he felt as if some strange revolution had taken place in his thoughts. He was no longer desirous of seeking Aden: whether or not the apparition of the hag had given him a distaste of Aden itself, certain it was that he felt the desire of his whole life had vanished entirely from his breast; and his only wish now was to enjoy, as long and as heartily as he was able, the pleasures that were within his reach.

"What a fool have I been," said he aloud, "to waste so many years in wishing to leave the earth! Is it only in my old age that I begin to find how much that is agreeable earth can possess?"

"Come, come, come!" cried a shrill voice; and Arasmanes, startled, turned round to behold the terrible face of the hag.

"Come!" said she, stamping her foot; "I am ready to conduct thee to Aden."

"Wretch!" said the king, with quivering lips,

“how didst thou baffle my guards? But I will strangle every one of them.”

“Thou hast had enough of strangling,” answered the crone, with a malignant glare. “Hast thou not strangled thy dearest friend?”

“What! tauntest thou me?” cried the king; and he rushed at the hag with his lifted sabre: the blade cut the air: the hag had shunned the blow; and, at the same moment coming behind the king, she clasped him round the body, and fixed her long talons in his breast: through the purple robe, through the jewelled vest, pierced those vulture fangs, and Arasmanes shrieked aloud with the terror and the pain. The guards rushed in at the sound of his cry.

“Villains!” said he, as the cold drops broke from his brow, “would ye leave me here to be murdered? Hew down yon hell-hag; her death only can preserve life to you.”

“We saw her enter not, O king,” said the chief of the guards, amazed; “but she shall now die the death.” The soldiers with one accord made at the crone, who stood glaring at them like a hunted tigress.

“Fools!” said she, “know that I laugh alike at stone walls and armed men.”

They heard the voice—they saw not whence it came—the hag had vanished.

CHAP. XX.

The wound which the talons of this horrible visitor had made in the breast of the king refused to heal: it gave him excruciating anguish. The physicians tended him in vain; in vain, too, did the wise men preach patience and hope to him. What incensed him even more than the pain was the insult he had suffered—that such a loathsome and obscene wretch should dare to maim the person of a king!—the thought was not to be borne. But, what was most strange, the more pain the king suffered, the more did he endeavour to court pleasure: life never seemed so charming to him as at the moment when it became intolerable. His favourite courtiers, who had been accustomed to flatter his former weakness, and converse with him about the happiness of Aden, and the possibility of entering it, found that even to broach the subject threw their royal master into a paroxysm of rage. He foamed at the mouth at the name of Aden—he wished, nay, he endeavoured to believe, that there was no such place in the universe.

CHAP. XXI.

At length one physician, more sanguine than the rest, assured the king that he was able to cure the wound and relieve the pain.

“Know, O king,” said he, “that in the stream of

Athron, which runneth through the valley of Mythra, there is a mystic virtue to cure all the diseases of kings. Thou hast only to enter thy gilded bark, and glide down the stream for the space of twenty roods, scattering thine offering of myrrh and frankincense on the waters, in order to be well once more. Let the king live for ever !”

CHAP. XXII.

It was a dark, deep, and almost waveless stream ; and the courtiers, and the women, and the guards, and the wise men, gathered round the banks ; and the king, leaning on the physician, ascended his gilded bark ; and the physician alone entered the vessel with him—“ For,” said he, “ the god of the stream loves it not to be profaned by the vulgar crowd ; it is for kings only that it possesses healing virtue.”

So the king reclined in the middle of the vessel, and the physician took the censer of precious odours ; and the bark drifted down the stream, as the crowd wept and prayed upon the shore.

“ Either my eyes deceive me,” said the king, faintly, “ or the stream seems to expand supernaturally, as into a great sea, and the shores on either side fade into distance.”

“ It is so,” answered the physician.—“ And seest thou yon arch of black rocks flung over the tide ?”

“ Ay,” answered the king.

“It is the approach to the land thou hast so often desired to reach : it is the entrance into Aden.”

“Dog!” cried the king, passionately, “name not to me that hateful word.”

As he spoke, the figure of the false physician shrunk in size ; his robes fell from him,—and the king beheld in his stead the dwarfish shape of the accursed hag.

On drifted the vessel ; and the crowd on the banks now beheld the hag seize the king in a close embrace : his shriek was wafted over the water, while the gorgeous vessel with its silken streamers and gilded sides sped rapidly through the black arch of rocks. As the bark vanished, the chasm of the arch closed in, and the rocks uniting presented a solid barrier to their gaze. But, piercing through the barrier, they shudderingly heard the ghastly laugh of the hag, as she uttered the one word—“NEVER!” And from that hour the king was seen no more.

And this is the true history of Arasmanes, the Chaldæan.

MAY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CORN-LAW RHYMES."

SHADE-LOVING hyacinth ! thou com'st again ;
And thy rich odours seem to swell the flow
Of the lark's song, the redbreast's lonely strain,
And the stream's tune—best sung where wild flowers
 blow,
And ever sweetest where the sweetest grow.
Who hath condensed, oh, broom ! in thy rich flowers,
The light of mid-day suns ? What virgin's cheek
Can match this apple-bloom, these glowing showers
Of glistening daisies ? How their blushes speak
Of rosy hues that bright o'er ocean break,
When cloudy morn is calm, yet fain to weep,
Because the beautiful are still the frail !
Hark ! 'tis the thrush ! he sings beneath the steep,
Where coolness never quits the fountained vale !
How eloquently well he tells his tale !—
“ That love is yet on earth, and yet shall be,

Though virtue struggles, and seems born to fail,
Because vile man, who might be great and free,
Toils for the wolf, and bribes iniquity!"
Thou art not false, sweet bird ! " Thou dost not keep
The word of promise to our ear alone,
And break it to our hearts !" Maids do not weep,
Because thou feign'st ; for thee no victims groan ;
Thy voice is truth, and love is all thy own :
Then, for thy sake, I will not hate man's face—
Will not believe that good deeds are veiled sins—
That bounty may be mean, and kindness base—
That fortune plays the game which wisdom wins—
That human worth still ends where it begins :
Though man were wholly false, though hope were none
Of late redemption from his sin-made woes,
Yet would I trust in God and goodness. On,
From sun to sun, the stream of mercy flows,
And still on lowly graves the little daisy grows.





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SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY

AND THE GIPSIES.

Published for the Proprietors of the Amulet

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY AND THE GIPSIES.

A plundering race, still eager to invade;
On spoil they live, and make of theft a trade.

As I was yesterday riding out in the fields with my friend, Sir Roger, we saw, at a little distance from us, a troop of gipsies. Upon the first discovery of them, my friend was in some doubt whether he should not exert the justice of the peace upon such a band of lawless vagrants; but not having his clerk with him, who is a necessary counsellor on these occasions, and fearing that his poultry might fare the worse for it, he let the thought drop; but at the same time gave me a particular account of the mischiefs they do in the country, in stealing people's goods, and spoiling their servants. "If a stray piece of linen hangs upon an hedge," says Sir Roger, "they are sure to have it. If the hog

loses his way in the fields, it is ten to one but he becomes their prey. Our geese cannot live in peace for them. If a man prosecutes them with severity, his hen-roost is sure to pay for it. They generally straggle into these parts about this time of the year, and set the heads of our servant-maids so agog for husbands that we do not expect to have any business done as it should be while they are in the country. I have an honest dairy-maid who crosses their hands with a piece of silver every summer, and never fails being promised the handsomest young fellow in the parish for her pains. Your friend, the butler, has been fool enough to be seduced by them; and though he is sure to lose a knife, a fork, or a spoon, every time his fortune is told him, he generally shuts himself up in the pantry with an old gipsy for above half an hour once in a twelvemonth. Sweethearts are the things they live upon, which they bestow very plentifully upon all those that apply themselves to them. You see, now and then, some handsome young jades among them: the sluts have very often white teeth and black eyes."

Sir Roger, observing that I listened with great attention to his account of a people who were so entirely new to me, told me that, if I would, they should tell us our fortunes. As I was very well pleased with the knight's proposal we rode up and communicated our hands to them. A cassandra of the crew, after having examined

my lines very diligently, told me that I loved a pretty maid in the corner—that I was a good woman's man, with some other particulars which I do not think proper to relate. My friend, Sir Roger, alighted from his horse, and exposing his palm to two or three that stood by him, they crumpled it into all shapes, and diligently examined every wrinkle that could be made in it, when one of them, who was older and more sunburnt than the rest, told him that he had a widow in his line of life ; upon which the knight cried, "Go, go—you are an idle baggage!" and at the same time smiled upon me. The gipsy, finding he was not displeased in his heart, told him, after a further inquiry into his hand, that his true love was constant, and that she should dream of him to-night. My old friend cried pish, and bid her go on. The gipsy told him that he was a bachelor, but would not be so long ; and that he was dearer to somebody than he thought. The knight still repeated, she was an idle baggage, and bid her go on.

"Ah, master!" says the gipsy, "that roguish leer of yours makes a pretty woman's heart ache ; you have not that simper about the mouth for nothing."

The uncouth gibberish with which all this was uttered, like the darkness of an oracle, made us the more attentive to it. To be short, the knight left the money with her that he had crossed her hand with, and got up again on his horse.

As we were riding away, Sir Roger told me that he knew several sensible people who believed these gipsies, now and then, foretold very strange things, and for half an hour together appeared more jocund than ordinary. In the height of his good humour, meeting a common beggar upon the road who was no conjurer, as he went to relieve him, he found his pocket was picked, that being a kind of palmerstry at which this race of vermin are very dexterous.

FROM THE SPECTATOR.

A POOR MAN'S LIFE.

A VILLAGE STORY.

BY MARY HOWITT.

THERE is a certain village green,
Where an old hut may yet be seen,
 Though shortly it must drop :
Its mossy roof is sinking lower ;
Its bulging walls are bulging more,
 Though staid by many a prop.

'TWAS there, when a mischievous boy,
It was my everlasting joy
 To meet another lad ;—
A widow's only son was he ;
Her wealth in all her poverty,
 And all the good she had.

A happy lad this widow's son,
The king of frolic and of fun,
 With cheeks red as a cherry;
And though his hat might want a brim,
It mattered not to me, nor him—
 Good friends were we, and merry.

Years passed; and I a man was grown,
With other business of my own,
 More weighty, more sedate;
And this poor friend, too, like myself,
Had put off the mischievous elf,
 And grown to man's estate.

He, too, grew up; yet 'twas his pride
To nurse and cherish, till she died,
 His mother in her cot;
And then he married; with his wife
Hoping to spend a happy life—
 As was his father's lot.

They toiled in love and quietness;
They knew no trouble nor distress,
 Nor wishes unfulfilled;
Small comforts had they, yet few cares;
A cleanly little hut was theirs,
 And garden, which he tilled.

And quickly round their table grew
Young rosy children, not a few ;
 And, when they numbered seven,
Then, then—oh, grief, beyond all other !—
The loving, cheerful, toiling mother
 Was summoned unto heaven !

This was a stroke that had not been
Once by her loving mate foreseen :
 He saw how village pairs,
With children's children on their knees,
Lived on as sturdy as old trees,
 And hoped such life as theirs.

Amid his helpless children left,
Thus sadly, suddenly bereft
 Of their maternal stay ;
Confounded, crushed in heart, and 'mazed,
Upon the crying group he gazed,
 More helpless e'en than they.

He never knew, until this hour,
Of woman's offices and power
 The worth and the extent ;
His home in peace had been arrayed,
While he sat plying at his trade,
 In troubleless content.

But now an old and careful dame
To do a mother's duties came ;
 And it is only just
To say that, reckless of her rest,
This ancient woman did her best
 To execute her trust.

But, to perform a mother's part,
Alas ! there wants a mother's heart—
 A mother's caring eye !
It would not do—it would not do !
He saw, and yet he wondered, too,
 How things went so awry.

His weekly earnings would not bring,
As they had done, each needful thing ;
 The spirit was not there
Which had so husbanded their store,
With good economy before,
 That there was e'en to spare.

His spirit failed. In vain he wrought
Through long, long days of dreary thought,
 To keep stern want aloof :
He saw, what never had been seen,
Rags, hunger, tears, and sights unclean,
 Invade his cottage-roof.

His spirit failed ; his strength gave way ;
His toils diminished day by day :

He felt—he knew not how—
Upon his limbs, and in his brain,
A weight, a weariness, a chain,
That seemed to cramp and bow.

He could but think upon the fate
That on his children must await,
If death should be his doom ;
He could but think of bright days gone,
And of the dark ones hurrying on,
In gathering depth of gloom.

Again he strove : again he found
The power of feebleness had bound
His body in its thrall ;
It seemed his arm had lost its strength,
And, spirit-crushed, he found, at length,
He could not work at all.

His children cried aloud for bread :
“ Sure,” said the dame, “ they must be fed ;
I’ll to the parish go ! ”
She went ; then, stretching forth her arm,
She showed him silver in her palm—
Exultingly did show.

Poor though he was, his soul was proud ;
For it had ever been allowed

That you throughout might look,
But ne'er his father's name should spell
Within that shameful chronicle—

The crowded parish-book.

But now, upon his tortured sense,
Rushed, with a fiery violence,

The knowledge of his shame :
The boast of his laborious sires—
Marks of the honest poor's desires,
Had perished from his name.

A fever kindled in his brain ;
Through it there ran a ceaseless train
Of anguish and of fear :
They wore his weakened frame away ;
Lower it sank from day to day ;
His end was drawing near.

Just then I chanced to hear them say,
How my youth's lowly comrade lay
In mis'erable distress ;
And quickly to the place I hied
To see what measures might be tried
To make his misery less.

All worn and hollow was the floor,
With wretched children scattered o'er,
 With sorrow-swollen faces ;
Unwashed, save where their streaming eyes
Had poured their prodigal supplies
 In smeared and dismal traces.

Weak, worn, and wasted, lay the man,
With looks as lifeless and as wan
 As if in death he lay ;
But then I saw his lips were stirred,
As if he muttered o'er some word,
 Or tried a prayer to say.

Poor comrade of my merry youth !
Was it thy very self, in truth,
 Thus wretched and forlorn ?
Where was the soul of jollity--
The merry tones of jocund glee,
 As blithe as May-day morn ?

The dying man raised up his head,
And, with a hollow voice, he said :
 " Oh, sir, disgraced are we ! "
Our honest name is sore disgraced ;
My humble pride is sore abased,
 Beyond our poverty.

“ And, what is frenzy at the last,
My wretched children will be cast
 Upon the parish aid—
Will be by parish-bounty fed,
Nor earn, like free-born men, their bread,
 At some old English trade.

“ I tell you, sir, that they will be
Sent to the crowded factory—
 My helpless children small!
When all is still I hear their cries—
I see them when I shut my eyes,—
 They have no friend at all!”

And then he started up in fear,
As if he thought some danger near—
 Some phantom of dismay;
And, as one fighting, did he strive,
In frenzied wrath, as if to drive
 An enemy away.

“ What ! drag my children from their home !”
He cried : “ I dare they, let them come,
 And carry them to woe !
Nay,—let my little children be !
What would their mother think of me
 If I should let them go ?”

Then back upon his bed he fell :
Life vanished like a broken spell—
The soul departed thence ;
And such a silence was there shed,
Around the living and the dead,
As chilled each outward sense.

I saw to earth his coffin given ;
I saw those weeping children seven,
In their poor mourning dressed.
Alas ! the dying man said true—
The parish had the orphan crew,
To make of them the best.

They never knew what 'twas to play,
Without control, the long, long day,
In wood and field at will ;
They knew no bird, no tree, no bud ;
They got no strawberries in the wood—
No wild thyme from the hill.

They played not on a mother's floor ;
They toiled amid the hum and roar
Of bobbins and of wheels :
The air they drew was not the wild
Bounty of Nature, but defiled,—
And scanty were their meals.

Their lives can know no passing joy ;
Dwindled and dwarfed are girl and boy,
And even in childhood old ;
With hollow eye, and anxious air,
As if a heavy, grasping care,
Their spirits did enfold.

Their limbs are swoll'n—their bodies bent ;
And, worse,—no noble sentiment
Their darkened minds pervade :
Feeble, and blemished by disease,
Nothing their morbid hearts can please
But doings that degrade.

Oh, hapless heirs of want and woe !
What hope of comfort can they know ?
Them man and law condemn :
They have no guides to lead them right ;
Darkness they have not known from light :
Heaven be a friend to them !

Woe is it that an English pen,
Thus, thus must write of Englishmen,—
The great, the brave, the free !
Yet such was my poor comrade's fate ;
And miseries, such as his, await
On thousands such as he.





Painted by W. Muirhead R.A.

Engraved by J. H. St. John.

THE FORGOTTEN WORD

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THE FORGOTTEN WORD.

It is an eve of summer ; the glad sky
Smiles on the slumbers of the tranquil earth,
As a fond mother gazes on the babe,
Asleep upon her bosom.

At the door
Of yonder cottage sits a peasant-girl—
A fair, pale girl,—and, cradled on her knee,
A younger child is sleeping ; in her hand
A book informs us that the studious maid
Hath stolen from labour's claims this evening hour
For reading and reflection.

Patient child !
Thine image, sculptured by the graver's hand,
May teach full many a lesson—may reprove
The thoughtless sluggard in Acquirement's path,
And rouse him to exertion ; or may cheer
The faint and weary student who, like thee,
Must steal from sterner duties all the time

He dares devote to study ; and thy look
May cheer the youthful learner in his task,
And bid him not relax to climb the steep
Where Fame's proud temple soars.

Thou gentle girl !
Thy task is self-requiting, and thy toil
Becomes, indeed, a pleasure. Fare thee well !
Thy studious look, and meek, up-gazing eye,
Shall dwell mid Memory's treasures, and shall beam
O'er many an hour of study and of thought—
The cheering spirit of my waking dream.

G. F. R.

EARTHQUAKE AT ZANTE.

BY THE REV. ROBERT WALSH, LL.D.

THE island of Zante is by far the most beautiful and fertile of the Ionian islands. It retains to this day the epithet of “woody,” bestowed upon it by the ancients from the earliest time,* presenting to the approaching stranger a rich scenery of leafy verdure, very different from the bleak and rugged sterility which marks all the other islands, both in the Ionian and Egæan seas ; and hence it is justly called by the Italians,

Zante verdeggiante
Fiore di Levante.

It lies 47° lat. and 38° long., opposite the ancient town of Elis in Peloponnesus. Its circumference, according to Strabo, is one hundred and sixty stadia ; but modern measurement makes it about fourteen miles long, and eight broad. Its climate is exceedingly mild and balmy ; flowers are in bloom all the year, and

* It was called ὕλησση by Homer, and Nemorosa by Virgil.

trees twice bear ripe fruit—in April and November: but the productions for which this island is most most remarkable, are currants and peaches; the first—though called currants because they originally came from Corinth, of which their present name is a corruption—are sent all over Europe principally from this island; and the latter are so large as to weigh ten or twelve ounces. It had been occupied at various times by various people—Greeks, Romans, Turks, Venetians, Russians, French, and finally, in 1809, by the English; and it now forms one of the seven islands of the Ionian Republic.

Notwithstanding its having been possessed for so long a period by the polished Greeks and Romans, and lying between them both, few objects of art have ever been discovered, and still fewer remain at the present day; but among its natural curiosities there still exists one that has been noted from the earliest times: this is the pitch-well. In a valley near the sea is a vast depression, shallow and circular, resembling the crater of an extinct volcano. Scattered through this are various wells, from the bottoms of which there is a continued ebullition of petroleum—a substance exactly resembling vegetable pitch, and used for all the same purposes. So early as the time of Herodotus this was employed and sought after as at the present day. “I saw,” says he, “with my own eyes, pitch emerge from a lake of water in Zacynthus, of which there are many

in the island. They collect the pitch by means of a branch of myrtle tied to the end of a lance. It forms a fragrant bitumen, more precious than Persian pitch.”*

A circumstance, connected with the natural history of the island, has given to these wells a singular interest. Tradition says that the site which they occupy had been a volcano; but the sea, having burst through one of the sides, had extinguished the fire. Before that period this and the neighbouring islands had been free from convulsions, the elastic gases, generated by the inflammable matter, having escaped through the aperture of the crater as through a safety-tube; but since that time they have been pent up under the superincumbent mass till, acquiring an expansive power which became irresistible, they forced their way through every obstruction, rending open for themselves various spiracula, or breathing apertures, and in their potent progress shaking the islands to their very centre. Of these passages the pitch-wells were the permanent indications, and the petrolcum and other inflammable substances were formations of the volcanic matter still existing in the interior; and their communication with it was ascertained by the singular fact, that every shock of an earthquake was preceded by the more violent ebullitions of those wells, which always indicated to the inhabitants, like natural barometers, the rise and fall of those dangerous gases, and

* Herod. in Melpomene.

warned them of the approach of the earthquake. This was the case, the inhabitants say, in the violent concussion which shook the island in 1514, which was so terrible that it split the mountain at the back of the town, on which the fortress was built, from top to bottom. Since that time there have been, besides minor shocks, seven great earthquakes, and at such intervals as to form something like regular periodical events; so that the Zantiotes affirm that they expect the return of a violent earthquake about every forty or fifty years,* which period it takes for the explosive gases to accumulate.

I landed in Zante, in the suite of Lord Strangford, on the 27th of Dec. 1820; and my first object of curiosity was to visit and examine those wells. I set out the next day on horseback with some friends, and we proceeded across the promontory of Scopo along the sea-shore at the other side. The aspect of the country was very beautiful. Olive groves and currant vineyards clothed the smiling valleys. White asphodel, now in full flower, though the depth of winter, covered all the hills, and made a very rich and flowery scene. We were attracted by a large and

* The recorded periods of violent earthquakes in Zante, are as follow:—1514, 1593, 1661, 1710, 1742, 1767, 1791, 1869. Paolo Mercati, a Zantiote writer, suggests, that among other investigations of the phenomena of earthquakes, the bubbles of pitch, and the sulphureous smell, which issue from these pits should be particularly watched—*al momento dei terremoti più forti, che, tante volte fecero palpitare questa popolazione.*—*Saggio Storico e Statistico della Isola de Zante.*—p. 21.

glittering mass, which shone resplendent at a great distance. We found it to consist of agglomerated fragments of selenite, or sulphate of lime, formed into very brilliant crystallizations, having a rich metallic lustre. This fossil abounds in the island.

As we approached the site of the wells we were particularly struck with the aspect of the surrounding scenery. The valley inland was the segment of a circle, surrounded on three sides by abrupt and rugged ridges of hills; on the fourth, the remainder of the circle could be traced by rocks rising above the water, as if the sea had, at some period, burst in and destroyed the continuity, leaving, at intervals, the larger and stronger masses, and carrying away those which had made less resistance. Within this circle the ground was nearly level, consisting of a marshy soil, abounding in aquatic and palustic plants, but appearing to be stained and dark, as if from some mineral exhalations or impregnated waters. In this marsh were several wells or pits, of which we examined one. It was about nine feet in diameter, and surrounded by a dwarf wall. The water was about two feet below, and one foot deep; the surface covered with a scum, which reflected various iridescent colours, of which the blue and green were very vivid. A dark, black substance was continually forcing its way from the bottom, and boiling up in large globules, which, as they ascended, enlarged, till near the surface, and then burst, liberating a quantity of gas, which the pea-

santry informed us was highly inflammable ; but we had not the means of trying. Sometimes the globules were transparent, and assumed a singular brilliancy, ascending to the surface and bursting, while a coating of dark, bituminous matter, in which they were invested, was thrown off. This dark substance was the petroleum, or rock-pitch, which, being specifically heavier than the water, remained below, covering the sides and part of the bottom. The brilliant globules disengaged from it were pure naphtha, or rock-oil, which formed a light oleaginous stratum above, reflecting various beautiful colours. The intervening water was sweet and fit for use, but strongly impregnated with a taste like tar-water, and is prescribed in various dyspeptic complaints. They had discontinued the practice of Herodotus. The myrtle was laid aside, and the pitch collected, with large spoons, into a pit adjoining the well, and thence thrown into barrels. The best time for collecting it is summer, when it is exuded in the greatest quantities ; and they annually fill about one hundred barrels, which is used for paying the bottoms of ships and similar purposes. A circumstance which marks the extensive ramifications of those wells, and that their source is not confined within what remains of the present crater, is, that on the surface of the sea, at some distance, the same substances are found within a circumscribed space, as if they had issued from a similar well at the bottom of

the sea, or had a communication with those on the land, by subterraneous passages.* The ground on which we stood did not appear firm ; but, when we stamped on it, the whole surface seemed to shake and tremble for a considerable distance. What we particularly watched was the rising ebullitions. Every stranger who comes to Zante expects to feel the shock of an earthquake, of some degree, before he leaves it, particularly if it be near the periodic time; and he consults frequently those wells to ascertain the approach of it. The ebullition now was very considerable, but we departed with a feeling that we should not experience any thing of the kind during our sojourn.

On our return we dined at the hospitable mansion of the Governor, Sir Patrick Ross. As the palace was very small, the gentlemen in the suite of the embassy were lodged in different houses, and I and another were located in the Palazzo di Forcardi, belonging to a Zantiote nobleman, who was attending his duty in Corfu, as a member of the legislative body of the Ionian Republic, leaving his large house vacant for our accommodation. The town of Zante is extensive and populous, containing about 16,000 inhabitants, and 4,000 houses, generally large edifices, built by the Venetians, of hewn stone, with dense massive

* This circumstance was also noticed by Herodotus, who says that the substance flows through subterraneous passages, and is seen to emerge from the sea not far from the shore,—Herod. in Melpomene.

walls. That in which we were placed was of considerable size, consisting of a court-yard, through which was the approach, by a broad flight of marble steps, to a gallery which opened into a long and spacious apartment, or saloon, running the whole length of the building, and terminating, at the other end, in a balcony which opened on the parade. At one side, doors led to several rooms occupied by the numerous domestics ; on the other, to a drawing-room and two bed-chambers, assigned to our accommodation. The whole was on a grand scale—the walls of great thickness, and the lofts ceiled and stuccoed with deep mouldings and ponderous cornices, and a variety of large grotesque stucco figures in alto-relievo, suspended, as it were, by their backs from the ceiling. We dressed and went to dinner ; and in the evening found a large party assembled in the saloon to meet the ambassador. We had music and singing. We amused the company with our observations on the wells, and laughed at the various speculations they afforded of an approaching earthquake ; and, having thus enjoyed a most festive and delightful evening, we parted at midnight, and returned to our quarters. It was a bright, star-light night of uncommon brilliancy—the air calm, the atmosphere clear, the sky serene ; every thing harmonized with the festivity we had just left ; our minds were in unison with the feeling ; the very heavens seemed to smile on our gaiety ; and we laughed, as we had often

done in the course of the evening, at the thoughts of an earthquake.

When the servant led me to my room he left a large brass lamp, lighting on a ponderous carved table, on the opposite side to that on which I slept. My bed, as is usual in this island, was without a canopy, and open above. As soon as I got into it, I lay for some time gazing on the ceiling, with many pleasing ideas of persons and things floating on my mind; even the grotesque figures above were a source of amusement to me: and I remember falling into a delightful sleep while I was yet making out fancied resemblances to many persons I was acquainted with. The next sensation I recollect was one indescribably tremendous. The lamp was still burning, but the whole room was in motion. The figures on the ceiling seemed to be animated, and were changing places: presently they were detached from above, and, with large fragments of the cornice, fell upon me, and about the room. An indefinable, melancholy, humming sound seemed to issue from the earth, and run along the outside of the house, with a sense of vibration that communicated an intolerable nervous feeling; and I experienced a fluctuating motion, which threw me from side to side as if I were still on board the frigate, and overtaken by a storm. The house now seemed rent asunder with a violent crash. A large portion of the wall fell in, split into splinters the oak table, extin-

guished the lamp, and left me in total darkness ; while, at the same instant, the thick walls opened about me, and the blue sky, with a bright star, became, for a moment, visible through one of the chasms. I now threw off the bed-clothes and attempted to escape from the tottering house ; but the ruins of the wall and ceiling had so choked up the passage that I could not open the door ; and I again ran back to my bed, and instinctively pulled over my face the thick coverlid, to protect it from the falling fragments.

Up to this period I had not the most distant conception of the cause of this commotion. The whole had passed in a few seconds, yet such was the effect of each circumstance that they left on my mind as distinct an impression as if the succession of my ideas had been slow and regular. Still I could assign no reason for it, but that the house was going to fall, till an incident occurred which caused the truth at once to flash on my mind. There stood, in the square opposite the Palazzo, a tall, slender steeple of a Greek church, containing a ring of bells, which I had remarked in the day ; these now began to jangle with a wild, unearthly sound, as if some powerful hand had seized the edifice below, and was ringing the bells by shaking the steeple. Then it was that I had the first distinct conception of my situation. I found that the earthquake we had talked so lightly of was actually come ; I felt that I was in the midst of one

of those awful visitations which destroys thousands in a moment—where the superintending hand of God seems for a season to withdraw itself, and the frame of the earth is suffered to tumble into ruins by its own convulsions. O God ! I cannot describe my sensations when I thus saw and felt around me the wreck of nature, and that with a deep and firm conviction on my mind, that to me that moment was the end of the world. I had before looked death in the face in many ways, and had reason more than once to familiarize me to his appearance ; but this was nothing like the ordinary thoughts or apprehensions of dying in the common way : the sensations were as different as an earthquake and a fever.

But this horrible convulsion ceased in a moment, as suddenly as it began, and a dead and solemn silence ensued. This was soon broken by the sound of lamentation, which came from below ; and I afterwards found it proceeded from the inhabitants of an adjoining house, which had been shaken down, and crushed to death some, and half buried others who were trying to escape, in the ruins. Presently I saw a light through the crevice of the door of my chamber, and heard the sound of voices outside. It proceeded from the servants, who came to look for me among the ruins. As they could not enter by the usual door-way, which was choked up, they proceeded round to another ; but, when they saw the room filled with the wrecks of the

wall and ceiling, some of which were lying on the bed, one of them said, "Sacraménto! eccolo schiacciato. There he is, crushed to death!" and proceeded to remove the rubbish, and lift the bed clothes. I was lying unhurt, buried in thought; but the dust caused me to sneeze, and relieved the apprehensions of the good people.

I immediately rose, and dressed myself, and proceeded with them about the Palazzo, to see the damage it had sustained. The massive outside walls were all separated from each other and from the partition walls, and left chasms between, through which the light appeared. Providentially, the room in which I slept had the bed against a partition wall, and nothing fell on me but pieces of the ceiling and cornice; had it been on the other side, next the main wall, I could not have escaped, for it was entirely covered with masses of masonry, which had smashed and buried under them every thing on which they fell. I had repined that I had not been able to escape by the door when I attempted it, but to this circumstance also I now found I was indebted, under Providence, for my preservation. A wing of the house had fallen into the court-yard, through which I had intended to make my way; and, no doubt, had I done so at the moment I tried, would have buried me under it.

It was now past four in the morning, and we proceeded, with intense anxiety, to the Government-

house, to see if any of our friends, whom we had left so well and cheerful a few hours before, had escaped. The weather had totally changed. The sky seemed to partake in the convulsions of the earth :—it blew a storm, driving the dark clouds along with vast rapidity. The streets were full of people, hurrying in different directions, but all in profound silence, as if under some awful impression, and crowding into the churches, which were every where lighted up, and full of people. The priests were in their vestments singing solemn dirges, and the congregations on their faces, prostrated in the profoundest reverence. We found our friends all assembled, with Lord and Lady Strangford, in the dining-hall of the palace. To this room they had run in their night dresses, as to a place of more security, being a ground-floor detached from the rest of the edifice, and having no building over it. Here we sat till it was light, telling our several escapes ; and then I went out into the town, to see the state in which it was left. Nearly the whole of the 4,000 houses of which it consisted were split open in different places, and many from the foundation to the roof. About forty were lying prostrate, and obstructing the passage of the streets. The front walls of many were separated from the sides, and hanging over the way, seeming ready to fall every minute upon the passenger. This tendency of the walls to fall out saved many lives ; but there was another circumstance

to which their safety was attributed by the Zantiotes themselves. The night had been the vigil of their great patron-saint, Dyonisius, and almost the whole population were watching in the streets or churches, and so out of their houses, when the shock came on. The churches were of immense strength, and, though all shaken and shattered, none of them fell; which the pious people universally attributed to the interference of the saint, whose rites they were celebrating. Not more than forty dead bodies were found in the ruins. It appears, by the concurrent testimony of several, that the whole duration of the earth's motion was not longer than fifty seconds or a minute; yet, if the time were marked by the passing sensations of different people, that brief space appeared to be hours.

The elements of the earthquake seemed to have mingled themselves with the heavens. The very face of nature was changed from its mild and calm aspect to that of a perfect storm; and it was in vain we attempted to hold communication with the frigate, which we ardently wished to get on board of. Nothing could be more comfortless than our situation;—the inclemency of the weather would not suffer us to remain abroad, and the tottering state of the houses did not invite us in, particularly as every hour some slight shock informed us that the convulsion was not over, and was likely to prostrate what remained of the

shaken city.' There was now formed a solemn procession to St. Dyonisius, which I joined, with the Governor and some of his officers, as is usual in the Ionian islands on the festivals of the natives. But we were interrupted by a phenomenon more extraordinary and as awful as that of the night before. Just as we set out the sky became as dark as pitch, the storm increased to a hurricane, and we perceived the sea close to the shore boiling as if in a cauldron. Suddenly a shower of ice burst on us from the skies, and fell with such violence as to prostrate several persons whom it struck! The fall of these ice-stones was generally broken by the roofs of houses, from whence they rebounded, shattering the tiles, and rolling along the streets, like cannon-balls! The procession crowded into the church, as a protection against these terrific "stones," which were certainly similar to the awful hail of the Scriptures. While engaged in solemn prayer another violent shock of an earthquake shook the church in the midst of the storm. I never saw the effect of awe and fear more strongly depicted. The whole congregation remained as still as death, but burst into a silent flood of irrepressible tears. With all these impressions on my mind I was called on by the Governor and the Ambassador to read a thanksgiving service at the palace for our escape. I had no time to prepare, as I could wish, for such a solemn occasion, but there was no need to seek for

appropriate words. During the prayers another storm came on, and another shock of an earthquake nearly caused the book to fall from my hand, seeming to rend the house asunder. My congregation, like those of the procession, were deeply affected. It was the voice of God himself that seemed to address them.

I had met the day before at the palace some of the officers of the 36th regiment, to which I had been formerly chaplain, and I promised to dine this day with my old messmates. Colonel Cross now called on me, and I went with him to see their mess-room. It had been a Venetian palace, built of hewn stone, ornamented with a pediment and portico, and built in the most massive manner. It now seemed, as it were, upturned from its foundation; the marble steps of the grand stair-case stood all on their ends; the stone floors were broke up, as if by some implements, and all the parts of the edifice were inverted, intimating that the shock had come from below, and had acted perpendicularly upwards. Had the earthquake postponed but a few hours, till we had assembled at dinner, what a sudden destruction would have fallen upon us all! At the time it happened there was no one in the building.

As the menage of the palace, and of almost every other house, was in confusion, we went to dine with a gentleman at another part of the town, which had not suffered so severely. The hail was now succeeded by

thunder and deluges of rain, and when we were returning at night we found all the streets inundated. In wading across one of them my legs were impeded by something from which I could not extricate them. A light was brought from a neighbouring house, and it was with horror I found myself entangled with a corpse, several of which were floating through the streets. I next day learned the cause of this new catastrophe. The town of Zante is built at the base of a hill, and rises up the sides. The summit of the hill presents the appearance of a ridge, which slopes gradually down to the right; but nearly over the middle of the town it seems broken into a chasm, from whence it descends to the left very abrupt and irregular. It at once strikes an observer that the two hills on which the town stands were originally one, but were cleft in twain, like Eildon-hill, by some convulsion: and this was the fact. In the great earthquake mentioned before, the hill was riven in two, and part of the ancient city, with the inhabitants, buried in the chasm. From the great quantities of rain which fell the day before, the water had accumulated in this rent. A strong mound of masonry had been made across, which served as a bridge to pass from one side of the ravine to the other; but this had been so shattered by the earthquake that it could no longer support the weight of water that pressed against it. Below was a suburb of

the town, which had also suffered from the shock, on which the water, bursting from its confinement, violently rushed. The houses all gave way, and the wretched inhabitants, who had retired to rest anxious and harassed with the events of the night before, were now swept out of their beds by the inundation. They were soon suffocated, and, with no covering but their night dresses, were carried through the lower part of the town, and found next morning on the beach in different states of nakedness. It was one of these unfortunate people in his shirt that I felt entwined round my legs, and it was their bodies that had encumbered the inundated street. I went to see the place. The desolation was very dismal ; the hill seemed as if recently burst open ; the valley was strewed with the wrecks of houses covered with mud ; the poor people were digging in the wet rubbish in search of their friends ; and the inhabitants on the side of the hill were looking in terror out of their cottages, expecting every moment that another convulsion would prostrate their houses, and another inundation carry them away.

The accounts which now arrived from other parts of the island were equally disastrous. The beautiful town of Latakia, which we had observed smiling on the brow of a romantic hill near the pitch-wells, was entirely destroyed, as if its vicinity to this ancient crater had caused it to be visited with a more violent

concussion. Every other place on the island had suffered, and no spot was exempt from its share in the calamity. We afterwards learned that the effects had extended to the Morea and Italy, and even as far as Malta, expanding with more or less violence over a circle of perhaps 1000 miles in circumference, of which Zante was the unfortunate centre. The effects were not confined to the land, but were sensibly felt by the ships in the water. On board our frigate a noise was heard like that of a cable running through a house-hole, and the vessel seemed raised out of the sea, and thumped as if she had been driven on shore. The master and officers ran on deck in their shirts greatly alarmed, supposing she had slipped her cable in the storm that had just commenced, and was bulging out her bottom on the point of Krio Negro. But they found every thing safe, and were still wondering what could have been the cause, when accounts at length reached them from the shore.

The moment the weather moderated we hastened on board; and the Ambassador, instead of departing with the usual accompaniment of noisy honours, left the island silently and without pomp, deeming, very properly, that any such display would be altogether inconsistent with the melancholy events which had occurred. There never were, perhaps, greater horrors effected by the agency of nature than those of one

short day in the Island of Zante. We found it smiling in its beauty, with every thing that presented itself of a gay and lovely aspect. In a moment all was changed, the ground was rent open, towns were destroyed, the sky poured down portentous stones, mountains were burst asunder, inundations swept away whole streets with their inhabitants, and we left the island in horror and desolation, where nothing was heard but "mourning, lamentation, and woe."





Engraved by F. & A. Green.

Engraved by J. Outram.

TOO HOT.

BY SYLVANUS SWANQUILL, ESQ.

“Too Hot!” Ha, ha! Landseer, you’re a queer chap :

And so all they

Will say

Who see these lap-dogs at their lap.

The most fastidious will find a treat

In your dogs meet.

The pretty creatures !

What life in all their features !

They seem to move and chatter

Over the scalding batter :

And we appear

To hear

Each cur-sory remark.

“Throw physic to the dogs,” they say

In the play ;

And really one might almost fancy

(Such is the painter’s necromancy),

That any one of these could take a little bark.

And I've a notion

There's not a rat

Or cat

Could look on this "still life" without emotion.

What humour in their faces! there's not one

But is a perfect figure of fun.

Wags all, and satirists, and dogs of mind,

Their very tails are waggishly inclined.

Landseer,—thou bright R. A.!

Who, who shall say

What's due

To you

Unless Apollo, glorious god of day,

In whose bright car the eternal gas-light shines,

Would drop us a few lines?

Oh! had I Byron's power

(Author of the Giaour),

I'd let 'em know what's what!

For, Sir, no praise could be too warm for your "Too
Hot."

Though Byron, it must be allowed, was wildish,

And his best poem

(So all will say who know him)

Very Childe-ish;

Or were I like great LITTLE, who doth ring

So sweetly love's alarum,

How I would sing,

And make the world rejoice !
Oh ! would I had that heavenly voice,—
Moore's Vox Stellarum !
Or were I Doctor Southey, whose invention
And happy turns
Have been so much admired by men !
Would I'd *his* pen !—
I'd rather have his pension.
Perhaps the most appropriate poet, living
Or dead, for giving
Effect to your " Too Hot " were BURNS.
I've known full many a painter in my time,
Of many an age, and many a school and clime ;
But, Sir, I never knew
Such a dog-fancier as you.
What Rubens was to lions, Cuyp to cows,
Morland to sows
And hogs,
You are to dogs.
There's an attractiveness about your harriers,
Pugs, poodles, mastiffs, greyhounds, turnspits, *tarriers*,
Goes for to settle the great philosophic schism
About animal magnetism.
There's not a dog but owes you more, I vow,
Than e'er he owed his pa,
Or his dog-ma ;
And not a cur that meets
You in the streets

But ought to make you a profound bow-
Wow.

Excuse these dog-grel rhymes, my dear
Landseer !

They're bad enough, I own ;

But yet they shall go down

To late posterity (so e'en let critics rail),

Like a tin-kettle tied to your dog's tail.

That every dog's his day

I've oft heard say :

But, Landseer, yours shall last for ages,

(So shall these pages),

And after-times shall know you what you are,—

Quite a DOG-STAR.

ELLEN RAY.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

“ Evil communications corrupt good manners.”—*Solomon*.

PART I.

“ SING it again, Corney—sing it again !—that’s what I call a song : none of your die-away ditties—but a real good song,—the sort of thing one can’t forget. Sing it again, Corney—again—again—again !” Such were the sounds that issued in a loud but merry tone from the best parlour of Mr. Gerald Gore, the sign of whose hostelry set forth the far-famed race between the hare and the tortoise.

“ Sing it again : so I will, if I can,” replied the travelling dealer, universally known and welcomed under the *soubriquet* of “ Irish Corney.” “ So I will, with all the veins of my heart—if I can remember it, that is. Oeh, bother !

“ ‘Twas in the town!’—no, that’s not it;—‘Sweet Moyna Doyle!’—that’s not it either—is it?” he inquired, casting a roguish look on the company, who, as well as he, had sacrificed liberally at the shrine of the demon who presides over spirituous abominations.

“I am sure I don’t know,” replied Mr. Gore, the rosy landlord.

“You don’t know!—see that now!” ejaculated Corney, somewhat irritated at the reply; “see that, gentlemen! He does not know whether my song was ‘Paddy Carey’ or ‘Moyna Doyle;’ and he just after saying it was the sort of thing one could not forget. Oh, the desatefulness of that man bangs the Tories to nothing!”

“Gentlemen,” exclaimed Gerald Gore, rising in all the mock solemnity of unconscious intoxication, “I call to order; and move that Mister Corney Doran pay a fine of one penny to the club, for introducing politics after the prescribed hour:” and he pointed with a trembling finger to the eight-day clock that, in its varnished frame, graced the other end of the parlour.

“And who talked politics?” expostulated Corney; “sorra a word, nor the tithe of a—”

“Silence!” roared forth James Leighton, the carpenter, who was a wag of another description. “If *torics* and *tithes* are not politics write me down an ignoramus, master Corney.”

“Certainly—certainly!” echoed all the “gentlemen.”

“Mister Treasurer, seratch down Mr. Corney Doran (and, mind, no credit)—a penny for the Tories.”

“More than they’re worth any way,” grimmed forth the travelling dealer, good humouredly.

“A penny for tithes.”

“More than the parsons will have this day five years,” again interrupted the Irishman, so pleased at the opportunity of disseminating his principles that he ceased to think of his penec.

“Silence!” interrupted the landlord, who had managed to take an extra quantity during the dispute. “My house, fgentlemen, is a licensed, respectable house,—licensed, gentlemen, by a clergyman, and a justiee of the peace.”

(Corney aside.) “More shame for the elergy to have to do with suelh things.”

“Licensed, I say, to be honest and respectable; and if in eonformity with the wishes of my friends and neighbours, and—and—”

“And to the mareh of intelleet,” added Corney, easting another sly look on the company.

“Mister Corney Doran, do you wish to put an affront on me; or do you want to speak my English speeoh with your blundering Irish tongue?”

Corney Doran had sojourned many years in England; but instead of grafting the neat and temperate habits of the English on his own wild and disjointed ones, and thereby becoming a staid and sober person, with a

sufficient quantity of animation to rescue him from the charge of heaviness, he had only acquired knowledge enough to render him cunningly alive to his own interests, or, more properly speaking, the interests of his own party, which, with an Irishman, means one and the same thing: he had thus been rendered more cautious, but not an atom more sincere. He had learned, in some degree, to curb his words and actions when his blood boiled and his spirit cried "vengeance"—the most difficult lesson in the course of an Irishman's education; but an allusion to his "tongue"—his dear accent, which, like the generality of his countrymen, he fancied he had completely got rid of, was more than flesh and blood could bear; and he told Gerald Gore that his speech was as good as his, not to say better, and he would be "long sorry" to give utterance to the stupidity that often proceeded from the lips of mine host of the "hare and tortoise"—an illiterate "craythur," whose mind kept footing with the miserable pace of the "outlandish baste" on his own sign, and who had'n't courage to "stand up like a man" for the rights of the people. As to his accent, he would fight any one who abused it: was'n't it as good as their "Zummersetshire" lingo? Tongue indeed! he'd defy any one to tell what "counthry" he was by his tongue, unless his tongue chose to tell of itself.

The speech produced much laughter; the Irishman seized a bottle in one hand, and his shillela which, as

emblematic of his calling, measured exactly a yard, in the other, and stood

“Glowing and fierce with ire,”

prepared to hurl either one or both at any opponent. There was a general pause;—during that pause the door opened, and a tall, delicate-looking woman appeared within the threshold. It was, indeed, but for a very brief moment that she stood there; yet it caused as complete a change to pass over the party as if they had slept off the effects of their night's debauch. Corney Doran suffered the bottle to regain its place on the table, and dropped his uplifted arm, stick and all, quietly by his side. The landlord smiled, and, apparently aware for the first time of the difficulty of maintaining a just equilibrium, held fast by the back of his chair; the rest of the company assumed grave looks of sagacity and sobriety, which sat but strangely on their inflated features. The young woman advanced to the secretary, without paying any attention to the other members of the party, and calmly said in a low, composed voice, “Michael, your wife is ill.”

Michael Ray changed colour, and instantly rose from his seat, with a look troubled and abashed.

“Ill,” repeated Gerald Gore; “I did not think her time was so near. My wife shall return with you, Miss Ellen;—she's as clever as the doctor, who might

be wanted before any one could get to his house, which is a long three miles, even across Back-house Lane, and a weary, dirty way this wet night."

"Who talks of miles or weariness? I'll go for the doctor myself," exclaimed the Irishman, the current of his impetuosity at once turning into the stream of good-nature: "I'll go for twenty doctors. Let Michael away with his sister. And harkee, Michael, Garryowen's as fresh as a daisy by this time, and carries double like an angel; so you and Miss Ellen can return to Kingswell on the back of him—save time, ye see; and Mr. Gore's blind mare will trot brisk as lightning by day or night; so I'm off on her."

He was proceeding to put his plan into execution, when Ellen Ray interposed:—"Thank you, Mr. Doran, but it is not needed; I have been myself to Brantham; the doctor is by this time at Kingswell."

"Merciful Moses!" ejaculated Corney; "been to Brantham this pouring night, across the country!—and such a country—so ill-behaved just now,—and by yourself! Take a drop, Miss Ellen—the laste taste in life of this—'twill keep the could from your heart.

Why you're ringing wet,—and your beautiful hair like a stream o' gould over your shoulders. Mrs. Gore, Ma'am!—she'll make you something warm when the sleep's out of her eyes, though it's not much past ten. Michael, you must take Garryowen,—Miss Ellen is'nt able to stand. Och, Michael, dear, that's my

coat you've *cocht* houl't of, and Mr. Leighton's hat : here's your own. My poor fellow, don't take on so—sure she'll get over it well,—may be she's over it by this time : not that I blame ye, for there's few in this or any other counthry like your own Rachel. The saddle's not off Garryowen. We'll drink a bumper to her getting over it, when you're gone ; and, for fear of making a mistake, why we'll drink the health of the son, and the health of the daughter, a capital plan—hit the right nail by hook or by crook."

When our travelling merchant had fairly established Michael Ray, and his excellent sister, Ellen, on the back of Garryowen, he returned with Mrs. Gore to the party, whom this little incident had disturbed, and joined heartily in the praise bestowed by the landlady and her daughters on their neighbours at Kingswell.

"Well," said the elder girl, "though Ellen's so kind, and so good, yet there's a something about her I never could make free with. She was well brought up, and was left a pretty fortune too ; but neither the one nor the other ever made her proud. She's as humble as a dove, yet as lofty as an eagle. One cannot tell whether to love or admire her most."

"I'll go off myself, in a couple of hours, to know how they get on," chimed in the loquacious Corney. "Somehow, I don't think Michael's as frank or as free-hearted as he was ; and I have heard that the world does not go as well as it used with him. Oh

indeed, it goes well with no one these times, except the great landhoulders, and rich lords : its hard with the poor now-a-days !”

“ The world ought to go well with Michael Ray,” replied the landlady, as she snuffed out the candles, and poured the dregs of the glasses into a venerable punch-bowl, that graced the head of the table ; “ for he has an industrious wife, and a wonderful good and clever sister, and land at a no very extravagant rent.”

“ But,” said the landlord, who, having made his trembling adieus to his friends, grappled the punch-bowl to himself, “ how is any man to live when every bit he eats, and every drop he drinks, is taxed—taxed—taxed ? I maintain that no true patriot ought either to eat or drink.”

Jane Gore, a merry, blue-eyed girl, arrested the bowl as it reached her father’s lips, and, holding it up in triumph, exclaimed, “ then don’t you drink any more, father, for you call yourself a patriot ; and, besides, you have had enough to-night.”

Poor Mrs. Gore groaned heavily ; for it must be confessed that her lord and master generally “ had enough” every night : and though she had long ceased to expect that the “ leopard would change his spots,” or, to speak plainly, that her husband would abandon the pernicious habit which so surely leads to destruction, yet she had not conquered her repugnance to it, though she could not avoid smiling with her buxom daughters at the

change which intemperance never failed to produce in Gerald Gore's politics and principles. When the worthy landlord might be strictly called "sober"—that is, from the hour of rising until about two in the afternoon—no man more steadily supported the *old regime*. He was a pure disciple of "church and king"—advocated tithes, taxes, and the corn-laws—showed hospitality to the curate, veneration for the rector, and would have kissed the hem of a bishop's garment. In conformity with the taste of the times, he suffered a political club—an embryo political union—to meet at his house, because, had he not done so, they would have assembled at "The Flying Horse;" but he wisely penned the regulations respecting their assembling in the morning—consequently restricted, in a great degree, their discussions after a particular hour—and, constituted himself chairman, a measure even his political customers did not object to, seeing that then they had not to do with "*Phillip fasting*:" for after the hour of two, and in proportion to his potations, he it known that mine host warmed gradually into radicalism—grumbled bitterly at taxes—sneered at tithes—and abominated the corn-laws. It is only justice to add that he seldom arrived at this conclusion before midnight—that portions of the old leaven, even at the eleventh hour, would at times cling to him, and that he invariably awoke the next morning with the same veneration for lawn sleeves, and high places, unseathed and undiminished.

But enough of this. We must leave the good folk to their occupations and repose, and follow in the homeward track of Ellen and Michael Ray. The night was wild and stormy; sudden gushes of wind shook down the leaves of autumn, while ever and anon a branch groaned, as if in bitter anguish, as the rude blast tore it from its parent-stem, and flung it in cruel sportiveness to decay. The clouds passed and re-passed along the canopy of heaven in huge and blackened masses, now contending with, now yielding to, the howling and mysterious cause of earthly and heavenly tumult. At intervals a bright and glittering gleam of lightning would dance upon the bosom of the lowering clouds, showing their dark yet shadowy forms with terrible distinctness, while the deep-mouthed thunder growled. The road they traversed was harsh and broken; yet the panting horse, urged by Michael to its utmost speed, had more metal than could have been expected from so meagre an animal. Suddenly, however, at a turn of the road he stumbled, and would have fallen but for the prompt exertions of a strong and ready help. A stranger sprang from behind some brush-wood and held him firmly by the bridle, while Ellen, whose presence of mind never forsook her under any circumstances, slipped off, and sought to ascertain the cause of the disaster.

“He has fallen lame,” she said, looking quietly up into her brother’s face; “nevertheless, with you he

can pace it bravely; we are not a mile from Kingswell: so ride on, and I will follow."

"Shall you not be afraid, Miss Ellen," inquired the stranger respectfully, and, in despite of the storm, not merely touching, but removing his hat.

"Afraid," repeated Ellen Ray; "no, Mr. Barnett; I should fear nothing, although you and all the poachers in the parish beset my path."

"For shame, Ellen!" expostulated Michael; "I have a great mind to go on, and leave you to Barnett's protection."

"Go on you must," she replied, as she steadily pursued her path. "I fear I shall walk as fast as your horse can go; and if I could not, brother, still I should never stoop to be obliged by one I cannot respect."

"Still the same," muttered the stranger, withdrawing his hand from the bridle. "Michael, shall we see you to-morrow night at Eller's-hole?"

"No, no: Rachel is taken ill, and we are hurrying home."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the poacher. "Well, I am not surprised: those cursed dogs of the squire's must have terrified her out of her life this afternoon: and then to have her pretty flower-garden destroyed. You were not at home, I believe; but the hare was killed before her eyes—enough to frighten her, I think: the very hare, too, that fattened on your own land,—think of that, Michael."

“Michael, Michael,” called the clear voice of his sister, sounding like a Sabbath-bell amid the storm. He struck the horse a blow with his clenched fist; and sending an oath, laden with vengeance, to add to the night’s distraction, soon overtook and passed his sister.

“To think now of her never telling him the cause (for I am sure it was the cause) of his wife’s sudden confinement!” murmured the stranger. “She’s an odd girl; and but for her he would have been with us in act as well as heart long ago. His time’s to come yet though:” and he plunged into the copse from which he had so abruptly issued.

When Michael entered his dwelling he found every one in consternation. A child had not yet been born into the world, and but little hopes were entertained by the medical attendant of the mother surviving the birth. Rachel had ever been a weak, delicate being—weak in body, weak in mind—one of those lovely, drooping flowers which, ere you place it in your bosom, is fading away. You have just time to look upon its beauty and inhale its fragrance, when, lo! its leaves are scattered upon the earth. The terms idol and husband had with her but one signification. He was, indeed, her all; and, during the first two years of their union, no husband could more deserve the undivided affection of the simple and single-minded woman. She loved him with the perfect love that

can only take root with the trustfulness and dependence which the weak feel towards the strong ; and long after the handsome and spirited Michael became the orator of the village club, and the leader of discontented politicians, she thought he was still treading the sober path of right and reason. When, however, his farm was neglected, his debts unpaid, and he was seldom seen in the “ Ingle Nook ” of his own cottage, something, pressing heavily on Rachel’s heart, told her that, when Ellen remonstrated with her brother on the evil and impolicy of his ways, she reasoned justly. Still she could not bear to elide ; a gentle, affectionate kiss was her sole reproof, and the simple and touching entreaty of “ Do stay with us to-night, Michael—this *one* evening, dear Michael,—they cannot want you at the club *every* evening,” the only argument she ever used to keep him at home. She had, indeed, other methods : she would place his favourite canary on the table, or display to his admiring eyes a new carnation or a gaudy tulip—the present of the clergyman’s wife,—and pass over the time, talking of their treatment or culture, so as to make it “ too late for the club ; ” but latterly these little arts failed in producing the desired effect ; and Ellen declared what Rachel silently acknowledged by her tears—that Michael was becoming the slave of bad habits, and the tool of designing men.

“ If you, Rachel,” she would say, “ could only summon sufficient firmness to join your expostulations to

mine, Michael might still be saved: as it is, I see nothing for him—for us all—but destruction.”

“But you, my dear Ellen, talk so well, and possess so many advantages over me; you tell him every thing so wisely: yet, after all, you cannot love Michael as I do.”

“Not as you do,” replied Ellen Ray, in a low, subdued voice; “yet I *do love* him. I was ten years old when Michael was born: our dying mother took the child, warm from her bosom, and laid it on my lap. ‘I am dying,’ she said, ‘and you are young; but promise me you will be a parent to that innocent, and I shall depart in peace.’ I *did* promise, and I *have* performed. I have poured into his ear the truth and instruction that had been impressed on my own mind. I purchased him his farm.”—She paused; and then with a powerful effort, and in a still lower tone, continued: “I expelled from my heart one in whom that heart delighted, because I felt that my interest in Michael was diminishing under the influence of a still stronger feeling. I wear,” she added, smiling faintly, “the badge of old-maidenhood with cheerfulness, though few would have been more sensible of, more alive to, the duties of wedded life. Your love, Rachel, is different; but it cannot surpass the love of which I speak.”

Rachel hid her small, glowing face on Ellen’s shoulder, and wept. “I will do any thing,” she said, “that

you desire. Shall I beg of him to mend the fence next the squire's preserve, and sow barley afresh in spite of the pheasants?"

"With all my soul I wish that England contained not a single head of game," replied Ellen, bitterly: "better that they should all be swept off at one blow than preserved, as it is called, at the expense of so much harshness on the one hand, and destroyed by such low cunning on the other. No: say nothing about that unfortunate, and, I must confess, sacrificed property: his heart was in that barley; and out of the disputes between him and the gamekeepers up sprang the first personal grievance he had to complain of."

"Shall I say nothing, then?" she again inquired timidly: "Nothing, perhaps, until our baby is born; and then I can show it him, and ask him to reform for its sake, if not for mine—he is so fond of children."

Ellen shook her head. "I dread his habit of intoxication more than any other," she replied.

"Oh, how can you accuse him of that! I have hardly ever seen him—"

"You would say drunk," continued Ellen. "Not that exactly, but what he calls *exhilarated*, which, according to my reading, is either half mad or stupified, or both; it is the root of all vice—the devil's leading-string,—commencing with a hair, and ending in a cable."

When Michael, as we have stated, entered the

cottage, the servant was in tears; and a kind female neighbour, whom he beckoned to him from the chamber, while she told him "to hope for the *best*," looked as if he were to prepare for the *worst*. He insisted on seeing the doctor; and, seizing him convulsively by the arm, exclaimed, with the fanatic energy of a madman, that he would bestow upon him all he possessed in the world, so he would but save her life. The gentleman shook his head, and, requesting him to be composed, calmly pointed towards heaven. Michael understood the allusion; and there was a time when he would have acted upon it. He rushed into their quiet parlour; there was the chair upon which that morning she had sat, inhaling the perfume of the few flowers that lingered through the autumn. He threw open the casement; at the moment the clouds burst from the face of the full moon, and he saw that what Barnett had said must be true. The small, neat beds were torn up and trampled upon; her favourite plants were mingled with the clay; and a pretty jessamine, whose silver blossoms had often shone in all their starry beauty in her dark hair, was sprinkled with the blood of the innocent hare, who had met its death before her eyes. He turned from the window with feelings which may be felt, but cannot be described; and his eye fell upon a jar of brandy that his sister had left out, with her usual precaution, in case it should be wanted during her absence. He filled a

goblet nearly to the brim, and drank it off; then threw himself in a chair, and, laying his burning forehead on the table, resolved to wait patiently—oh, the bitter, the unsearchable pangs of such *patience*!—the termination of her travail. Suddenly a great cry from the chamber, and then a wail—the small wail that tells when a new creation first breathes the bitterness of existence. Michael started from his seat; he clasped his hands; he would have prayed *then*, but the power was denied him. The room whirled round—his head swam—he could not stand; yet enough of consciousness remained to turn what, if sober, would have been a prayer, into a deep, but muttered curse upon himself. Under the influence of that strange infatuation which makes the self-accusing drunkard thirst for more, he grasped again the fatal flaggon, again filled forth the goblet, and had emptied its contents, when his sister's hand literally dashed it to the earth.

“Could you not abstain for one hour?” she said, in a tone of strong reproach. “Shake off this lethargy: you are a father; yet will your hearth soon be desolate. Rachel is dying, Michael: she feels it but too surely; yet she calls for you, to give the infant, with her feeble hands, into your care.”

The unhappy man staggered towards the chamber of death and new existence; the pale, beautiful face of his dying wife was upturned at his approach, and

what little of life remained was summoned to the one weak effort of raising the babe, and placing it in his arms. She looked into his face, but his eye was leaden and heavy within its socket. It answered not, for it understood not the last look of love; nevertheless, almost mechanically he extended his arms towards her:—they fell beneath their own weight.

“Ellen,” said the dying woman, “I see it now; take the babe from me, *and be to it what you have been to him.*” Ellen Ray pressed the little innocent to her bosom. “It is enough,” she murmured. “But Michael, Michael, you will I hope—kiss—and—bless—me.” He remained totally unconscious of her appeal.

“I would kiss his lips once more,” she continued, in a broken and suffocating tone, while endeavouring to raise herself in the bed, “hot though they be with his destruction.” The only harsh sentence she ever applied to him passed with her passing breath. Light fled from her eloquent eyes, though the glassy stare of death remained fixed on the countenance of her husband.

PART II.

About eighteen months after the death of the single-hearted and simple-minded Rachel Ray, two travellers, a man and a woman, were seated beneath a wide-spreading and gaily-flowering hawthorn, in the

midst of a green and spacious meadow. From the position in which they sat they could take note of every passenger along the high road, and also trace the calm and clear meandering of the river, which, though it flowed freely and skirted the meadow with its silver girdle, deserved no more dignified appellation than that of "Trout Stream;" one, however, in which our honest, ancient friend, Isaak Walton, would have much delighted. It was so clear, and yet indented with so many small bays, or creeks, wherein floated the golden lily and other not less graceful water-plants, or, rather, plants enjoying the delights of a two-fold creation—springing from earth, and sporting in the waters, partaking of the luxury of both.

The sun was high in the heavens, and casting upon earth those burning beams which still the labour of the bee, and bid the small birds hide beneath the foliage of the spreading forest. June was not yet written in the calendar, though its heat had come; and the song of the cuckoo sounded on the streams like a bell inviting to enjoyment and repose; the very air was sleepy—overladen with the balm and honey of existence; the yellow frog trailed its enfeebled limbs through the sultry herbage; and the chirp of the grasshopper grew less frequent as the day advanced. The travellers both seemed weary; both carried tokens of sorrow in their countenance, but the man's brow was marked by stronger lines

than those which even sorrow leaves: the expression of hers was that of sadness, his of violence; yet each was in the prime of life and beauty.

They had not been long seated on the turf when the woman withdrew a shawl from a bundle which she had laid upon her knees, and a smiling child—smiling and happy in the innocence and loveliness of early days—laughed joyously into her face. She gathered a wild rose, and, holding it before the infant, waved it so as to attract its attention; the child laughed more gaily; but still the woman looked as though she had read and meditated upon that exquisite old poem of Herbert's—

“Sweet rose, whose stem, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye;
Thy root is ever in its grave—
And thou must die!”

Their store of supplies did not seem very abundant: there was a small basket of delicate workmanship, but of faded appearance; and the bundle which the man had supported on a stick over his shoulder was enveloped in a scarf or shawl that had once been possessed of considerable beauty: to use an emphatic Irish phrase, it looked like “the relics of old decency,” and told that its owner had seen better days.

And was the basket and the bundle all that remained to Michael Ray of this world's goods—of house, and farm, and stock, that had been *his* but eighteen months before? Alas! Michael had lost

more—for his name was blighted. All was lost unto him save the deep devoted love of his sister, and that God, either for mercy or for misery, as it might hereafter be, had spared the life of his innocent child.

Who has ever looked into the face of childhood without feelings of the deepest anxiety as to its future fate? We know that, if life continue, the smooth brow must wrinkle, the bright eye grow dim, and, worse than all, the young, small heart, that beats so calmly within its intricate dwelling, become worn and hackneyed in the world's ways. Life, whether passed in a palace or a cottage, is a continued miracle—the most wonderful miracle of Him whose name is WONDERFUL. Ellen Ray would not perhaps have expressed her thoughts in such language as she gazed upon the features of her infant nephew; but she felt that to her was committed the awful task of training up a soul for immortality.

After Rachel's death Michael had entirely abandoned himself to those evil-disposed fomenters of public and private mischief with whom we first saw him associated. Political discord succeeded political discussion: the hydra was many-headed: and the once tranquil village became a scene of universal discontent. The evil was easily traced to the meetings at Gerald Gore's. The neighbouring magistrates, perhaps with more zeal than discretion, took the earliest opportunity to withdraw his license; and, conse-

quently, the poor cried "Shame" upon the tyranny of the rich. Michael sank lower and lower: his wife's death, instead of pointing out the horror of his one inveterate habit, appeared to have confirmed him in it. At first, great were his resolves; but, alas! still greater was his weakness. "Hell is paved with good intentions," says the proverb; those of the drunkard are as dust! "I will never leave him," was the determination of his noble sister; "the word in season may yet be spoken, and God may hear, even at the eleventh hour. Is not the soul of my only brother precious in my eyes?"

The persons whom we encountered at the commencement of our story, at the "Hare and Tortoise," were among the best of the class to which they belonged. There were others, who skulked behind hedges, and concealed themselves in barns and the silent and solitary clefts of the valley during the day, and at night stole into the meetings of the infatuated peasantry, and distilled strong poison into their ears, or engaged in those illegal practices which had already rendered them banned and blighted. Of the number of those was Barnett, who met Ellen and Michael on the awful night of his wife's death; his influence was, unfortunately, great over the mind and actions of the unfortunate young farmer. It was in vain that Ellen expostulated: he would listen, ay, and promise too; but, as before, he lacked strength in the performance.

It will sometimes happen that the winning gentleness of a weak-minded woman can bind the strongest man more than the true and faithful reasoning of intellect and wisdom. The lord of the creation is flattered and soothed by the former; while the female monitor, no matter how correct she may be, is regarded as assuming a place to which she has no right. It would be paying Ellen Ray a poor compliment to say her intellect was equal to that of her brother: it was infinitely superior. She was the favourite child of *reason*, he the creature of *impulse*; consequently great and perpetual was the error of his ways.

Ellen had prepared some food for the laughing child, which she had fostered with so much tenderness, when her attention was attracted by a voice which she quickly recognized, coming from a low copse that straggled along a portion of the beautiful meadow that sloped towards the water.

“Michael,—Michael Ray,” it said, first in a low tone, which Michael heeded not; for he sat—his face buried in his hands, and his walking-stick resting upon his knees—the picture of discontent, and misery, and self-reproach.

Ellen turned quickly round, and the still blithe, though worn-out features of Corney Doran, surmounted by a rabbit-skin cap, met her view,

“Starting from ’mid the rambling hazel-tree
And wild sweet-brier.”

He soon joined the little group; and Michael, aroused

from his lethargy, welcomed him with much more cheerfulness than one would have expected in connexion with so sorrowful a countenance. It was long since they had met; for poor Corney had been compelled to quit the country soon after the meeting at Gerald Gore's which introduced him to our notice.

"It's myself is sorry to see ye this way, though I know all about it, and was tould I should meet ye here by one who knows a dale more than he ought, and is far from sound to the back-bone, either as friend or foe. But, Mike, astore, between you and I, and the blue heavens that's above us, the politics does little good to the likes of us. See how the farm melted from you; and, all in such little time; and poor Miss Ellen! to follow your fortunes—or, rather, to follow you without any fortunes. And, sure, I'm the boy that was broke horse and foot; for Garryowen, the craythur, was seized from under me, as I may say; and all the bits o' things that was in him, books and papers, and the like, leading to make people wise; but, indeed, Miss Ellen, I often thought of a saying of yours, that it's little good half wisdom ever did any one."

"Words have fallen uselessly from my lips, and left no more impression than the tread of the grasshopper on the blade of grass," replied Ellen: "but Michael, with fortune or without fortune, is still my brother. And his child has no mother but me."

"Ay—ay," chimed in Michael; "beyond that blue

hill floats the ship that will carry us all to another land, where there is liberty of word and action ; and where I can forget the past."

"Liberty !" repeated Corney ; "liberty in Americy is—all in my eye. I've had my spell there, as well as elsewhere ; and sorra a bit more going 'mong the Yan-kees than 'mong ourselves."

"Corney, if you know all you appear to know, you can readily call to mind how I have been treated by what are called laws, and laws for the protection of liberty, too. Why, at this moment," continued Michael, with a fearful laugh, which rang wildly and out of tune over that tranquil landscape,—“at this very moment I might be—no matter where,—if the laws—the precious laws—had but their way."

"Michael," said Ellen, solemnly ; "house and farm, beast and bird, are ours no longer. Wild and misguided you have been ; but surely there is nothing hanging over you that I know not of, and that is likely to heap more shame upon your head !"

Michael returned no answer to her question or her look ; nor, indeed, had he time to reply to either, for he was seized upon by two men, of whose approach none of the party was aware. Ellen cast a suspicious look at Doran ; he had confessed that he knew of their movements ; but there was no possibility of continuing to suspect him of treachery, when one of the constables was felled to the earth by his hand.

“This is no time for acts of violence,” observed Michael, resigning himself, with the stern calmness of a desperate man, into the custody of the laws he had so often anathematized. “Corney, my fine fellow, keep your aid for a better cause. As to me, what my pious sister would call ‘the hand of God,’ but what I call the claw of the devil, is on me, and I cannot escape from it.”

“Blisters on your tongue, you spalpeen!” exclaimed the Irishman; “only you’re in the height o’ trouble, I’d lay you alongside that limb o’ the law, just for the jeer you evened to your sister.”

“Stop!” interrupted Ellen: “Goad him not; he cannot bear it now, broken, ruined as we are. I knew not of another storm. And will you not tell me,” she continued, turning to the man who was securing Michael’s wrists with handcuffs, “for the love of mercy—for the love of God—why this is? Man—man,—you are yourself a father! Look at this child; and, if you know what pity is, yield to it this once, and leave us in peace to pursue the course which, in a few hours, will bring us on the way to a strange land. You mistake—I am sure you do—my brother for some other man. His name is—”

“Michael Ray. Eyes blue—nose long—teeth white—hair chestnut—height five feet ten inches. You need not agitate yourself, miss, if so be you are a miss, and his sister; for you do not look as if you

had any share in the robbery or part murder of old Giles Handring last month."

Whatever more the brute uttered was lost upon Ellen Ray, whose form and features became rigid as marble. Certain remembrances flashed across her mind, and whirled through her brain, which for some minutes deprived her of reason. When consciousness returned she was alone in that sweet meadow, a stricken creature, where all around seemed teeming with hope and happiness. Her eye instinctively sought out her little nephew. Oh, blessed childhood!—age of the rosy-cheek—the laughing lip—the quick, joyous-beating heart! The little innocent, in perfect unconsciousness of all sorrow, was creeping along the green sward after a butterfly, his countenance sparkling with delight, and his little frame animated into fresh beauty at every movement made by the gorgeous insect. She sought another object; and not far off, on the high road, Michael was seen between the two men who led him—a manacled captive. Ellen could not part thus from her brother. She sprang with renewed vigour towards the group; and the officers were sufficiently affected by the reality of her grief to suffer him to remain for a few moments while she spoke her parting words.

"Michael," said the afflicted woman, "is this true? Is it possible that you have flown in the face of God and man, as they say you have? Only speak—one

word will be enough!—Michael!—Michael!—one only word to your poor sister! One word!” she repeated, throwing her arms round his neck, with a burst of feeling new, and for her extraordinary: “only one word to save me from distraction.”

The unfortunate man looked upon his sister, and, as she often said in after years, that one look brought back to her the brother of her youth, with all the warm and affectionate feelings which promised so happily in his boyhood.

“I am INNOCENT,” he said; “I declare it to you before God, Ellen; but much may appear against me which will stagger your belief in your brother’s word. I wish you would not heed it; for *you* are the only one now who cares for me in this wide, bad world. May the Almighty protect you! I would pray for you to-night in my prison, if I dare. I could not kiss my child yonder. Ellen, I stooped to kiss him, but felt as if his father’s kiss would plant a curse on his innocent lips.”

“Come along now, master,” interrupted one of the officers. “And as for you, my good woman, when next you meet your friend in the rabbit-skin cap, tell him, although he showed a smart pair of heels while you were in your faintings, Tim Miles, of Dewbery, will have a look-out for him yet.”

Ellen Ray felt relieved by her brother’s declaration; and, as she pressed the child to her bosom, and pre-

pared to journey towards the town where Michael was to be imprisoned, she blessed God that the belief of his innocence was impressed on her mind; at the same time circumstances pressed on her remembrance that made her tremble for the result.

“Can you relieve a poor mortal that hasn’t put a morsel o’ food in her mouth these fifteen hours, and five to the back o’ that, and will tell your fortune true as gospil—all that ever happened you, and all that will ever happen you, and give you a many husbands in the bargain?” inquired an overgrown gipsy-woman of Ellen, as she entered the town of —, just as the evening was closing in.

“I have nothing for myself. How, then, can I give to others?” she replied; “and as to my fortune, the past is too well engraven on my mind to be forgotten, and the future belongs not to you to comprehend.”

“But there are some, near and dear to you, in trouble, and sure its yourself would like to pull them out of it,” retorted the beldam, drawing more closely to Ellen, who shrank from her as from a pestilence.

“Indeed I have nothing wherewith to buy your knowledge, if you really possess the skill you pretend to,” she said; “so go your way, and I will go mine.”

“To the jail. There is no entrance there after sunset. And where do you stop to-night?—for I know you’re lone, without a friend, in a strange place.

I'll tell your fortune for nothing, if you'll come my way; and you'll find it all the better for him you know."

"If," replied Ellen, stopping and gazing earnestly under the woman's hood, "you really know any thing, or any circumstance that would serve the person I suppose you allude to, you will surely tell it; but you cannot wonder that I, alone and unprotected, should refuse to accompany one of your tribe perfectly unknown to me, in a strange place."

"And always better known than trusted," replied the fortune-teller.

"It is even so: but rumour deals harshly, I have heard, with the foreigner; and those in distress have their faults written in large characters."

"Why, then, that's true for ye, if ye never spoke another word," replied the gipsy. "But sure its a shame for me to be bothering you at this time, and you in trouble: 'twas only for a spree. And sure its few sprees I have now; so you may forgive poor Corney."

"I certainly was deceived," replied Ellen, who, now that she knew the person, could not avoid smiling at his grotesque appearance.

"Well, its all for your good and your brother's," replied Corney, in his perfectly natural voice. "Its the only way I had of doing you and him a service, to turn woman for a while—and maybe to-morrow I'd be

something else : 'twould be *no ho !* with an Irishman if he could'nt serve a friend. And you may trust to my guidance, Miss Ellen ; and I'll lodge you with a cousin of my own this blessed night, you and the young one, where you'll have the *caith-mille-a-faulter*, over and over again, and a supper as good as a station ; only *mum's* the word. I'll not desave you as to Mike." And the pretended gipsy turned down a narrow lane, followed by Ellen Ray, whose hopes and fears were excited to the highest possible degree.

Corney Doran, like every Irishman who ever existed, had frequently deceived both himself and others ; but he had no intention of deceiving Ellen Ray. A blessing on my poor countrymen ! Notwithstanding their thousand faults, their hearts warm, and their energies waken, whenever there occurs a chance of benefiting the unfortunate. An Irish peasant, with all his wildness, with all his prejudices, will gladly risk limb and life to render service to those whom he considers oppressed, though his natural feelings teem with that careless, uncultivated generosity which hurries him into what his more prudent neighbours designate "thoughtless extravagance."

After a night of safety, but of deep anxiety, Ellen was following, with a bowed head and a trembling step, the grim and surly jailor of her unfortunate brother. Those who have been but once within the walls of a prison can never forget the thick grating

sound—the massive iron gates—the atmosphere, so clogged and heavy—and, above all, the narrow windows, through whose rusty bars the dim light streams heavily, while the breeze sighs past without imparting an atom of its fragrance to the gloomy dwellers within. The very sounds of laughter and ribald song, which ring from the paved court where the criminals are permitted to exercise, have something chilling and unearthly about them—a sort of demon music. How unlike that which echoes from the gay harvest-field, where the blue heavens, illumined by the everlasting and cloudless sun, is the reaper's canopy, and the lark

“poising in mid air,”

the minstrel he loves best!

The forehead of Michael Ray was pressed against the bars of his little window as Ellen entered the cell: happily for both he was its only inmate. With feelings of gratitude she saw that his eyes were red from weeping; and, when he laid his throbbing forehead on her shoulder and sobbed aloud, a prayer of thankfulness mingled with her tears, that his heart was at length touched.

“You have not deserted my child—poor Rachel's child?” he said at last: “you might have brought him with you, Ellen. Last night I slept but little—a straw bed, a jail, and a heavy conscience, are not likely to make a man's slumbers easy. But when I did close

my eyes, SHE was before me: not as I saw her last, pale and rigid in her coffin, but as I left her on that fatal day—weak, but lovely;—and I resolved—But what did it signify,” continued the agonized man, with a loud burst of grief, “what I resolved?—the devil was busy with me. *You* would have saved me; but, ‘stiff-necked and stubborn,’ I cast salvation from me. And now—Oh, Rachel!—Rachel!” And again he lifted up his voice and wept bitterly.

There is tenderness in woman’s tears, but the loud grief of a strong man is terrible. For once Ellen Ray was overpowered: she could only weep with her brother; and the words of consolation she would have spoken died upon her lips. She rejoiced when his feelings again found utterance.

“I know how unmindful I have been of many blessings. I looked through those bars, and the blue sky seemed so clear, and the leaves on the top branches of that tree—the only tree I can see from the grating—so green, that I longed for the fresh air, and thought how much happier was the brown sparrow, whose nest is yonder, than I can ever be, though made, as you have often said, ‘only a little lower than the angels.’”

“Made so,” replied Ellen, meekly: “the little stream that issues from the rock is pure, yet it may become contaminated ere its course is done.”

“One of your parables, which I am too plain spoken to understand,” interrupted Michael, hastily, and with

his ordinary ill temper. "But," he continued, "about this matter for which I am here, I can repeat before God that I am innocent, though it would be difficult to prove it, unless, indeed, an alibi was sworn to, and—there is but one person who could do that."

Ellen raised her eyes slowly to her brother's face; but his were fixed upon the ground; and he moved them not until her gaze was withdrawn.

"You have done much to save a brother's reputation, Ellen; would you not do much more to save his life?"

"No, Michael; not more. I need not tell you how dear your life has been to me; but I do tell you that your fair fame was dearer."

"On the evening of the third of this month—do you remember it?"

"Perfectly."

"I was in our own cottage at seven, and I slept at home that night."

"You came home, Michael, about half past twelve," continued the trembling Ellen.

"Before—long before that: at nine—at ten. Do you not remember that I was in the house long before ten? You must remember it, Ellen."

Poor Ellen again looked into her brother's face, and sighed mournfully.

"I remember," she replied, "that, after that fearful and cruel affair, you gave up what remained of our

little all. I remember that the household furniture—the very bed upon which our parents, and one to you even dearer, breathed their last was sold, and riven from my eyes. I remember, Michael, that after paying all we owed in the village, much, much remained, and yet your child more than once cried for food, and you had not wherewith to purchase it. How was this?”

“You know our passage was paid for; and that was a large sum.”

Ellen shook her head.

“I say,” repeated Michael, “our passage-money was a large sum; but listen, Ellen; a still larger sum was paid to that villain, Barnett: he had me in his power; the sneaking scoundrel kept his hands and head clear, and threatened to turn king’s evidence against Johnes, and, villain-like, laid a train so artfully as to show me that he could at any time swear away my life should his own be in danger. Driven to madness at the idea of ending my days on a gallows, and seeing how perfectly I was in his power, I offered him a large sum of money to abscond: it was readily accepted; but justice overtook him, and to screen himself he has sworn any thing, every thing, to criminate others. As to Johnes and another, they deserve all they may get; but, though I knew of the plot, and advised against it, I was not in the house during the robbery. How could I have been, when you remember that I was at

home by ten? Ellen," he continued eagerly, "you can swear to it. And there are many who have known you long, and known you well, who would come miles to speak to your character: your word would be sufficient in the eyes of the jury, though the law might demand your oath. I need not ask if you will do it," he added, reading the expression of his sister's countenance, "for you have ever loved your brother."

Ellen Ray rose from the rude seat whereon she sat, as a queen rises from her throne to pronounce judgment. There was a deep flush upon her cheek and brow, and her eye, usually so cold and blue, flashed with a light which might have been pronounced unearthly. "And is my soul of no value in your eyes? Have my years passed before you, and led you to believe that I would utter, much less swear, to a deliberate falsehood? My affection you cannot doubt; and yet I would rather you should doubt it than suppose me dead to the feelings which have guided me through a long life of trial and sorrow. I could not lay perjury to my soul, were it to make me earth's greatest—grandest! What! debase the spirit the Almighty has implanted within my bosom, to protect this body from the pollution of a corrupt world, by a damning act, and register myself in the courts of God and man as a bare-faced liar! Oh, brother! have I deserved this from you?"

"Then you leave me to perish—your own brother

—Rachel's widowed husband—the father of the child you love,—hurrying me into the Almighty's presence in the morning of my days, and—remember, remember, Ellen—in the fulness of my sins. *You* condemn me to death, judgment, and hell.”

Michael Ray paused as the terrible words were uttered, for the countenance of his sister had changed. Still she stood erect before him; but her lips were livid, and the brightness of her eyes had faded into a death-like heaviness: there was no expression in them, though they were fixed upon her brother with a glare which made the hot and impetuous blood return in a cold, chill current to his heart.

What *mere* philosopher can explain, however learned he may be, the mysterious rapidity with which desires for good and evil pass through the mind of every descendant of Adam? Great, indeed, is the mystery! that the same brain and heart engender such opposite feelings—the same lips utter such different sentiments—that it is as if a good and evil spirit alternately possessed us, and alternately claimed homage and obedience from our poor intellects.

Ellen Ray had hardly thanked God that tears of penitence moistened her brother's cheek, when he became the tempter to a fearful sin; and, again trembling lest he had spoken too harshly to one whom he truly loved and respected, he would have given worlds to cancel the injustice, and recal his words. What a

pity it is that we devote hours to action, and only minutes to reflection !

Gradually the rigidity of Ellen's countenance relaxed ; and she sank slowly and silently upon her knees. There was no studying for effect in her simple and heartfelt supplication to the Almighty that he would direct and guide her ways, and keep her in the right path in this her most bitter hour of trial. There was no burst of eloquence—no tears flowed from her burning eyes—her lips moved not ; yet her aspirations ascended to the throne of the Most High, and she arose, as all do who petition in sincerity of spirit, resolved and comforted.

“ Michael,” she said, “ I forgive you : you know me not, yet I forgive you ; you understand me not, but I forgive, and pray to the Almighty to forgive, the sin that entered your heart. I WILL *save* you, Michael ; but it SHALL not be by PERJURY.

Her brother would have answered ; but, as he pondered his reply, she glided from the cell.

PART III.

“ Gentlemen of the jury,” said the eloquent and excellent judge, “ I need not direct your attention to whatever the prisoner's witness may state. I have heard and believe that, although she is his sister, she is so impressed with the beautiful nature of truth, and guided by such elevated and upright principles, that

the faithfulness of her word is as a proverb in her native village.”

A paleness, almost to the hue of death, was upon the face of Michael Ray, while a faint flush passed over the cheek and brow of his sister ; and then she raised her calm, pale countenance, full of thankfulness to him who sat in judgment, and awaited the questions she was to answer. From the day of her prison-interview with her brother she had never visited him. Not that he was forgotten or neglected : night and day she toiled, with blistered fingers and burning eyes ; and, after she had supplied the mere wants of her little nephew, Corney—poor, kind-hearted Corney!—carried to the jail whatever she thought would alleviate the wretchedness of the captive. She had hoped that no attempt would be made on the part of his counsel to drag her forward as a witness ; but she was mistaken. It was a glorious display of the strength and loveliness of truth, and the firmness of a high-souled woman. One word from her lips might have restored her brother to liberty ; but falsehood was a thing of which she was incapable. To the astonishment of many, and the sorrow of those who could not comprehend her character, she persisted in the truth. Even the judge appeared amazed ; and, in his charge to the jury, could not avoid expressing his admiration of her more than Roman virtue ; “because,” said he, “she has before given proof that this

brother was dearer to her than life itself—yet not so dear as her integrity.”

When the prisoner was asked if he had aught to say in his defence, he simply replied, “Nothing; except that I am innocent of this crime, So help me God, though a most sinful man as regards other offences.”

As Ellen passed from the court-house she perceived Barnett, more than half intoxicated, with two of his old companions. They stood so near her that she could not resist the agonizing desire to reprove him, whom she believed to be the murderer of her brother.

“Barnett,” she said, in her trembling voice—he heard it, and remembered it to his dying day—“Barnett, the cry of innocent blood follows you, and shouts aloud for the vengeance which, sooner or later, a just God will render: a curse”—

“Do not curse—do not you curse me, Ellen Ray,” he exclaimed; “remember”—

“Ay, I remember that you it was who first polluted him: but I meant not to curse you; though—mark my words!—the curse is upon you, and justice will speedily have its due.”

The prophecy was fulfilled. Within a year, Barnett had died upon the scaffold, convicted of a crime which it is unnecessary to register here.

A few weeks—long, heavy, and awful weeks—went

by, and the faint hopes of pardon, in which the prisoner and his afflicted sister had indulged, grew fainter from day to day. A sad topic engrossed the thoughts, and occupied the tongues, of all the serious and all the thoughtless in the town of —— ; yet were they not so engrossing as to procure the postponement of the annual ball, so long looked forward to as a scene of unmixed delight, worth a whole year of labour or seclusion.

The ball-room was opposite the jail ; and, while the sounds of music and revelry pealed through the open casements, two men were occupied in rendering secure the scaffold — on which an execution was to take place with the early morrow. 'Twas a sad contrast: the music, echoed by the feet of the merry dancers, and interrupted only by an occasional burst of song, from some “highly accomplished” minstrel ; the heavy sound of the carpenter’s hammer, as he pursued his gloomy task, was broken but by some grumbling observation of his companion, who held a dim and dirty lantern, so as to enable him to finish his work before the midnight ! And such are life’s contrasts ;—yet half the world pass on, and heed them not.

Within the prison was the quiet of approaching death. Ellen had asked and received permission to remain in her brother’s cell until the latest hour his jailer could allow. No other shared the solitude ; no other comforted or advised with the condemned.

“My own, own sister,” he said, “a word might have saved me; but you acted according to the spirit of uprightness within your own pure heart, and I blame it not now. I am rejoiced that my boy did not come with you; the remembrance of this horrid place, of his father in such a state, might have remained when I am gone. I have heard say that people think of what happens when they were young—mere infants, in fact—when they grow old. Do you remember saving me from drowning in the Lee? I could not have been more than two years old then! Oh, that it had not so been! My sand is run:—pray for me again, Ellen.”

“Seven—eight—nine,” repeated Ellen Ray, without heeding his request, as the clock chimed the hour. “The jailer has been merciful, and promised to permit me to remain ’till eleven; but I shall continue longer than that,” she added. “Michael, I promised to save you, and I will redeem my pledge.” He raised his dim and hollow eyes. “Listen, Michael: I would before have communicated my plan, which, fraught as it is with danger, will succeed if you are innocent, and put your trust faithfully in the Almighty; but I thought your soul would become purified by calm reflection, and the absence of all hope of earthly pardon. I trust that so it is—and that in a strange land you will not forget the God who permitted to you time for repentance. Behold, we are the same height, and, by

exchanging clothes, the jailer can be deceived. I will remain here until the morning, when, by the assistance of Corney, you will be far on your way towards the strange country I had hoped to have traversed with you."

Michael was so completely bewildered by what he heard—astounded with the sudden hope that burst upon him, at the very time when utter despair had taken the place of every other feeling, that Ellen was compelled to make the necessary arrangements herself; and never, on any occasion, did she evince more presence of mind, or appear more collected. Who can describe her sensations, when, at the appointed hour, the jailer summoned her forth, and she saw Michael depart under his unconscious guidance? Deep and fervent were her prayers during that gloomy night; and great the amazement which pervaded the jail and town when the deception was discovered. Officers were dispatched in pursuit of the fugitive, but he was no where to be found. Ellen's reply to all interrogatories was simply this: "Had I not believed him innocent of the crime for which he was about to suffer, I would not have saved him." Wonderfully was the love of justice blended in her character with the more tender and gentle affections.

For the information of those who seek to know "every particular," however minute, of every thing that occurs, it must be stated that there was another to whom Michael Ray owed much.

“Whisht, honey, and don’t take on so,” said an Irish basket-woman, as the jailer was closing the small door which afforded a prospect of life and liberty to the mock Ellen, who, drawing the bonnet more closely round her face, followed, or, rather, preceded, the person who addressed him, and added, in a lower tone, “Not so fast—take it asy, or we’ll be blowed before we get out o’ the town: asy, I say—whin did ye iver see feamales stride along like troopers?—and be hanged to them!”

The companions soon arrived at a place of concealment, which had been previously fixed upon: for Corney Doran and Ellen had carefully arranged the plan of Michael’s escape. It would have been no easy matter to baffle the combined skill of Irish cunning and woman’s affection, when directed to the same object.

They altered their disguise in a sort of cave, whose entrance was concealed by brambles and brushwood. When Corney again changed, he became a piper, keeping up the deception marvellously well by the aid of a red wig and the everlasting bag-pipes, upon which he was a capital performer.

“Now you must turn yourself into me—become a perfect Irishman—and play Corney Doran, while I play upon these, in merry Liverpool,” exclaimed he, when his disguise was completed. “Cheer up, man—the Kate sails in a week; and as the captain has

never *seen* me, why how should he *know* me? You're as likely to be Corney Doran as Corney himself!"

Great indeed was the Irishman's sacrifice. A relative, anxious to get him out of the country, had agreed with the captain of the American vessel for his passage; but Corney gladly relinquished it to Michael Ray, sharing with him also his purse to the uttermost. "You need'nt trouble y'rself to thank me for doing what plases myself. And, to tell ye a bit of a saeret, it isn't for *your* sake that I'm putting the blind on the Yankee at all—but for the sake of one who had the misfortune to be called your sister. Oh! but its wonderful to see the two sorts o' flowers that grow on one stem: who'd think that you, Michael, unfortunate devil that ye are, war a bird o' the same nest with Ellen Ray?"

Poor Ellen passed a time of extreme wretchedness and terror, until relieved from her anxiety by an account which she received from the faithful Corney of the good Kate's departure. Corney was skilful enough to persuade his eousin to pay his passage a second time, assuring him that "it was his fetch who took his place in the ship, just out of a spite it had to the family." A letter which Ellen received from this careless but kind-hearted man, after a lapse of a few years, explains more fully, and yet more briefly, than we could possibly attempt, the events which time invariably works out in the calendar of life.

DEAR MISS ELLEN,

This comes hopping, like every other letter I had iver the pleasure to send ye, that you are well, as I am not at present—thanks be to God for both bad and good!—having had what they call here a “tarnation bad feaver,” which has left me as weak as water, with the shivers coming over me every second day, and which, in my poor country, they call the aguce. But it is’nt of myself I’d be talking, but of you, and of the sweet land you live in, and of the child, who is as good as a man now; for I see the last letter he sent to (saving your favour) his misfortunate father, and it was as powerful as a sarmint, and beautifully written, like print. It is a blessed thing he has grown up such a fine, dutiful boy; and sure it is all owing to you. And it was very good of the judge to think of making you mistress of a national school—the very thing you could turn to, for you had the nack at the needle and every thing else. And who should I meet not six months ago, but one Lucy Green, though that’s not her name now, but Mrs. Arkwright, whose husband has the store at New Orleans, as you turn to the right down Washington Street into *Liberty Place*, where they sell the niggers, which are not animals but poor Christians like ourselves, only black, miss Ellen, which cannot make us too thankful who are born with clane skins. Well, this Mrs. Arkwright was one of your scholars before she was married; and it made my eyes water to hear what she said of you, and of the boy; and how you are beloved by every one; and how all the carriage-company pay you visits; and how young Michael is likely to be a great man in a small way, as the gentry think a dale of him, but that you keep him to larning and industry, changing from one to the other with great skill; so she says every one admires you, because the lad, though good and humble in the main, is still something of a chip of the ould block—more credit to you that he is turning out so well! Ah, there’s a dale in the rearing! A tree of the forest may be turned either into a brave ship, and fight its country’s battles, or you may roast praytees in its embers, and make a bonfire of it on a St. John’s night. Miss Ellen, there’s a dale in the rearing! And now, my dear friend, I’ve been putting off the most consequential thing to

the last, just as we do gale* day in ould Ireland, though its sure to come, like bad luck, fast and certain enough in the end. Poor Michael! I know you hav'nt hard from a long time.

Miss Ellen, rum's as bad as brandy; and, between you and I, they're just as fond of looking at their little finger here as they are at home; and Mike never had the gift of withstanding temptation. When I came over I found him going to the bad, for he was disappointed in the Yankees, faneying that he might do just as he liked, counting on the liberty he had hard of. Lord love ye'r little heart, miss! the only differ I can see in their laws is, that they have a matter of a hundred rulers, where we have but one; and he, God bless him! has preeious little of his own way at home or abroad: bnt that's neither here nor there. Only the last thing I saw of poor Michael was elose to Magnacious Bane's skin-store: a store means a shop, only they have liberty-names for things here, and would'nt keep a servant for the world, although they have no objection in life to "*lathering*" slaves.

"Good day, Corney, my best friend," says he.

"God save you kindly," says I.

"I've been trying to strike a bargain with that — Yankee," says he.

"For what?" says I.

"For skins," says he.

"What skins?" says I, joking like. "Have you been skinning cats or niggers?"

"Neither," says he: "only I cannot bear longer the habits and ways of what is here called civilized society. Liberty!"—and he laughed a laugh so bitter—I cannot remember exactly the words he said, for he is nearly as well spoken as yourself; but the rights of it was, that he would take his rifle, and go far away some thousands o' miles among the red Indians, if he could find any, and live in liberty, as they lived. He had taken a notion in his head that every body knew he was obliged to fly his own country; and this had made him very shamefaeed. He thought to send any skins he shot up by Red John, a queer Ingee ehap, who traded with Magnacious Bane; and the only thing he took

with him, barring the rifle, was a small keg o' that nasty rum ; if it had been whisky itself there'd have been some reason in it. I went alongside him that day, till the sun was setting ; and I was fairly worn off my legs ; for I'm not the boy I was. Ah ! there's a dale of differ betwixt twenty and nigh hand to—no matter what.

"Go back, Corney," says he ; "and, if by this day twelvemonth you do not hear from, or see me, send this as a last token to my poor sister." He took off his foraging-cap, and cut off the lock of hair I enclose here. When you saw him last, Miss Ellen, it was a different colour to what it is now ; but what signifies talking about colour ! Michael I have seen no more, though twice twelve months have gone since we parted.

Miss Ellen, dear, don't think so badly of me as to believe that I have not inquired. Mountains and rivers (and, by my troth, the mountains and rivers here are no trifles)—mountains and rivers have I travelled in search of him, dead or alive ; and all no use. Miss Ellen, I wish I was worthy to be considered even half y'er brother, in place of him that's as good as gone. Ah ! you'll never know now the love that lived in my heart's core for ye ; and, though I'm far from young, it lives there still, and will whin I am dead and gone—for it's part of my soul and spirit. God bless you, Miss Ellen, and God bless the boy ; and God in heaven look down upon, and bless every thing you undertake, and grant you a long life and a happy death. Amin !

Prays him who is, with true respect,

Dear Miss Ellen,

Your humble servant to command,

CORNELIUS DORAN.

P.S. You'd be surprised at how many o' the boys you mind long ago are over here, just as grumbling and as discontented as they were then. Ah, Miss Ellen, it was the thoughts o' you made a thinking man o' me, just as the meadow-sweet scents the moss it overlooks. God bless you any way. I wouldn't be so free spoken, only I'm thinking, if the aguee holds on, it 'ill soon make an end o' me. God bless you, once more, and for ever.

C. D.





Painted by A. Robertson.

Engraved by E. Finden.

THE DEATH OF THE STAG.

THE DEATH OF THE STAG.*

BY PROFESSOR WILSON.

YES : fierce looks thy nature, e'en hushed in repose—
In the depth of thy desert regardless of foes.
Thy bold antlers call on the hunter afar,
With a haughty defiance, to come to the war.
No outrage is war to a creature like thee :
The bugle-horn fills thy wild spirit with glee,
As thou bearest thy neck on the wings of the wind,
And the laggardly gaze-hound is toiling behind.
In the beams of thy forehead that glitter with death--
In feet that draw power from the touch of the heath--
In the wide-raging torrent that lends thee its roar--
In the cliff that once trod must be trodden no more--
Thy trust, 'mid the dangers that threaten thy reign !
But what if the stag on the mountain be slain ?
On the brink of the rock, lo ! he standeth at bay,
Like a victor that falls at the close of the day ;
While hunter and hound in their terror retreat
From the death that is spurned from his furious feet ;

* From the "Address to a Wild Deer."

And his last cry of anger comes back from the skies,
As Nature's fierce son in the wilderness dies.

High life of a hunter ! he meets on the hill
The new-wakened day-light, so bright and so still ;
And feels, as the clouds of the morning unroll,
The silence, the splendour, ennoble his soul.
'Tis his o'er the mountains to stalk like a ghost,
Enshrouded in mist, with which Nature is lost,
Till he lifts up his eyes, and flood, valley, and height,
In one moment all swim in an ocean of light ;
While the sun, like a glorious banner unfurled,
Seems to wave o'er a new, more magnificent world.
'Tis his—by the mouth of some cavern, his seat—
The lightning of heaven to hold at his feet,
While the thunder below him, that growls from the cloud,
To him comes on echo more awfully loud.
When the clear depth of noon-tide, with glittering
 motion,
O'erflows the lone glens—an ærial ocean,—
When the earth and the heavens, in union profound,
Lie blended in beauty that knows not a sound,—
As his eyes in the sunshiny solitude close,
'Neath a rock of the desert in dreaming repose,
He sees, in his slumbers, such visions of old
As his wild Gaelic songs to his infancy told ;
O'er the mountains a thousand plum'd hunters are borne,
And he starts from his dream at the blast of the horn.

THE PASS OF ABDOMIM.

FROM THE JOURNAL OF

WM. HOLT YATES, M.D., Cantab, &c.

It was the middle of August, in the city of Jerusalem: the days were extremely hot, and the nights very cold; the weather the finest that can be imagined; for, although the thermometer stood at 86° and 88° in the shade, there was nothing oppressive in the heat. The atmosphere was perfectly clear by night and by day: not a cloud to be seen, except where a light mist to the south-east marked the situation of the Dead Sea. The sky was of the most exquisite blue: not a shadow or an exhalation that could form a veil to protect us from the rays of a Syrian sun, which darted uninterruptedly upon us with an intensity only to be conceived by those acquainted with an Oriental climate.* At night

* This is one of the most common causes of fever and ophthalmia, Europeans, in imitation of the natives, sleeping, unprotected, on the terraces of the houses.

the heavens were studded with myriads of bright orbs, that shed a lustre on their several spheres, and combined to give a brilliancy to the horizon, such as is never known in Europe, and must be seen to be appreciated; yet we had no moon. The twilight is always short: generally, an hour after sunset, the dew begins to fall, and descends so heavily that those who are exposed to it, if not consistently clad, are soon wet through.*

The night had passed quietly away; no sound had interrupted its stillness but the occasional howl of a dog from among the ruins, and the monotonous tone of the Muezzin from the tops of the minarets. The cold, uncertain light of morning had begun to steal over the east, but it was long ere the chills of the night were dissipated from the deep valleys of Zion. The call of the sentinel on his watch might now be faintly heard, as relieved by the round of Musselman-guard, whose measured step was also to be distinguished; but the gates were still closed, and the great mass of the inhabitants, whether Christian, Jew, Infidel, or Turk, were alike absorbed in sleep. There was nothing to disturb their repose. Here and there, under cover of a ruined arch, or in the open porch of some dismantled tower, was seen, enveloped in a huge bernous of

* Thus illustrating the 3rd verse of the 133rd Psalm, where the dew of Hermon and Mount Zion is beautifully alluded to.

brown, or white, or striped in black, the well-known wanderer of the desert, reclining by his horse in peaceful slumber ; and here another, more watchful than his fellows, with pipe and yatighan, sat ready to announce the approach of day. Nothing can be more solemn than the aspect of Jerusalem at such a time : the square, heavy towers, and flat-roofed walls which are termed houses, cast a deep shade across the narrow streets, which, for the most part, are tenantless, and silent as the grave. A host of pleasing associations present themselves, intermingled with a strange variety of facts, which crowd upon the memory in a single moment ; but the reverie is suddenly interrupted by the unexpected appearance of the guard, the yawning of some human being who has passed the night in the open air, or the still more welcome crowing of the cock, whose note is not to be mistaken. On the present occasion all these indications of the break of day had occurred in quick succession. The more distant stars had vanished : those which still remained shone with a glimmering, feeble light, and were fast hastening to the mountain-tops, where, one by one, they disappeared. The crags and faces of the eastern hills, but now so bright that every object on them was distinctly seen, were gradually obscured as the yet distant dawn arose behind. The atmosphere, though damp, was still more fresh, but calm : a single chirp was heard, and then another,

and another: bright chanticleer had grown restless and vociferous. A faint and confused murmur, together with an indefinite melè of sounds, hinted that the town was beginning to stir, when, suddenly, the hum of human voices, and the clattering of hoofs against the huge, unequal stones, roused us into action. We were reminded that the day was at hand, and that it was time to proceed to our place of rendezvous. We had been long ready; I therefore gathered my Bedouin shawl about me (for it was very chill), and, taking my bernous in one hand, and my gun in the other, sallied forth to the convent of San Salvador, accompanied by my attendants, Mahomed and a Syrian, both armed to the eyes. We partook of an excellent breakfast: in the meantime the escort arrived. It consisted of four able-bodied men, and a janizary, who was the bearer of an introductory letter to the Aga of Jericho, who was to give us a reinforcement. A more ferocious, cut-throat looking set I think I never beheld. "If these are a specimen," said I, "of the Mosylem's body-guard, when equipped for action, they beat your Italian banditti out and out;" though, I must say, there was very little difference between us. Our own condition was not the most prepossessing; for we had all tried to suit our dress to the occasion. The points of consideration were to wear clothes of the meanest description, and resembling those of the Bedouins; secondly, to let each

man make as great a display of his arms as he could; and, thirdly, to be provided with a suitable bernous, to cover him from the dew of the night. The soldiers wore a similar dress to our own, and carried each a brace of pistols, a scimitar, a yatighan, and a gun, or carbine, slung at the back. They were well mounted, but bore a profusion of useless ornaments and trappings, and the old-fashioned Turkish saddle and stirrup, known to most people, and weighing upwards of fifty pounds. We carried no baggage but what was absolutely necessary—a change or two of linen, a rug to sleep upon, provender for horse and man, and some charcoal. For the most part, our horses were good. We assembled before the convent-gates, and really, when mounted for muster, we made a very imposing appearance; for, what with master and man, the five soldiers, four Arab guides, and two directors (as they called themselves) from the convent, we reckoned twenty-two noble cavaliers, such as Cœur de Lion might have been proud of!—and whose very look would have put to flight a whole troop of—cormorants. When duly assembled, we underwent a scrutinizing examination from the janizary and the chief director, who had, in fact, the command of the expedition. They impressed upon us the absolute necessity of keeping close together, and warned all stragglers of the risk they would run in disregarding their instructions, “He who grasps a naked sword,” says the proverb.

“shall be wounded by its edge.” We promised obedience.

“Allah!—Allah!—il Allah!” exclaimed the Arabs. “Callam thaib,” replied the janizary. “Y Allah!”—and “Y Allah!” was echoed through the ranks. Forward we went; and, turning to the left, we descended the street which brought us, in a few moments, to the “*via dolorosa*,” Peter’s prison, Pilate’s house, &c. &c. We passed out of the town by Stephen’s gate. Leaving the Turkish burial-ground, and the spot where the martyr met his death, we descended into the valley. Having crossed the brook Kidron (now dry), we kept along its banks for a short distance, and then began to ascend a narrow rugged path at the base of Mount Olivet. It may not be generally known that the valley of Jehoshaphat, which we had just left, is the same with the valley of Melchizedek—valley of the kings, or Kings’ Dale—and valley of Shaveh, mentioned in Scripture.* It is supposed to be the place of the last Judgment, from a passage in Joel, chap. iii. 2, 12, taken literally; and the Mahomedans believe, also, that they will be assembled here for the same purpose by the prophet, who is to take his seat on a projecting stone above the Golden Gate.

A few gardens still exist between Gethsemane and Mount Zion, but they are in a very ruinous state, being constantly plundered by the Arabs: the fences

* Genesis xiv. 17, 18. 2 Sam. xviii. 18. 2 Chron. xx.

are destroyed, and the general aspect of the environs is “blighted and barren;” the grass is withered, the soil parched, the rocks bare, the vineyards rooted up, and the graves torn open and tenantless. Such is the degenerated state of this once fertile spot, but which may even now be made a little paradise—as we are assured it will be.* The Jews are but imperfectly understood unless seen at Jerusalem—still in hope, and patiently expecting their Messiah. They faint at times, as they believe that another prophecy has lately failed to be fulfilled, viz., in 1829; still they look forward to the coming of their King as the termination of all their sufferings; but, in the meantime, they drag on a miserable existence—the most abject of slaves in the midst of their own land. Their temple is overturned; the house of an impostor supplies its place; the glory of their ancestors has passed away like a dream; and they remain an empty shadow of the once favoured people of God. They may be seen skulking under the walls of the temple, to worship in secret, dejected in spirit, and trembling under the accumulated insults of their oppressors, who avail themselves of every opportunity of profiting by their obstinate infatuation. Although we may lament their hardness of heart, and the troubles it has brought upon them, we cannot but regret that an intelligent people should adhere with such obstinacy

* Amos ix. 11, 15.

to a doctrine which is founded on erroneous opinions, and on prophecies which, according to their own acknowledgments, should have been fulfilled *long ago*. We can only, therefore, attribute their conduct to religious pride, and the deeply-rooted prejudice of education.* But, while we pity, we must admire them for their consistency of conduct; certainly no men ever endured buffeting, insult, and persecution, with greater patience or fortitude.

The Mount of Olives consists of a ridge of limestone hills, extending to the north and south-west; it is covered with a thin, impoverished soil—the terraces, which formed an interesting feature in eastern agriculture, having been allowed to decay; the sides are, nevertheless, cultivated, and numerous olive-trees and vines are still to be seen. About half way up, the spot is pointed out where our Saviour is believed to have wept over Jerusalem,† and also where he dictated the Pater Noster. Olivet is also celebrated as the place of the ascension; and the bigoted monks pretend to show the print of our Saviour's foot as he parted from the disciples: the idea is, however, refuted by the words of St. Luke,‡ who distinctly tells us it took place at *Bethany*. The village of Bethany is certainly not far off, and the point is of little moment; but it shows the folly of attending to the

* John xii. 37, 40.

† Luke xi. 1, 2.

‡ Luke xxiv. 50. Acts i.

stories of an ignorant people. We may say of Palestine, and certainly of Jerusalem, as has been said of Grece,

“Nullum est sine nomine saxum.”

Bethany lies a little to the east of the Mount of Olives; and we passed through it on the way to Jericho: it is a small and miserable village, inhabited by Arabs, who obtain much money by showing the tomb of Lazarus to pilgrims. This tomb is a very capacious one, cut out of the solid rock, on which stand the ruins of an old building, looking something like a castle. You descend into it by twenty-five steps; it has a lower or inner apartment; and is such as we observe all over the East, whether ancient or modern. The situation of Bethany is pleasing and romantic: the soil is much neglected: it is sheltered on the north by Mount Olivet, where olive-trees grow spontaneously: the soil seems particularly favourable to them; for, though Titus, who encamped part of his army in this neighbourhood, cut down all the trees when he left Jerusalem, and although, as Dr. Clarke observes, “during a period of little more than two thousand years, Hebrews, Assyrians, Romans, Moslems, and Christians, have been successively in possession of the rocky mountains of Palestine, yet the olive still vindicates its paternal soil, and is found at this day upon the same spot which was called by the Hebrew writers Mount Olivet, and the Mount of

Olives, eleven centuries before the Christian era.*" It was between Bethany and Jerusalem, winding over the brow of the hill, that the ass and foal were found with which our Saviour made his entry into the capital.† The spot is pointed out as also a rising ground on the other side of the village, where it is said that Jesus met Martha,‡ when lamenting the death of Lazarus. Whether these and other spots are really those alluded to in the Scriptures, I will not take upon myself to decide. It is a matter of little moment; the balance of argument is *in favour* of it. The probability is also very great—there is nothing at all unreasonable or contradictory in the idea—that this village is the identical Bethany; and that I really stood on the Mount of Olives there can be no question whatever. But, rude and neglected as is the country round about Jerusalem, it is a paradise compared with that upon which we now entered, and which was called The Wilderness even in the time of our Saviour; a more complete one certainly does not exist; and this we were told was the scene of our Saviour's fasting and temptations. On leaving the village we descended a steep bank, and, taking rather a circuitous course among heaps of rubbish, with here and there a tuft of weeds and long grass, masses of parched rock and sand, with occasionally an

* 2 Sam. xv. 30. Zech. xiv. 4.

† Luke xix. 28. Matt. xxi. 1.

‡ John ix.

abortive attempt at vegetation, we wound round the variegated clumps which formed the base of the hill, and pursued the only beaten track, which brought us soon into the hollow of a deep and gloomy valley, bounded on all sides by splintered rocks, long gravelly slopes, and heaps of stones ; and in the midst of which is the celebrated fountain of the apostles, where they and our Lord were wont to rest on their frequent journeyings between Jericho and Jerusalem. We met there a party of Arabs proceeding to the latter place. Their appearance was like our own, very savage, especially as now we found ourselves chafed and flushed from the heat of the morning sun, and were glad to come to a halt and partake of the refreshing draught before us. The water was clear and excellent, and to us, at the time, a luxury. The Arabs eyed us at first with astonishment and some suspicion ; but they returned our salute, and were very civil. They soon departed, leaving us in possession of this delicious spot. Having refreshed ourselves and the horses, we set forward in the same order as before. We continued along the valley for three or four miles : it presented much the same aspect. The summit of the line of rocks on either side was broken into cavities, and sometimes opened into long ravines, terminated by earthy irregularities. There were no trees ; all was bare and waste. The road was rough, obstructed by flinty stone and

masses of detached rock : it gradually became narrower ; and, among the intricacies of the hills and rising grounds, we climbed a lofty narrow pass, whose gigantic buttresses protruded from either side, completely overshadowing the road. On looking forward, we beheld a series of huge recesses, dykes, and precipices, broken terraces, rugged and dangerous defiles, cliffs, and chasms, and deep hollows, to which there seemed no outlet. The mountains rose in awful majesty before us ; and we seemed to be entering the jaws of a gloomy pass, unlike the glens of Europe, which, however dreary, always present some object that is pleasing : but here there is not a tree, not a rill ; scarcely a sound is heard ; all is scorched, and arid, and blasted, and desolate. We paused under some high shelving rocks to contemplate this most extraordinary scene. Never shall I forget it. To describe it is impossible : it must be seen to be conceived. Hitherto we had found the sun very powerful ; but now we seemed to be entering some terrific cavern, whose gloom was never dissipated by the cheering intercourse of man or the smiles of nature. We felt as if about to descend into the Valley of Death. So fearful was the scene—so impressed were we, one and all, with the solemn desolation, that we held on our way in silence. We descended for some distance, and found ourselves in a deep hollow, surrounded on all sides with gaping chasms : whichever

way we looked we seemed to be in the midst of fearful excavations, such that one hasty step would precipitate us headlong into eternity. As we advanced the solemnity of the scene increased, the only variation being that, on one or two occasions, where there was a wide gap or more spacious opening in the mountains, the Dead Sea, one object of our search, appeared in view. This, it will easily be conceived, added much to the general interest; but the gloom in which it was enveloped plunged us in another long train of reflections, from which we were suddenly roused by the janizary calling us to halt. The sound of his voice under such circumstances startled us considerably; and when we heard that we were to halt, and were farther told on no account to separate, we were not without alarm. The attention of the janizary had been differently directed. His quick eye had caught a glimpse of an Arab (armed and mounted), suddenly emerging from behind a mass of projecting rock, which was on the summit of a knotty rise about a quarter of a mile ahead, and which nearly concealed the road; in a moment or two a second presented himself; and the next minute they both disappeared. There was no time to be lost; circumstances rendered the affair very suspicious; there was no turning to the right or to the left; and it was absolutely necessary to reconnoitre the ground.

This is one of the most dangerous passes of the

whole journey from Jerusalem to Jericho: its situation is highly favourable for plunder: it has been the scene of many a murder, both in ancient and in modern times, and has been called "*the place of blood*"* in consequence. It was in this very hollow that the good Samaritan found the wounded traveller; and a short distance off is the spot where once stood the small town (inhabited by a portion of the tribe of Judah) to which he had him conveyed. On the brow of a hill are the ruins of a castle, built by the Romans to protect this pass; it is a further proof of the terrors of the place; and I believe Sir Frederiek Henniker died in consequence of the wounds he received there.

The janizary was not at a loss. He called three of the soldiers to him, and quickly gave them instructions. They made a limited detour, discharging their muskets, and rode to a little eminence to make what observations they could. In the meantime the Arabs and others of our party set up a halloo, which echoed among the vaulted caverns around, in order to impress the marauders, if such they were, with an idea of our numbers. They soon returned to us, but had seen no one. The janizary directed us to be prepared in case of an attack, and to keep together. He then ordered the other soldier to the front, and we thus advanced quietly to within pistol-shot of the

* Abdomim. Heb.

overhanging cliffs, when he desired us to halt, and commanded the first three soldiers to gallop past the rocks, and explore them, himself and the other advancing somewhat nearer, ready to assist if necessary: but it was a false alarm; the Arabs had decamped. We were, therefore, led to suppose that they were on their way to the plain, and had been as much surprised at our appearance as we had been at theirs. The men returned to the rear. The scenery continued of the same character. We had, at intervals, a magnificent view of the Dead Sea and the mountains of Arabia, breaking into a thousand varying shapes—a long precipitous range, enclosing dismal glens and deep ravines, which border on the waste, deserted plains, where the flocks and herds of Abraham and Mamre fed, but which now afford a shelter to the hyæna and the hungry wolf. The deep chasms by which we were enclosed appeared inaccessible; and yet, on looking down to the left, we saw the ruins of some wretched huts, which had been the dwellings of the fanatics who, at one period, would retire thither for the purposes of penance and mortification; certainly they could not have chosen a more suitable or a more horrid place: it is a continued succession of chasms and gloomy dells, whose gaping clefts are many of them shrouded in eternal night. On proceeding a little further the road became gradually wider, and more sandy and loose. The

rocks looked as if they had been separated by some grand convulsion of nature: huge masses obstructed the path, which was strewed with stones and gravel. The perspective gradually diminished; and we once again beheld before us the deep blue sky, seeming to indicate that we were about to emerge from this hideous wilderness, this glen of desolation; or, as it might well be termed, the prison of the Cyclops. We were not deceived; for the extensive plains of Jordan and Jerieho soon burst upon us: and a most gratifying scene it was; its effect was felt by all; we gained fresh life and spirits: for who will doubt that the associations connected with a country like that which I have attempted to describe, would impress the mind with seriousness? Those who have been in similar situations, however feeble the resemblance, will be able to appreciate the feeling that is excited; but, to those who have not, it is no easy matter to convey a correct idea of it.

We paused a considerable time to contemplate the situation we were in. Before us lay the plains of Jordan, once so rich in plantations, and gardens, and pastures, and towns. We now beheld an extensive plain overgrown with dwarf shrubs and brushwood, that almost shut out the river from our view, although we were at so great an elevation. A long way off ranged the lofty mountains of Arabia; there, too, the rebellious land of Moab, and the great desert.

Behind us, the regions of sorrow and desolation, the terrific abode of ghouls and evil spirits, the scene of dark and horrid deeds, and of our Saviour's fasting and temptation. To the right, lay the Dead Sea, shrouded, as usual, by a veil of mist; to the left, the valley of the Ghor, and the river, fresh from the Sea of Galilee, as it flows to its place of destination, the Asphaltum Lake—but not, as formerly, the eastern branch of the Red Sea, or Elanitic Gulf by Akaba, the site of the ancient *Ezion Geber*. The sun was shining in all his glory, which enabled us to examine this view to great advantage; but it would have required hours to have done it justice, and indulged the imagination by a retrospect of the changes which the chosen residence of Lot had undergone. Now, all was still; there was little to enliven it: no town, no city to be seen. The only object which marked the habitation of man was a ruinous old tower at a distance; this was, in fact, our land-mark, the only visible monument of the cities of the plain, once the terror of the neighbouring people. It stands in the modern city of Jericho, and was to be our resting-place that night. The chief director from the convent informed us that in it we beheld the remains of Zachæus's house, but that, at present, it was garrisoned by the governor of Jerusalem's troops. We descended into the plain by a very steep, rugged, broken dyke, which looked as if it had been formed originally by a

violent convulsion of nature, rending, as it were, the mountain's side, or from a heavy torrent to which it may still give passage during a severe winter. Masses of overhanging rocks concealed our party at intervals, where the cliffs formed into buttresses, whose sudden termination opened to view the furrowed sides of the retiring hills; and our progress was further obstructed by detached portions of stone and large rounded pebbles, besides holes and deep gaps that still increased the difficulty. Notwithstanding we dismounted, the horses literally slid down in many parts. The ravine through which we were passing was very tortuous: it was beset with bare, projecting stones; and, as we approached the plain, huge masses which had been detached from the heights, and which were jumbled together in strange confusion, rendered our exit from the pass more arduous and painful. The cattle, however, escaped without either broken legs or knees: they had had but an uncertain footing, and stood a good chance of being both cut and lamed. Having arrived at the plain, we made a short halt to give the horses time to recover themselves. We then set forward in the same order as before, the janizary and one of the soldiers at our head, and the remainder of the escort bringing up the rear. The janizary repeated his injunctions that we should keep together and advance slowly, allowing a few paces to intervene between us and each party of his men.

At the foot of the mountains was a wide-extended beach, or gravelly slope, the evident deposit of the wearing cliffs. Mounds of earth, and sandy irregularities, with flints and clusters of withered grass and brushwood, marked the whole district ; so that the incautious traveller might light upon a foe at every thicket, and find his error when it was too late to retract. The Arabs commenced their song ; for “song is like the dews of heaven on the bosom of the desert—it cools the path of the traveller.” Their wild notes rose in quick succession on the ear, and were responded by the mountain echo. Now they had a double motive for letting themselves be heard ; and the song was generally closed by a deep halloo, in which the party joined : it was to announce our approach, and let the lurker know the character of his expected prey. The soldiers unslung their carbines, and carried them in front across the pommel of the saddle ; then, laying aside their bernous, and adjusting the handkerchief which bound their turban, they looked to the priming of their pistols ; and, having carefully restored them to their belt, three of the soldiers sprung rapidly forward to the van, and with a wild shout in answer to the call of their captain, and the now familiar Y Allah ! striking the horses’ sides with the heavy stirrup, and throwing the rein lightly over the animal’s neck, so that it might be seized in an instant, or holding it between the teeth, galloped forward to a short dis-

tance, returned, checked the horse as rapidly, dashed forward among the hillocks around us, and on all sides, so as effectually to reconnoitre the ground, and examine every bush, discharging their carbines at intervals in the air, and hallooing in all directions. The suddenness with which the men bounded to the van at the word of the janizary, the rapidity with which they passed, and the unexpected clattering of the horses' hoofs, for the moment startled us: not having been aware of this manœuvre, the idea of a surprise flashed across the mind, and more than one horse was for the moment checked. I was much amused with the activity of these fellows; they were excellent horsemen, and seemed to be well acquainted with the use of arms. In this way the cavalcade advanced, until we reached the village.

We were not a little pleased to find ourselves safely lodged within the turret of Zaccheus, although the roofless old walls had nothing to afford but their shelter from the beasts of the plain and still more savage people. The janizary was commissioned to present our letter to the Aga, with many compliments and a suitable present, signifying our intention of proceeding in the morning to the shores of the Dead Sea.



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FEEDING THE ROBIN.

Engraved by W. Finden.

FEEDING THE ROBIN.

BY W. H. HARRISON, AUTHOR OF "TALES OF A
PHYSICIAN," &c.

How calm ! how still ! how beautiful !
In such a scene as this
Did glide, alas ! too rapidly,
My boyhood's hours of bliss !
There is the tree I oft have sought,
For shelter or for shade,
Where I have watched the moon's pale beam,
As through the leaves it played ;
And there, too, is the village well—
That deep, cold, crystal spring,
In which small pebbles 'twas my wont,
In idle sport, to fling.
I listened, half afraid, half pleased,
To that mysterious sound,
Which, like a spirit's voice, then rose
From out the dark profound.

There is the sheet of water, too,
Its margin graced with trees,
Where I full many a tiny bark
Have trusted to the breeze ;
While, on the brink, I've stood and watched
As anxiously its fate
As though my every hope had been
That mimic vessel's freight.
My ships were light and fragile things ;
Yet, in my riper day,
I've ventured higher hopes, alas !
In barks as frail as they :
But winds and waves conspired those bold,
Ambitious thoughts to check ;
And, when I sought an argosy,
I gazed upon a wreck.

But we digress, and must rein in
Our wild Parnassian pony,
And, tracing back our steps, describe
Our *dramatis personæ*.
First, Redbreast hight, our hero he,
And smaller one, I ween,
Ne'er yet did "strut his little hour,"
On life's e'er-shifting scene.
Behold him, for the proffered crumbs,
Approach that hallowed ground,
Where Beauty—blest companionship !—
With Innocence is found :

The while, Iagos of the piece,
Two graceless boys essay,
With treacherous device, to make
The guileless bird their prey.

Thus, in the world, how oft we see
A gifted child of song,
Lured from his native bowers, and cast
Life's busy scenes among !
He little dreams how thick his path
With perils is beset :
There hollow Friendship's pitfall lurks ;
There Treachery spreads her net ;
There Vice attracts in Virtue's garb ;
There Pleasure, too, displays
Each blandishment t' entangle him
In her bewildering maze.
Nor thinks he of those open wrongs,
As grievous to be borne :
The trifler's contumelious smile—
The wealthy worldling's scorn.

But finds he nothing, amid all,
To cheer, to soothe, to bless ?
Springs not one bright perennial flower
In life's bleak wilderness ?
Hath not this world of doubt and change
Aught doubt and change above ?—

Aught on which man may rest his hopes?—

Yes ! it is woman's love.

The brightest eye is dimmed by time,

The warmest cheek will fade,

But woman's love, surviving all,

Burns pure and undecayed,

And, when affliction's tempests rise,

And angry clouds deform

His life's horizon, shineth still

His beacon in the storm.

Men judge his follies and his faults

As though themselves were pure ;

And errors which their course displays

In him they not endure.

But woman, while, by grace sustained,

She leaves not virtue's track,

Pleads, with the eloquence of tears,

To win the wanderer back.

His friend e'en in his waywardness,

His comforter in woe,

She closer clings when wild, and fierce,

The blasts around him blow.

And thus her generous sympathy

His bosom's tumult calms,

And for his spirit's wounds supplies

The best of earthly balms.

THE EAGLE.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

THE thrush reigns lord o'er bush and bower—
The bee reigns queen o'er herb and flower—
And men o'er earth, for life's brief hour,
 Rule with their swords ;
But o'er them all thou hast the power,
 Thou bird of birds !

When hares their dewy feet are drying
In sunshine, and the sky-lark's trying
His odorous wings, and deer are lying
 By lonely fountains,
They start to see thy shadow flying
 Athwart the mountains.

When tempests lower, and clouds are hailing,
And birds their painted plumes are trailing,
And man—e'en sovereign man—is quailing,
 Then, loud and high,
'Tween heaven and earth triumphant sailing,
 We hear thee cry.

The sky's thy home—the air's thy minion—
And man's a worm in thy opinion,—
As, o'er green earth's extreme dominion
And circling sea,
Thou spread'st forth thy majestic pinion,
Untamed and free.

INVOCATION TO NIGHT.

BY J. F. HOLLINGS.

COME, with thy sweeping cloud and starry vest,
Mother of counsel, and the joy which lies
In feelings deep and inward sympathies,
Soothing, like founts of health, the wearied breast !
Lo ! o'er the distant hills the day-star's crest
Sinks redly burning ; and the winds arise,
Moving, with shadowy gusts and feeble sighs,
Amidst the reeds which veil the bittern's nest !
Day hath its melody and light—the sense
Of mirth which sports round fancy's fairy mine ;
But the full powers which loftier aids dispense,
To speed the soul where scenes unearthly shine—
Silence, and peace, and stern magnificence,
And awe, and throned solemnity, are thine !



Painted by E. M. Ch.

Engraved by R. H.

THE WANDERING THOUGHT

THE WANDERING THOUGHT.

HER eye has wandered from the book
Now open on her knee ;
Gone from that page of love and war,
Where can her fancy be ?

Is it amid those pleasant vales
Where once her childhood strayed—
Those olive-groves upon the hill,
The myrtles in the glade—

Where, almost hidden from the bee,
The early violet dwells,
Or where the spring chimes fragrant peals
From the blue hyacinth bells ?

Ah! there is colour on her cheek,
And languor in her eye ;
It is some deeper, dearer thought
That now is flitting by!—

A history of old romance
That painted page has shown ;
How can she read of others' love
And not recal her own ?

Her heart is in the tented field—
A youthful knight is there ;
Ah ! well she knows the scarf and glove
Which he is vowed to wear.

Upon that scarf, upon that glove,
Her tears have left their stain ;
But they will wear a deeper dye
Ere brought to her again.

Ah ! absence is not darkness all—
It hath its lighter hour,
When youth is fresh upon the soul,
And fancy tries its power !

That maiden with her wandering eye,
The sweet flush on her brow,
One image present on her mind,—
Is she not happy now ?

Yes : haunted by those gentle dreams
Which early life but knows :
The first warmth over morning's sky—
The first dew on the rose ;

Ere colder, darker feelings rise
 Within the mind's pure spring ;
When hope soars lark-like through the air,
 With sunshine on its wing.

An innocent and happy love
 Is in that youthful face ;
God grant that never coming years
 May leave a sadder trace !

Life's book has one or two fair leaves ;
 Ah, such should be for thine !
That young face is too kind, too good,
 To bear a harsher line.

Æ.

ABON BEN ADHEM

AND THE ANGEL.*

BY LEIGH HUNT.

ABON Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase !)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
“ What writest thou ? ” The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, “ The names of those who love the Lord.”
“ And is mine one ? ” said Abon. “ Nay ; not so,”
Replied the angel. Abon spoke more low,
But cheer’ly still, and said, “ I pray thee, then,
Write me for one that loves his fellow-men.”
The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blest,
And, lo ! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest.

* See D’Herbert’s “ *Bibliothèque Orientale*,” *in voc.*

SOME ACCOUNT OF
THE MINES OF BRAZIL.

BY GEORGE VINCENT DUVAL.

THE title which heads this sketch must not be understood to convey the idea that a description or account of the “Mines of Brazil,” in the literal and extended sense of the words, is intended in the following pages.

The mines of a country covering thirty-six degrees of latitude, by about seven of longitude, of a portion of the earth which, three centuries ago, was hardly known to belong to our globe, and containing in this vast space less than five millions of inhabitants, must, for a long time to come, remain the *terra incognita*. Ages will roll on before a general idea can be formed, with any degree of accuracy, of the existence and situation of the mineral deposits in this immense wilderness ; and ages still will follow before the increase of civilization—or, at least, population—can afford the means of access to examine and determine the nature and geognostic features of these deposits, their miner-

alogical substances, and the mineral treasures they enclose.*

What is the age of the oldest mines of old Europe? What is the state of our present knowledge of geology? How much of this “huge volume of inanimate nature” has been read, or had been read, until within a recent period, by us, the men of this, the *old* world, which has been so long and so often traversed in so many directions, with all the means of civilization and science at command?

The consideration of these questions would lead into a wide field of discussion, quite foreign from the present purpose, but which would most naturally account for any deficiency in our acquaintance with the subject in the *new* world, and would as naturally explain how excursions to “the mines” of so young a country as Brazil might, like those which have furnished the materials from which the following sketch is a brief extract, have been confined to a small portion of one of its provinces, and still embrace all that *now* is or can be correctly known of them.

That province is Minas Geraes,† the province of mines, as its name indicates,—the head quarters

* Since the statement at page 210 respecting the produce of the Gongo Socco mine has been printed (the latter part of this article having been sent to press before the first), the progress of operations, and a reference to authentic documents, have enabled the writer to ascertain with precision, that the quantity of gold yielded by that mine, from March 1826 to 30th June 1833, amounts to 19,210 lbs. weight.

† The words, *Minas Geraes*, mean general mines.

hitherto, of European mineralogical knowledge of Brazil; and the materials here alluded to were collected from personal inquiry or information, ocular evidence, or credible testimony or authority, in the progress of mining pursuits in that province during some parts of the years 1825, 1826, 1827, and 1832.

Little was known of any of the southern states of America, on the personal observation of travellers, beyond their mere line of coast, and some isolated spots accessible to commercial enterprise, when Humboldt and Bonpland were permitted, at the beginning of the present century, to penetrate into the interior of some of those vast regions, and give them a form and substance.*

The governments of Europe, who held them in thralldom, rested the security of their dominion on the exclusion of knowledge and civilization; and every care was taken, in accordance with this barbarous and short-sighted policy, to prevent the introduction of whatever could tend, directly or indirectly, to advance the progress of either of these natural enemies of despotism.

These observations forcibly apply to the conduct of Portugal towards Brazil as her colony; and it is not many years since that a special licence, not easily

* The old error, still to be found in some good books of reference, and others of modern publication, of placing Mexico in the southern instead of the northern division of America, is here, for the sake of convenience, intentionally persevered in.

obtained, was necessary to enable a stranger to go beyond a certain distance from Rio de Janeiro, and the other ports of settlement.

The province of Minas Geraes, probably the richest of Brazil, was a marked object of the jealousy of the mother-country, under this mistaken system. Possessing within itself every advantage,—beauty and salubrity of climate—wonderful fertility of soil—endless richness and variety of natural productions—boundless mineral wealth—fenced round by its mountains or interminable deserts,—it seemed to have been formed by nature to be powerful and free.

Despotism could not destroy the work of nature, but it could cramp and enervate the energies of man which could develop and direct these resources and capabilities into means of prosperity and independence ; and to this task it applied itself with all the systematic and instinctive ingenuity of self-preservation. The industry of the inhabitants was checked by heavy imposts, some of which were only partially, and others not levied at all, in the other provinces. Of the latter description were a tax of 8,000 reis (£1 12s.*) upon every slave kept for service or labour ; a duty of 4,900 reis (19s. 7d.) for every slave leaving the capital for the province of Minas Geraes ; and another of 7,500 reis (£1 10s.) for the same slave on entering that province.

* The conversion into sterling is made at the exchange, assumed throughout this sketch, of 4s. for 1000 reis.

Thus, a planter, a farmer, a miner, in the province of Rio de Janeiro, for instance, could work at considerably less expense, and require less capital than a man engaged in the same pursuits in the province of Minas Geraes.*

Some of these unjust tributes had been relinquished before the separation of Brazil from Portugal; but others which have, however, been since abolished, had survived that period.

The largest and most certain source of revenue derived by Portugal from Brazil for many years, was the duty paid to the government upon the gold extracted by mining operations, and which was fixed at one-fifth. This duty was levied in kind. Raynal estimates thus, the value of the gold sent to Europe from Brazil:— From the discovery of the mines to the year 1755, 480 millions of piastres, and from 1756 to 1803, 204 millions of piastres, together 684 millions of piastres, or £142,500,000 sterling. To this he adds, for unregistered gold, 171 millions of piastres, or £35,625,000 sterling, making a grand total of 855 millions of piastres, or £178,125,000 sterling.

* An inhabitant of Minas Geraes having gone to Lisbon to exhibit a lock which his own untaught ingenuity had manufactured out of some iron ore he had found and smelted, received from the government a rebuke instead of a reward.

A short time before the retreat of Don John VI to Brazil, an order was about to be put into execution for breaking up all the private looms upon which the people made the cloth they use for their own dress, and export to Rio de Janeiro for sale.

The duty on gold raised in the province of Minas Geraes alone, had been fixed by the province itself at 100 arrobas,* or 3,200 lbs. weight, which were for many years paid to the government, who never failed to exact that precise quantity in those years when the produce fell short of a total which would yield such a proportion, whilst it claimed and took the benefit of any surplus production of more fortunate years, to whatever amount it might or did increase the king's fifth.

It may not be uninteresting, before we proceed further, to describe the regulations adopted at the smelting-houses and the mint when Brazil was still under the dominion of Portugal, and point out another item of revenue, to the then government, derived from the miner's labour.

The law enjoined every miner to carry his gold dust to the smelting-house, of which one existed in the chief town of every district, for the purpose of its being converted into bars, after deduction of the duty of 20 per cent, giving him, however, the option, as before stated, of selling it to government at 1,500 reis the oitava, free of duty.† Each bar smelted was returned to the owner stamped with its number, weight, and fineness, and accompanied by a certificate declaring the duty to have been paid upon it, and

* An arroba weighs 32 lbs.

† 1,500 reis, at the assumed exchange of 4s., are equal to 6s. 1d. An oitava is the eighth part of an ounce. It is subdivided into 32 vintens.

stating its value ; but this, his property, was not at his free disposal. The bar might circulate in the province—it might represent value in barter transactions, but it could not lawfully leave the country ; and it had to go to the mint at Rio de Janeiro to be coined into the legal tender, or circulating medium of the country, in the shape of pieces of 6,400 reis, and 4,000 reis. Each piece of 6,400 reis contained 4 oitavas of gold of 22 carats, which, at 1,500 reis, were worth 6,000 reis ; and each piece of 4,000 reis was made of $2\frac{1}{2}$ oitavas of gold of 22 carats, worth, at 1,500 reis, 3,375 reis. Being, however, accounted for to the owner of the gold, from which they had been coined, at the nominal and circulating rate, he evidently paid 400 reis coinage on the first description of gold pieces, and 625 reis on the second ; or, rather, the coinage was paid by the public who were obliged to receive these pieces at a value which they did not possess.

At the period here alluded to, and until the beginning of the present century, nothing scarcely was seen in circulation in the capital but gold coins ; and in the province of Minas Geraes all payments were made in gold dust. The latter, in passing from hand to hand, became deteriorated, not only in appearance, from being soiled, but in reality, from the fraudulent admixture of baser substances. Amongst these was a kind of metal called Ogo by the natives, but supposed to be Bismuth ; and which, to unpractised eyes, must have

looked like gold—to have passed for it, even, it is said, in a few solitary transactions, without mixture of any gold dust with it.

But oppressive laws invite to their evasion, and thus defeat the purpose for which they were framed, and work out the remedy for the evil they inflict. By degrees the gold dust ceased to appear at the smelting-houses, and the gold bars at the mint. Both were smuggled to Rio de Janeiro, and then clandestinely sent out of the country, to avoid the heavy duty of 20 per cent on the first, and the loss by coinage on the second. The penalties on conviction of the offenders thus defrauding the revenue were, however, very severe; and the vigilance of the revenue officers, stationed at the passes of rivers on the frontiers of the province, was sharpened by a share in the captures made from the smugglers: nevertheless, this illicit traffic was carried on with the greatest security and regularity. A stipulated small per centage ensured the delivery, in the capital, of gold dust or bars, and even diamonds, sent from the province, although the prohibition, with regard to the latter, extended even to the possession of rough diamonds by private individuals; and gold became, in the capital, a common mode of remittance to Europe, when the state of the Exchange rendered this mode more advantageous than that of bills. The smugglers were generally Tropeiros, the owners and drivers of troops of mules

laden with coarse cloth, salt pork, cheese, the product of the province, most commonly taken to the capital to be exchanged for wines, manufactured goods, from Europe—chiefly from England,—which can sometimes be bought in the interior of Brazil almost as cheap as in London. These troops of mules not unfrequently consist of fifty to eighty animals ; and it can be easily conceived how large bales of cotton afford facilities for secreting articles of which so much value can be compressed in a little space, and how the labour and annoyance of opening and examining so many packages is calculated to damp the ardour, and relax the zeal, of the searchers.

Amongst numerous instances of the various devices resorted to by the smugglers to escape detection, the following is entitled to a particular mention, on account of its ingenuity.

A muleteer, well known at the search-passes, had been denounced as coming down with diamonds. On his arrival at the station-house he was boldly taxed with the offence by the officers, and as boldly admitted that the accusation might be true ; but that it was the duty of the revenue officers to find out whether it was so or not. Amongst the animals comprising his troop were three or four mules taken wild from the fields, and whose plunging and kicking alarmed all who approached them ; and, as they did not carry even a pack-saddle, the officers requested the muleteer to

turn them out in an enclosed field, whilst the search of the others was made. To this he assented with apparent reluctance, urging the difficulty of catching them again; and the most rigorous and minute examination took place, and lasted three days, at the end of which the troop was allowed to proceed, and the officers concluded that a hoax had been played upon them by the accuser and the accused. The latter, however, on re-passing the station on his return from the capital, had much pleasure in informing the officers that he had safely delivered the diamonds which his wild mules had carried through tied up in their manes and tails.

The effect of this state of things, to which must be added the rapid decline, during several previous years, in the produce of mining, was to withdraw all gold from circulation, both in the capital and the province, and to substitute for it a currency of paper, silver, and copper. The course of the paper was confined to the province of Rio de Janeiro; and, as it became depreciated, it took away the silver from circulation, not only from that province, but from Minas Geraes, where the paper was not received, and reduced the currency of the latter to copper, which it even gradually brought to a premium as high as 65 per cent.

The more liberal measures which, under the constitutional sway of Don Pedro, followed the separation of Brazil from the mother-country in 1822, could not

apply immediate remedies to the inveterate diseases of the state, brought on and confirmed by a long period of misgovernment; but they were marked by a sincere wish for amelioration and improvement.

The condition of the currency, and its connexion with the state of mining, could not fail, under such circumstances, to receive their share of attention. The smuggling of gold from the province was attempted to be prevented by lowering the duty at the smelting-house to 5 per cent; and latterly its exportation from Brazil has been rendered lawful by the payment at the Custom House of a duty of 2 per cent.

Previously to these regulations, the industry and science of foreigners had been invited to the mining districts of Brazil by decrees authorizing the formation of English mining companies to be established in the provinces of Minas Geraes, Goyaz, and Espirito Santo. These decrees were, however, only acted upon with regard to the province of Minas Geraes, where two English companies began operations in the year 1825, since when the number has increased to five. Thus commenced an intimate connexion between that province and England, which has opened new and sure sources of wealth to capital judiciously applied—to skill and energies well and perseveringly directed: and thus occurred the opportunities of experience and observation during which the notes embodied in this sketch were collected.

Some idea has been given, in a few words, in the early part of these pages, of the varied and important advantages with which this province has been endowed by nature. To enter into a minute description of each,—to pursue the interesting train of inquiry and speculation into the development of which they are susceptible—into the numerous and vast sources of opulence which they might and will, at some future period, open to the industry of man, is more than can be attempted within the limits of a share only in the contracted space of one small volume; and even the professed object of this sketch must, of necessity, be circumscribed to a short outline of general geological and mineralogical features, and a brief history of the past and present state of mining operations, exemplified by a condensed view of some of those works which deserve particular notice, either from their intrinsic importance, or from their connexion with English capital and exertions.

A very erroneous notion would be entertained by those unacquainted with the subject, who might suffer the idea of wealth and opulence to be always allied in their minds with mines and mining as inseparable consequences—as invariable synonymous terms. Getting or winning metals, as the miner has it, is not always getting or winning money: it is, indeed, but too often getting into poverty. When, however, this occurs, the effect is generally to be traced to the same causes

which lead to a similar issue in other concerns of life—ill-judged measures either in the foundation or the progress of the undertaking. Mining is a science founded on fixed rules and principles; and, although a great degree of uncertainty always attaches to its results, the rambling, chance-medley scramble after the precious metals—misnamed mining—which has always formed the first and exclusive pursuit of the first occupants of those portions of the globe where nature had scattered her treasures with a profuse hand, no more belongs to mining than the casts of the dice, the chances of cards, or the turn of a lottery-wheel, deserve to be ranked amongst the legitimate objects of fair speculation, and no more disappointment ought, in justice, to be felt at its failure, than at the reverses of the gaming-table. To enter into mining adventures with the reckless instinct of a gambler, or the mere narrow views of retail dealing, is equally to mistake the road to success. To those who lack the means, or, having the means, lack the spirit to embark them liberally—to those who do not possess that even tenor, that firmness of mind, which is neither elated by prosperity into extravagance and rash expenditure, nor depressed by adversity into discouragement, parsimony, or premature conclusion, mining can be—save in a few exceptions, which are like a prize in the lottery—but a ruinous business.

On arriving in a country famed for its mines—on

reaching the source of riches, the very fountain-head whence the golden stream has been known to flow so abundantly, it is impossible to repress a first feeling of surprise on seeing around one all the emblems of misery. Towns and villages half deserted and mouldering into decay—wretched hovels sheltering a half-clad, barefooted, seanty population, barely subsisting upon the coarsest food; no commerce—no enterprise; the interchange of labour and products reduced to the lowest scale, and represented by a currency of the basest metal. Such was, and, with some modifications, still is, the picture presented to the eyes of the European on entering a country where he came in search of treasures. That such things are, is evident; but that such things can be, it requires some little time and experience to understand, until reflection has suggested, and inquiry has confirmed, the considerations and facts which explain the existence of poverty by the eagerness rapidly to acquire riches, and trace the evil to mining carried on in that unhappy spirit of gambling, and in the heedless manner already alluded to.

The first settlers, who arrived from Portugal, brought with them the activity and enterprise of Europe, not restrained or regulated by its science. They found in the rivers in the virgin soil the undisturbed, accumulated riches of ages, during which gold had been washed down from the mountains and the high lands, and their labours were rewarded by a most abundant harvest.

Other settlers followed, and others still; extensive grants of land were obtained—enclosures made—dwellings built, which gradually increased in size and number as families grew larger, and new adventurers—the relations and friends of the first—flocked to the spot. A taste for expenditure was engendered by the easy acquisition of gold; articles of luxury were sent for to the sea-ports, and conveyed to the province at an immense expense, carried by negroes through the foot-paths in vast forests, before any mule-roads had been opened. This tempted pedlars to bring up their wares, and settle near the rich mines: villages were formed. Then came merchants with their stores: villages expanded into towns. The population of Villa-Ricca, the capital of the province, which is now only 7,000, had swollen, in 1800, to 36,000. Still the gold paid for all; and enough escaped, from the careless operations of the miner, for the Faiscadores* and free washers, who hovered near the works. Nobody seemed to doubt that this was to last for ever—that the supply was inexhaustible; and nobody thought of the more invaluable and lasting treasures which a fertile soil offered.

What were the labours of farming and agriculture

* A race of the lowest class, who are to mining what gleaners are to agriculture, and might be appropriately termed *mine-gleaners*. They are now principally blacks, sometimes emancipated slaves, and their most usual occupation is to wash for gold the beds of brooks, and rivulets, and the streams issuing from mining works.

to men who could get from the next stream, or the nearest *Gupiará** or bed of *Cascalho*,† all the gold they required to supply their wants at any cost? By degrees, however, the surface of the auriferous soil disappeared; but more gold lay beneath the first washings: it was followed at greater and increasing depths, until *Talha abertos*‡ succeeded to *Gupiaras*, and the metal was extracted from *Formaçocs*|| and *Cintas*.§ Then came difficulties and dangers: the water must be got rid of by baling, or with the aid of rude pumps—the walls of the excavations, made without rule, fell in and crushed the workmen who were cutting down the earth, without system, beneath the overhanging cliffs. But here, also, the gold failed at last; and pit after pit was abandoned. Still mining was the rage, and nobody dreamed of future poverty. Capital was wasted in devising new plans to get more gold—rivers were turned from their course—water was brought from one mountain to another by substantial and expensive launders; wherever gold was known or thought to exist, there it was followed, regardless of expense—without calculation whether the outlay was at all proportionate to the anticipated returns.

* The washing or streaming of a portion of alluvial soil for gold.

† A bed of loose stones or pebbles, similar to the bottom of a brook or river, sometimes found at certain depths under the alluvial soil.

‡ Open cutting; or, rather, here, large excavations or pits open at top.

|| A fat kind of earth or loam, which is washed for gold.

§ A vein, or group of small veins, of crumbling quartz, containing gold, which runs through the *Formaçocs*.

The following experiment, made by the writer of this sketch, in 1825, to calculate the advantages to be obtained from streaming or working a Gupiara on a particular spot, will strongly illustrate this improvident mode of proceeding.

On this spot it was related that a bowl*-full of earth had, upon one occasion, produced 1,333 oitavas (about 14 lbs) of gold. It may, however, be as well to mention, without meaning to detract from the veracity of the narrators, that it was invariably found that some event of the same kind had happened in every mining district, and that almost every abandoned mine, which was to be sold, had been given up on account of the walls of an excavation, sometimes even a part of a mountain, having fallen in and buried the workmen, with the immense riches which surrounded them at the moment of the catastrophe.

Here were to be seen the remains of a canal, which had been made to bring water to the spot worked: it was followed and examined in its course up to the river whence it had derived its supply, a distance of thirty miles, through which it had been perseveringly cut, in spite of every obstacle of situation and soil—aqueducts scooped in hard rock—subterraneous channels pierced, &c. On a moderate calculation, the work could not

* The wooden bowl of the miner, called, in the country, *Batea*, which they use in various ways, but chiefly in washing the earth and ores to separate the gold, is commonly twenty inches in diameter, and four inches deep, of a conical shape, both inside and outside.

have cost less than £4,000. The surface of the field, to which the canal had been brought, was then measured, and found to contain 17,664,500 square feet, of which 13,342,500 had been washed by these, the former adventurers, and 4,320,000 square feet were left unwashed. To estimate the contents in gold of the whole field, a piece of the virgin ground was selected, 38 feet long, 53 broad, 30 deep, together, therefore, 2,014 square feet, which, on being washed, yielded one oitava and a half of gold. Thus, the result of this experiment was, that the miners of the olden time had not hesitated to make an outlay of £4,000 to bring water to a field in which they could only find gold to the value of about £3,800.

Whilst these things had been going on, and whilst gold was becoming every day less abundant in the earth, that which had been got out of it in the days of prosperity had all left its native soil. The greater proportion had been forced away to Europe, by the measures of the mother-country, as we have already seen; another portion disappeared, carried away by the fortunate Portuguese settlers, who, in obedience to a law, most unjust in itself, and most cruel for Brazil, were obliged to return home as soon as they had amassed a given quantum of wealth. In other instances, the head of a family dying, left an estate which became disjointed by being parcelled out amongst his numerous children—all sharing alike in Brazil,—or neglected and gradually

ruined, from the effects of family dissensions and lawsuits about the division or the joint management of the property. In the meantime, these children married, in their turn, and had, also, large families ; and a race of magnificent paupers began, who had been cradled in luxury and profusion, and brought up in ignorance, waste, and idleness, waited upon by a host of slaves—too proud to work, too poor to live without it. As a finishing blow, the court arrived from Lisbon in 1808 ; and all those who had the means of making an appearance flocked to the capital, leaving their estates to be managed as best they might, and expended the remnants of their fortunes in obtaining titles, orders, distinctions—those toys of manhood, the bauble-currency to which vanity has given its nominal value.

We have now reached the climax. We have now brought mining to a stand-still, as it were, in the province of Minas Geraes. Deprived of its only resource, it began to sink into premature decay, like a diseased frame propped up by an artificial stamina. Agriculture and husbandry were, at last, thought of ; but they were taken up in a listless, careless manner. The passion for gold was inherent in the people : it had been transmitted with their blood from their ancestors ; and, whilst a half-famishing man could earn a wretched subsistence with his batea, he would not degrade himself, as he considered it, to the condition of a labourer, to dig or till the ground ; or, if want drove him to it

during the dry season,* no sooner did the rain set in than he rushed to the streams, to the forsaken *lavra*,† in search of what the waters might have washed down from the mountains.

Agriculture and farming have, however, now become settled and lucrative pursuits; and all those who, like the writer of this sketch, have visited the province of Minas Geraes, after intervals of absence, cannot have failed to observe the rapid improvement which they have effected.

The soil and the climate of this province suit it for the growth of all the varied productions of the globe; and the coffee, sugar, tea, cotton, spices, and fruits, of the East and West Indies may be seen flourishing together with the wheat, flax, fruits, &c. of Europe. Heat and moisture, the two great agents of productiveness, occur at the same period of the year—the rainy season being also the hottest—and give to the vegetation that vigour and fecundity for which it is so remarkable. A bushel of grain will yield sixty-fold at one crop, and the same field will give two crops in one year. The climate is healthy and agreeable. Examples of longevity and of old age, free from sickness or infirmities, are common.‡ What a country for settlements, to

* The dry season is from April to September, inclusive; the rainy and hot season from October to March.

† *Lavra* is the general denomination for a mine, or mining works, of whatever description they be.

‡ Salubrity of climate is not confined to the interior of Brazil. H. M. S.

relieve the glutted population of Europe—to receive the consignments of emigration! Of what importance will such a country not become!—to what state of opulence will, or may it not arrive, when it shall have obtained, by the navigation of its rivers which flow into the Atlantic through the province of Espirito Santo, an independent intercourse with Europe! Of these rivers the most considerable is the Rio Doce. Several plans have, at different times, been in agitation to render it navigable, which, it is thought, can be effected without considerable difficulty. The completion of such a plan would be of incalculable advantage to that part of Brazil, whilst the tolls of this future turnpike-road, between the marts of Europe and those of the heart of that fine country, would amply repay for the capital laid out in carrying it into effect.

The people of Minas Geraes are, generally speaking, well disposed—upright and straight-forward in their dealings, kind and benevolent in the private relations of life. Their hospitality still bears the primitive character of patriarchal ages or new countries. Travellers, with their attendants and animals, however numerous, are welcomed and taken care of in their estates, and even in the towns, with that unaffected cordiality which makes the stranger feel at

Warspite, lately returned from Rio de Janeiro, having been four years on that station. During that period only twenty-two men died out of a complement of upwards of six hundred, and eighteen of these twenty-two cases arose from accidents, not disease.

home. Like most nations secluded, by their natural situation, from the free access to communication with mankind, and to the common and every-day increasing stock of human knowledge, they entertain superstitious notions, and believe in witchcraft and other incredible things. The following instances are rather singular exemplifications of this propensity.

If a woman bear seven sons in succession, by the same man, the seventh is a *Lubis homem* ;* if seven daughters, the seventh is a *Bruxa*. These beings are evil spirits, endowed with extraordinary powers. They can, every Thursday and Friday, at the hour of midnight, transform themselves into some animal, and remain in this state as long as they please ; and sometimes even preserve, all the while, their form of manhood or womanhood : thus living at one and the same time two distinct beings. The men generally assume the outward semblance of a pig, the women that of a moth. A husband of this class of beings, whilst his spiritual self, cased in his human shape, was attending to his affairs in the capital, had left his grosser particles to animate the body of a large hog, which remained in the farm-yard on his estate, watching over the actions of his wife. Their *Feiticeiros*† can afflict with disease and all misfortunes, and effect wonderful cures, and turn evil to good. One of these never failed to cure cattle from the vermin which generally infect

* Perhaps *Lapus-homo*—wolf-man.

† Wizards—conjurers.

them, and which are one of the plagues of the country, by tying a cord in the shape of a loop, through which he looked at the diseased animal, gradually tightening the loop into a knot as he repeated these words: "As surely as the treasurers of the absent, all guardians, and all trustees of willed property, must and do go to hell, so surely shall the vermin which infect this animal depart from it."* As the last words of this exorcism are pronounced, and the knot tied home, the body of the beast, be it cow, horse, mule, or bulloek, is freed from the last of its unweleome guests. It is fair to add that the belief in these absurdities is now far from general, but is confined to a limited number of persons of a certain class.

But to our theme. In our rapid review of the origin, progress, and decay, of mining in the province of Minas Geraes, we have seen that all the gold extracted had been obtained from the beds of rivers, the washing of the alluvial soil at its surface, or from the casual deposits reached by open cutting at small depths under it. The mountains—the store-houses of metals, where they have either been originally formed or deposited—remained untouched. Not that the miner's instinct did not tell him that there, too, gold was to be got, but because his instinct told

* The words in the original Portuguese are,—“Assim como estao no inferno os Tesoureiros dos Ausentes, os Tutores e Testamenteiros, assim caiao estes bichos deste animal.”

him, also—and he found in his attempts to get at it—that a power or knowledge, which he did not possess, was wanting to enable him to succeed. He scooped out the surface of a lode, or deposit, by his old plan of open cutting ; but this immense labour—barely, if at all, rewarded by the produce gained in its progress—led, as it deepened, to the water, which put an end to his operations as they were reaching the point of productiveness. This, however, must be understood with some reservation ; for it has been found,—in resuming and pursuing old works upon the European plan, which Baron Eschwege first taught the natives about twenty years ago, of shafts, adits, and levels—all things, until then, unknown to them—as well as the use of stamping, with other modes of preparation of the ores,—that other miners unheard of, and of whom no record exists, had known and done such things before. At the Lavra of Agua limpa do Cruz, a short distance from the city of Villa Rica, now called Ouro Preto, on the road towards the town of Marianna, a considerable slip of the mountain discovered underneath a most extensive mine of old and singular workmanship. In the year 1832, the operations carried on at Morro da Cachassa by a company of Brazilians and Englishmen, under the direction of Col. Trollé, a skilful French engineer, came suddenly, after clearing away an immense superincumbent mass upon an old level of seventy fathoms long, and an air-shaft of twenty

fathoms deep, driven and sunk with all the art and precision of the most skilful miner of the present day. Of these works, or of the period when they are likely to have been made, no recollection or record is preserved by the oldest inhabitant. It is hardly a digression to state here that coins, Indian-shaped battle-axes of finely polished stone, curiously and skilfully fashioned, have been found at various places, even as deep as under the third stratum from the surface. These facts raise suggestions and reflections which, at present, must end in surmise and conjecture only, and which may, perchance, never be satisfactorily solved. In a mining point of view, however, the discoveries instanced may be considered, consistently with the present state of our local information on the subject, as exceptions which do not militate against the general assumption, that of the three modes of pursuing and obtaining the precious metal which have been noticed, the washing of the beds of rivers, and of the alluvial soil, either at its surface by streaming, or in its deeper strata by open cutting, which form the two first, have been exhausted as a lucrative occupation, in the more frequented mining districts of the province of Minas Geraes; whilst the third, which consists in following the metal to its cradle, the veins and deposits in the mountains, remains, to this day, a virgin field, as it were, which promises to yield a still more abundant harvest than the two others.

The washing of the beds of those streams which do not belong to the class of mountain-torrents which are sometimes left dry, is performed by dredging. The washing or streaming of the soil, or of deposits, is performed by an immense process of irrigation by a large body of water, which dilutes, separates, carries away, or deposits into channels and reservoirs those particles of the substance operated upon, which are loosened and detached for that purpose. The extracting of metals from their native rocks can only be done by excavations of various kinds, or what is properly called mining.

In every one of these modes of operation, the ultimate object and last process is to recover the gold in its native state, which is done by reducing, in bulk and weight, the substances in which it is enveloped, so that the preponderating specific gravity of the metal may cause it to remain deposited whilst they are floated away, or removed by the agency of water: thus, in streaming, the clods of earth are broken and brought to the smallest consistency by the workmen, whilst the water is passing over them; thus, the masses of rock, detached by blasting in the excavations in the mountains, are reduced to a state of pulverization by stamping mills, and then operated upon, in like manner, by a stream of water passing over them. The closing process, is to collect the clean gold dust after the action of the stream of water has been stopped. This is

again done by water. The gold, and the extraneous matter, earth or silex, in which it has deposited itself, are put in a batea, to which the workman using it gives a rotatory and shaking motion as the case requires, during which the gold falls to the bottom of the bowl, whilst the other substances are washed away. In this operation some negroes are particularly expert ; and it is surprising to see them, whilst performing it, and, indeed, sometimes whilst streaming, standing with their legs in a cold mountain-stream, whilst their bare head is exposed to the meridian heat of a tropical sun. It would be a curious inquiry to determine, by a reference to the thermometer, under what different latitudes or climates of the globe the two extremities of the human frame are thus existing at the same moment.

It is sometimes found that chemical means, such as smelting or amalgamation, are necessary to separate and obtain the gold ; but a statement or description of the circumstances under which this occurs would exceed our limits, and wander from our present purpose. The writer of this sketch has introduced, and brought into operation in some of the mining works in the province of Minas Geraes, an ingenious, simple, and economical system of amalgamation, which he first saw in Tyrol, and the application of which has, in some cases, been found to double the produce of gold by preventing, through the great affinity of mercury for the precious metals, the lighter particles of gold from being

carried away by the stream of water in the common stamping process.

The surprising varieties in the texture and colour of gold dust are such that, after a little practice, the eye learns to distinguish the kind of formation, and even the district from which, any portion has been extracted. The late Capt. Lyon, that spirited and accomplished officer who had carried into the mining pursuits in which he was engaged in Brazil, the same ardour and enterprise which distinguished his public career in the service of his country, had collected about two hundred small specimens of gold dust, not two of which were alike.*

It sometimes happens that gold is found in masses formed by agglomeration, or growing, as it were, in its native bed. There are instances of pieces of various sizes having been found, up to 40 and 48 lbs. weight. At the mine of Gongo Socco, a piece of ore, brought out of the earth in a miner's hat, yielded, in the crucible, 27 lbs. of gold, of 20 carats.

But it is time to trace our steps onwards to a conclusion, and to lead the readers, who have been the patient companions of this distant excursion, through a small track of the country we have alluded to, briefly describing its geological features as we proceed, and pausing an instant at those mines which are most worthy of notice.

* Some qualities of gold of low carat look, on coming out of the crucible, like tarnished lead.

Almost all the mountains of Brazil are of the primitive formations,—granite, gneiss, and mica-slate, covered with clay-slate, chloritous quartz (Itacolumit), greenstone, greywacke, and transition limestone. They are not lofty, their mean height being about 2,400 feet. The two highest are found in the province of Minas Geraes; one is Itambé, near Villa de Principe, which is 5,590 feet high; and the other Itacolumi, at Villa Rica or Ouro Preto, which is 5,400 feet.

The formations just described stretch, with alternations and variations of position and of secondary substances, from Rio de Janeiro to the province of Minas Geraes, and afterwards throughout that province.

The first mining station which will arrest the steps of the traveller interested in the subject, as he proceeds from the capital of Brazil to the capital of Minas Geraes, is at *São João d'el Rey*, and *São Joze*, two towns distant about seven miles one from the other, containing, the first 9,000, and the second 3,000 inhabitants, near which two English companies have established their operations. The great fame which this district had acquired from the richness of its washings, which yielded vast quantities of gold to the first settlers, and even down to a comparatively recent period, induced the natural supposition that the deposits in the mountains, from which that gold had proceeded and been scattered in the valleys or plains below, would be found rich; but this has not been the case. The chain of

mountains, at the foot of which the town of *Saõ Joze* is situated, and which bears its name, is, at that spot, about 1,200 feet high. Its component parts are mica-slate, which is a continuation of the gneiss, changing into talc-slate, traversed by veins of quartz, and covered with itacolumit, decomposed mica-slate, chlorite-slate, and greenstone. Its steep ridges, which are quite inaccessible, are of chlorite and talc-slate. The decomposed mica-slate is covered with high masses of alluvial soil. The fissures, rents, and deep excavations, which are to be seen in all directions, and which make it hazardous to wander in this neighbourhood without a guide, lest one fall into some of the abysses which continually intersect the country, attest the former extent and activity of the search for gold, whilst ancient tradition relates wonders of the success with which it was crowned. The mountainous masses of mica-slate, talc and chlorite-slate, and greenstone, which form the lower hills of the district, present a very remarkable feature in the extent and state of their decomposition, which reaches, in all its different stages, to a depth of fifty feet under the surface. Can it be that some of these lower hills, out of which the mountain itself seems to start, have been once of the same height as the latter, or, at least, much higher than they are now ; and that, having sunk by the effect of decomposition, their metallic contents have been collected by this stupendous process of concentration, and produced

the immense riches found in the former washings established in this their softened substances? Can this account for the great comparative poverty of the lodes and veins, at the foot of which such an abundant harvest of gold has been reaped? Some kind of answer is given to this hypothetical inquiry by the observation which occurs to the mineralogist, as a peculiarity of the country, as he pursues his inquiries in this province, which is, that the deposits, called layers, which are shown by their position to be contemporaneous with the surrounding formation, are richer and more constant in their produce than the other class of deposits called veins or lodes, which have been located at a period subsequent to the formation of the mountain through which they take their course.

On pursuing the road from São Joze towards the capital of the province, the chain of mountains terminates abruptly, and the country presents the undulating appearance of hills and downs, until it again rises suddenly at Ouro Branco, where a second chain of mountains must be passed. The prevailing formation of these mountains is gneiss, passing into mica and chlorite-slate; the summit is itacolumit. This mountain presents beautiful crystals of anatase. The country between the mountains of São Joze and Ouro Branco, offers few spots where mining works are now carried on. At Lagoa Dourada, open-cutting washings are to be

seen in Formação ; but this place does not now deserve its glittering name—Golden Lake. It is reported that a massive piece of gold, weighing 40 lbs., was once found here. The bed of the river Paraopeba, which crosses the road before reaching the town of Queluz, contains tin-sand. Beyond Queluz large masses of brown stone or manganese are scattered on the road, which seem to indicate the neighbourhood of some considerable bed of this metal. The country is well adapted to working for manganese.

Shortly after having passed the Ouro Branco mountains, topaz mines are to be seen at Capão do Lana and Boa Vista. From the latter place commences the rich formation so peculiar to this province, the iron-mica-slate, called by the natives Jacotinga, which has yielded the greatest profusion of gold, and in which the richest mines known of the province, Gongo Socco, Cocaes, and Itabira de Matto Dentro, are situated.

Topazes are found embedded in a soft substance or marl, of white or brown colour, in a formation of talc or chlorite-slate, changing into blue clay-slate. They are obtained by open-cutting streamings, the formation being broken down into canals, through which water is made to pass. The heavy blows of the hoes, with which this operation is performed, often fracture the stones themselves, so that it is difficult to meet with fine specimens in their matrix ; yet nobody thinks of altering this preposterous mode of working, because

“it is the custom.” This consideration, with these people, reconciles to every thing. It is a sufficient answer to every suggestion of improvement. Like our “it is the fashion,” it justifies every absurdity. One often buys of the Faiscadores, for 75 to 150 reis ($3\frac{1}{2}$ to 7d), a handful of topazes, amongst which are sometimes found well-preserved crystals, and small, light, clear specimens. Larger pieces are paid according to their beauty and size, and even by their weight. Four hundred mil reis (£80) were, to the knowledge of the writer, demanded and obtained for one three inches long, and not quite an inch thick.

Passing from Boa Vista to and through Ouro Preto, which now offers nothing interesting to the miner but the recollection of its former riches, which had earned for it the name of Villa Ricca (rich town), the road leads through Passagem, Marianna, Inficionado, Agoaquente, Bananal, Catas Altas, Brumado to Gongo Socco, belonging to an English company, called the Imperial Brazilian Mining Association. At most of the places here enumerated mines are to be seen either at work or abandoned, chiefly in the iron mica-slate formation, which would deserve a lengthened notice if such were consistent with the plan and limits of this sketch. The formation of the mountain at and near Ouro Preto, which is itacolumit and mica-slate, continues along this road, with an occasional appearance, at the surface, of granite. At the summit of a mountain,

crossed before reaching Agoa-quente, is an extensive plain of floetz of compact red iron ore, and conglomerate ironstone.

The mine, or rather the mining estate, called Gongo Socco, was bought for about £800 by the father-in-law of the last possessor, from whom the Imperial Brazilian Mining Association bought it for about £80,000, after he had extracted such quantities of gold from it that it was concluded the mine must be nearly exhausted. By the application of skill, and of greater and better means, the English company have got from the mine about 11,000 lbs. weight of gold in the space of six years, worth, at £40 only per lb., £440,000. The duty of 25 per cent, which the company pay to the Brazilian government on the gold they raise, is of so much importance that it is noticed in the minister's budget as an item of the revenue of the state. It suffices nearly to defray the expenses of the province. In addition to this, the vast sums of money which the working of the mine brings into circulation—the activity it gives to industry, render the existence of that establishment an object of national interest. It may be asserted that, in less spirited hands, Gongo Socco would not have produced any thing like the returns it has yielded, and, perchance, that it might have stopped altogether. The inhabitants of the province, as well as the authorities, are aware of this; and it is not to be feared that, under any circum-

stances, the company will ever be disturbed in its possession.

The extensive and ready means which a joint-stock company can supply, are of immense advantage in mining operations. As a general reflection, however, it is a question whether, as a set-off against this advantage, the necessity of satisfying the cravings of the greedy pockets of shareholders by regular dividends, does not sometimes oblige a company to adopt a system of working, too exclusively adapted to the immediate present moment.

The estate of Gongo Socco is very extensive, but the mining operations lie within a nut-shell. The village, in January 1826, consisted of a few miserable huts. In 1832, it might be called a large and picturesque European hamlet. To the irregularly scattered huts have succeeded a handsome church and rows of neat cottages, some built and enclosed in the English style, with flower-gardens in front, at the doors of which, clean-dressed, rosy-faced, flaxen-headed babes in the arms of neatly-attired, fair-complexioned mothers, form such a relief and contrast to the eye of the traveller accustomed to rest on swarthy, dingy faces, rags, and filth, that he fancies himself, at first, carried suddenly back, as by enchantment, to Europe.

On entering the enclosure, within which the works are carried on at Gongo Socco, the appearance is that of a coal, rather than a gold mine. The ore brought up

from the pits consists of compact or crumbling pieces of Jacotinga (iron mica-slate), which look like lumps of coal; and every thing around is black. The poorer stuff, destined for the stamping-mills, comes to the surface in kibbles; the richer masses are sent up in boxes, of which the mining captain below has one key, and the other key is in possession of the officer of the establishment in charge of that important post, who receives and opens the boxes in the washing-house, where their contents are pounded in large iron mortars, and afterwards turned over to about a dozen negro female-washers—superintended by a mulatto man, the head washer—who are all stationed with their bateas over large tubs of water. The produce in gold is poured by each washer into a general receptacle, a large copper dish, in which the gold collected is, at the close of each day's work, dried over a fire, weighed, and delivered to the treasurer, who keeps it well secured in leather bags in a strong iron chest fixed in a room of the house inhabited by the chief commissioner. The stealing of gold after it has left its subterraneous abode is next to impossible; and the precautions adopted underground are anxiously directed to check the evil which it may, perhaps, be impossible to guard against altogether in an establishment consisting of six or seven hundred persons. The negro is a most expert gold-stealer. Some have been known to pick up with their feet, in the presence of their overseers,

pieces of gold lying in the trenches during the streaming operations, and to keep them thus secreted until a convenient opportunity offered to conceal them about their persons, or deposit them in some hiding-place.

The little enclosure round the Gongo mine presents a most striking and animated appearance of activity and diversified industry. Mines, stamping-mills, smiths, carpenters' shops, saw-mills, water-wheels, and engines ; carts, horses, bullocks, men, women, and children, concentrated in one small spot, all at work at the same moment, within a space which the eye can compass without the least difficulty. It is a finely-regulated piece of machinery, which has done its duty well, and will, to all appearances, long continue to do so, and to be a source of profit to the owners of this valuable property. The order and regularity which reign in this establishment, and the urbanity with which the resident commissioner and his family do the honours of the estate and of their house, render a visit to Gongo Socco most interesting and agreeable. Nor is the remark confined to this spot. The same zeal, the same anxiety for the success of their respective undertakings, mark the acts and exertions of the commissioners or superintendents of the other British companies in Minas Geraes, at São João d'el Rey, São Joze, Mocaubas, and Morro Velho ; and the writer can, with gratitude, testify, by experience, that all the comforts and elegancies which can be procured in the

country, offered with a cordial welcome which reminds him of his home, will greet the English traveller under their roofs.

The same rich Jacotinga formation in which Gongo Socco is situated, stretches to Cocaes and Itabira de Matto Dentro in one direction, to Sabara and Taquaril in another; and in its course alone in this district many mines exist, or might be opened, capable, at least, of equalling Gongo Socco, if worked with equal means.

Cocaes, as an agricultural and mining estate combined within the same fence, and possessing all the capabilities and resources necessary to carry on successfully both pursuits, is, probably, the finest property in the province. A most numerous family, consisting of several branches, has, during three generations, lived in affluence upon the produce of this estate, worked, the mining part at least, in the most inefficient manner. Here, also, a lump of gold weighing 48 lbs. was found on one occasion. One of the owners, in the short space of three months, extracted from a small corner of the estate, by the labour of a few negroes, gold to the value of £20,000. At Itabira de Matto Dentro, the mines in the same formation have proved equally rich. At the mine of Conceição at this place, 14,089 oitavas of gold, worth about £4,200, were extracted from one spot in the space of nine days.

Another class of mines exists in this province, which,

although not so startling in their produce from particular spots or at particular moments, are highly valuable as durable funds, yielding a steady and never-failing interest. Such are the Cuyaba mine, belonging to the Mocaubas Mining Association, Morro Velho, Rossa Grande, and several others not worked, too numerous to mention. These mines might be aptly termed gold quarries. The metal is interspersed in large lodes, or deposits of stone, showing no signs of gold to the eye, but yielding a regular produce in the stamping-mill. The quantum of auriferous stone being inexhaustible, the produce of such mines can be increased at pleasure, by multiplying the means of labour.

To conclude. As a mining country the province of Minas Geraes has established its proofs; but still mining is there in its infancy. A few isolated spots have been tried, which are but specks to the immense extent of the field. The surface of the deposits has been scarified, but their depths remain unexplored. Large quantities of gold have been extracted, but they are mere earnest of what remains. Gold is the only metal hitherto sought after; but the existence of all other known metals admits of very little doubt. Silver has been found at Sumidouro, near Marianna—at Cata Branca, near Itabira de Campo; it exists in combination with lead in the mountains of Abaithé. Tin-sand has been washed in the beds of some rivers. Indications of copper have been found at various

places. Near Catas Altas copper ore, producing, by assay with fire, 43 lbs. of metal in 100 lbs. of ore, has been obtained. Iron exists in such abundance that the high roads pass sometimes for miles over beds of ironstone, and detached blocks, weighing several tons, lie scattered about. The north of the province yields diamonds, and the district of Minas Novas abounds in precious-coloured stones. In short, the mineral productions of this favoured country appear to be as varied and inexhaustible as those of its fertile soil ; and nothing is wanting to enable it to bring forth and unfold these gifts of nature but that which time alone can give,—increase of knowledge to understand, and of power to execute.

DONNA MARIA.*

BY MISS PARDOE.

THE sun is bright on Lisbon's lordly towers ;
The river-tide runs golden ; on the breeze
A thousand perfumes float—the breath of flowers,
Opening their petals to the honey-bees,
And laughing in the light. At intervals
The solemn chanting of some convent-choir
Upon the ear in mellowed music falls ;
While, ringing out more cheerily, and nigher,
The boatman's happy spirit wakes in song,
And sounds his gay guitar as his bark glides along.

The shade is deep beneath the orange-trees ;
The lotus spreads its leaves upon the lake ;
Before the cross, the peasant, on his knees,
Invokes a blessing for sweet Mary's sake ;

* Vide the Frontispiece.

The convent bells are tinkling ; closely veiled,
Matron and maiden seek the house of prayer ;
And hooded monk, and warrior strongly mailed,
And stern Fidalgo—all are prostrate there ;
And censers fume, and gilded altars blaze,
And pious lips are loud in Saints' and Virgin's praise.

Hill-seated, as becomes its pomp of state,
The regal palace rears its lofty halls,
Its graceful columns, and its marble gate ;
While, like a flood of gold, the sunshine falls
On citron-groves, and clustering olive-trees,
Flinging their sweetness on the greedy air,
Their bright leaves quivering in the wanton breeze ;
And, scattered o'er the scene, rise fast and fair
A hundred piles of majesty and pride—
In some of which mere man—some God, is glorified.

And this is *thy* fair land, Daughter of Kings !—
This is *thy* heritage of pomp and power,—
This is the portion which thy fair hand brings,
With thy young beauty, as thy princely dower.
Be it a blessing to thee ! May no pain
Crush thy young spirit ! May the sunny skies
Of the fair land o'er which thou art to reign
Be still reflected in thy beaming eyes !
And may we hail, when gazing on the scene,
A happy country, and a happy queen !





Painted by M^r. Carpenter.

Engraved by W. Humphrys.

THE SPRING NOSEGAY.

Published for the Proprietors of the Amulet

THE SPRING NOSEGAY.

BY J. F. HOLLINGS.

O'ER life's fair morn, though gloomier hours may cast
the clouds of grief;
'Though care, where hope once smiled, may show the
"sere and yellow leaf;"
'Though many a cherished sympathy, and many a fount
of tears,
Seem lost at times to consciousness, beneath the power
of years;—

There shall not fail the weakest sense, nor break the
gentlest tie—
There lives not in the human breast one feeling born
to die;—
A shade—a sound—a sudden glance—and memory's
strength renews
'The dim and long forsaken past, with still unaltered
hues.

Thus, wakened by some fairy scene of waving bower
and tree,
Or happy childhood wandering forth amidst the wild
wood free,—
How flies the excited spirit back, on fancy's sportive
wing,
To rove, as erst, where hill and mead are redolent of
spring ;

O'er vistas, where the crow-foot gleams, in graceful
clusters spread ;
O'er glades, where scattered sunbeams gild the violet's
mossy bed ;
O'er many a still and leaf-strewn path, where, calmly
glistening forth,
The primrose, with its silken flower, defies the incle-
ment north ;—

Or by the stream whose winding course, though dark
its waters steal,
The yellow iris, song-renowned, and plummy reed
reveal ;
While drifts the bee in music by, or, perched on ruins
grey,
The cuckoo, with its mellow voice, proclaims the
laughing May !

Nor less revives the exulting sense of thoughtless times
gone by,
When beauty seemed for ever sealed on earth and
glowing sky ;
When pebbles stained with rarer hues were mines of
wealth untold,
And every flower a treasure prized beyond the usurer's
gold.

It is not joy, it is not grief,—but both, with softened
might,
Which shed o'er moments such as these a still and
soft delight ;
Like fragrance on the desert-blasts from fields we see
no more,
Or voice of birds upon the deep from some far distant
shore.

And thankfully each chastened heart the boon bestowed
should own,
That, though their scents the winds have reft, and
though their dyes are flown,
The weary mind may turn at will from manhood's
restless hours,
And find its strength revived anew by youth's long-
perished flowers.

THE PILGRIM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SELWYN," &c.

OH ! who is the pilgrim that wanders by,
With the toil-flushed brow, and the troubled eye,
And the broken staff, and the travel-stained vest ?
'Tis a son of mortality seeking rest.

He hath shared with the monarch his thorny throne—
He hath echoed the conqueror's dying groan—
He hath toiled in the mart, where the worldlings dwell—
He hath wept with the anchorite in his cell—
He hath laid his sick head on the syren's breast,
And she sung, and sung—but he could not rest !

I see him again ! and his glistening eye
Is gently turned to the realms on high :
He leans no more on a faithless reed,
And there is not a spot on his Palmer's weed !
With a King, not of earth, he is called to reign,—
He walks in a deathless Conqueror's train ;
He seeks not, nor shuns, the world's thronged mart,
For his silent cell is his own still heart :
His sleep is hushed by the harps of the blest,
And the Sabbath above is his earthly rest !

THE TWIN NOVICES

OF SANTA CHIARA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SELWYN," "TALES OF THE
MOORS," &c.

AMONG the thousand and one features which distinguish a residence of some length in Rome from a sejour in any other capital, there are few more peculiar to that queen of cities—

"Of glory shorn, but yet in pomps pre-eminent"—

than the daily recurrence of those various *funzioni*, or ceremonies of the Catholic Church, the glitter and animation of which present a contrast so striking (yet, after all, more apparent than real) with the now silent vestiges of that splendid Paganism whose spirit, even while superseding it, they virtually represent and keep alive.

Whoever has lounged away, or rather whiled in one luxurious waking dream, the elsewhere comparatively

charmless months of Italian early spring, amid the long grass-grown alleys diverging from the still populous precincts of Monte Cavallo, and the Quattro Fontane, towards the grove-embosomed convents and lone Basilicæ of a region whence all besides has long been swept by fever's desolating wing,—must have almost daily marked, guided perchance by sweetly-chanted litanies, some ancient pavement, wrought by the tooth of time with rude Mosaics, strewn by pious hands with freshly-gathered boughs of fragrant box-tree, yet glittering in the midnight dews that steep the romantic mountain-sides of Tusculum and Palestrina.

This verdant nature's tribute—soon robbed of its brief freshness by southern suns and tread of clustering worshippers—indicates often to the passing Englishman but the simple anniversary, or “*festa*,” of the patron saint to whom that one of Rome's three hundred churches is specially dedicated; and then—after listening, pleased in spite of himself, to some of those ravishing strains of music which, hourly poured gratuitously on the public ear by papal munificence, make of the Roman populace a nation of fastidious *amateurs*—he sighs, while lifting, to come forth, the ponderous curtain of centuries* (so emblematic of the

* All may not know that the churches of Italy are closed, instead of doors, by leathern curtains of enormous thickness, which, night and day, afford ingress, by being merely pushed aside, to all who wish to enter.

veil yet on the hearts and understandings of Rome's benighted sons), to think that she, like her rival, ancient Athens, should yet be, in the emphatic words of holy writ, "a city wholly given to idolatry!"

Sometimes, again, on entering within that massive barrier—effectual alike in excluding atmospheric changes, and the mightier influences of spiritual illumination—the quickly faded and trampled boughs prove emblems of some ghastly spectacle within. Perchance, in startling transition from the light, and life, and scents, of Italian summer morning—encircled by dim and struggling tapers, amid dark folds of massive funereal dressing, mortality's decay stifled but half by sickly clouds of incense, lies (in what Death himself must sure in mockery have called "*state*") some crowned, or, by fate's mutations, perhaps, *dis*-crowned head—some mitred prelate, or proud cardinal, whose tottering footsteps a mightier monarch has arrested on the sighed-for threshold of the Vatican! If the latter, methinks, the whole round of Rome's solemn pageantries reads to the Protestant no more emphatic lesson!

When, aged, bent, decrepid, verging alike on national and individual dotage, the once formidable conclave surround their lifeless brother, decked out with jewelled ring and crosier—nay, the grim features of mortality "tired and painted" (like those of Israel's haughty queen, when death had already marked,

though not appropriated, her desecrated corse)—when, feebly dragging their faltering limbs round the still form of him who yesterday

“ Dreamed his red hat for triple crown exchanged,”

the searee more living mummies, solemnly, yet with doubt’s sneer curling some withered lips among them, sprinkle with holy water and *absolve* the lifeless clay, whose vivifying spark has already joined for ever (forbid it, eharity of a churchman!) the dread fires of the reprobate, or fount of uncreated light above,—*can* aught so fully mark the worse than futility of a creed which seeks either consolation for time, or hope for eternity, in mummeries like these? Alas! as well may posthumous absolution serve to “wash white” the soul of one who, like our England’s unhallowed cardinal, has

“ Died and made no sign,”

as Catholicism minister with its quackeries to that “mind diseased,” imprisoned, by our race’s fall, in every human bosom!

But, if the grisly pageant just described affords to the Christian moralist food for abundant meditation, there is one occasion on which, to other minds (those of romance and feeling especially) not “Birnam’s” severed wood, when borne, at Sibyl’s bidding, to fated “Dunsinane,” could seem more sadly ominous than

the symbolie green boughs so often alluded to. On one or two sainted thresholds, at least, I never trod but with the knell of buried beauty, and crushed hopes, and blighted feelings, ringing in my ear. For, surely as each twig that yielded to my careless foot its last sigh of mountain fragranee lay lost for ever beneath it to life and vigour, some youthful seion within that hour was severing from a parent stem, perehance too low to shelter, or too proud to sustain, the burden east in love and duty on it by a greater and truer Parent!

With the novice of high rank the sacrifice is too often as little voluntary as, in her ease, that brief dizzy round of headlong gaiety, which (to satisfy her parents' conscience) is called "showing her the world," differs from the practical knowledge of the goods and ills it has to give, possessed by the humbler children of toil and indigence. I have stood near enough to a saerilegiously-profaned altar to mark, fluttering like an imprisoned bird against the bars of its impending prison, the heart of one of the loveliest and lordliest of Italy's maidens; forced thither, not indeed by parental violence, but by the desperation of a proud and wounded spirit, denied its only alternative—an unequal alliance. In such a case, when the now high-strung bow of pride and resolution should unbend—when glare and pageantry should give place to silence and reflection—it was pain, ay, agony, to the by-

standers, to think of the inevitable recoil ; and many were the British hands, more powerful far than mine, half outstretched in the mad chivalric effort of plucking from that altar's verge its deceived though voluntary victim.

But, though to a Protestant and an Englishman—to a votary of true religion and freedom—there must always be in the assumption of the veil a terrible, because irrevocable, farewell to both, it is far from being thus gloomily viewed by the generality of modern inhabitants of a cloister. Dozens of smiling maidens in humble life may be seen, and conversed with, haunting, on similar solemnities, the porches of churches and convents—longing, with all the anxiety of aspirants after very different objects, to attract the notice, and move the compassion, of some “high Dama,” of acknowledged piety and liberality, to procure them the coveted privilege of *entering* a convent ! Nor is this anxiety the result of mere childish superstition, or girlish ignorance of what it is they are so unaffectedly desirous to forego. “The world,” they will tell you (and *truly* of the world of Italian humble life, in *cities* at least,) “is a place of labour and sorrow. Our mothers and married sisters are slaves to toil and care, and can hardly, with all their struggles, get bread for their famishing children. In a convent care is unknown, and nuns are happy all day long !”

If, led by nature and compassion, you venture to

urge that domestic ties, though attended with cares, bring pleasures also to compensate them, the answer is ready, "*La Dote dov' è?*" and, without a dowry, no damsel of whatever rank in Italy *can* reasonably hope for a husband; and as, from the state of society, single women occupy in it a position extremely anomalous,—the home, security, and maintenance of a conventual life become to such, matter, not only of desire, but fond and passionate aspiration.

My residence at Rome took place at a period when it was all the dearer and more hallowed, in the eyes of a lover of arts and antiquities, for being the resort of few who were not such, and long ere its character as a place for lofty and lonely musings had been lost in the profitless loungings of an English watering-place, and the unnatural dissipations of a mimic London.

The few English who trod the Forum, or haunted the Coliseum, were either men of fortune and family, who sought in the pilgrimage a dignified recreation from the toils and duties of the senate or cabinet at home; or the sons of such, sent by the taste and reminiscences of their parents to lay in for the evening of life a store of similar gratification. The conduct and tone of manners of the latter (often elsewhere sufficiently exceptionable) generally assumed at Rome a chastened sobriety, inspired by the nature of their morning pursuits, and the absence of evening temptations to idleness; while the elder British residents derived,

even with a Catholic government, from the united influence of high rank and irreproachable character, a weight which the undignified, encroaching behaviour of a mob of promiscuous idlers has since gone far (despite of interest and political gratitude) to destroy. To other motives of respect and consideration for those "Milordi," whose name had then never been (to the disgrace of their country) coupled with either insolence or meanness, was added their judicious patronage of the arts: and many were the young aspirants after fame, of all nations, to whom the fostering hand of British nobility was held out with almost paternal liberality.

Being myself (at the period whose sunshine it yet glads me to recal) a young enthusiastic amateur—of just fortune sufficient to render success immaterial, and birth which, while it entitled me to the society of the patrons, did not forbid my mingling freely with the *protégés*—it was not merely in the galleries of the Vatican that I gratified my predilection for painting and sculpture, but in the humbler *studio* of many a harmless votary of both. Among these—perhaps from similarity of national character and religion, and still more from the stronger tie of kindness received in Germany, and a knowledge of its language, acquired under the most hospitable roofs of which civilized Europe can boast,—my chief intimacy was with a young historical painter of that nation.

Carl Reinemann's was one of the characters—commoner perhaps in Germany than elsewhere—uniting high talent, and enthusiasm for every thing connected with the arts, to a natural simplicity and singleness of mind, which intercourse with the world seems, in such beings, rather to enhance than impair. For long I found him a light-hearted, as well as instructive, companion; but of late there had passed a cloud on his open brow, and, on entering one evening, with the privilege of friendship, his unoccupied studio, I half started in dismay at the somewhat appalling aspect of the lay figure from which he usually drew, enveloped in the sable robe and long black veil of a nun. The table was covered with sketches, in all attitudes, of the same gloomy object. My first idea would have been that he had in contemplation a picture on the subject, had I not detected in the corner of one, representing the poor victim stretched at length on the ground, with the fatal veil thrown over her like a pall, the tremulously written words, “Farewell, Minna!” Anxious to have these cleared up, I awaited with impatience the writer's return—but in vain. Next day—the next—I called again; but no Carl had re-appeared; and I began half to participate in the fears of his good landlady, that, in a sketching ramble in the ever-perilous *environs* of Rome, he might, like others even of his own unlucrative profession, have been carried to the mountains by banditti.

I was returning one morning, after brushing the early dew from the rarely trodden threshold of the Cæsars, and enjoying, from the force of contrast, the then pastoral solitude of the Coliseum, and about to avail myself of the hour to snatch unmolested a hasty sketch of the splendid remains of the Forum of Nerva, when, on entering the narrow *vicolo* in which these are now buried, I perceived the usual indications of a *funzione* at the convent of nuns, to whose massy walls the ruins alluded to form an incongruous appendage.

I stood hesitating between the noble fragment of antiquity before me, and the more *piquant* temptation of the living sacrifice about to be consummated within, when my shoulder was touched by an old crone—whose grey, matted locks, and strange head-gear, might have served the Cumæan Sibyl—who, pointing with her skinny finger to the church-door (already crowded with eager spectators), put into my hand a soiled and hastily-written billet. It was from Carl Reinemann—date, signature, and the whole, indeed, nearly equally illegible—but beseeching me to witness, in his stead, the assumption of the white veil about to take place by twin sisters of his nation; and, in the event of reluctance or apparent infirmity of purpose in either, to present, as a last resource, the enclosed sealed billet to the Cardinal, Prince of —, who, there was little reason to doubt, would, as a countryman of the novices, be present on the occasion.

“Only a novitiate!” exclaimed I, breathing more freely as I finished poor Carl’s hurried epistle; and, turning hastily into the church, to procure, if it should still be possible, a station near the ceremony, chance, sometimes in these cases the best of pilots, bore me, with little effort of my own, along the current, towards the centre of the church; where, their dazzling northern complexions and bright golden hair eclipsing far the factitious lustre of the gems with which the piety and ostentation of their princely godmothers had loaded them, stood, like twin virgin lilies, the pair, united in birth by nature, and whom death alone would now henceforward have power to sever. These lovely creatures had all the strong resemblance usually ascribed to twins, with just that dissimilarity of expression which decided difference of character suffices to impart to features cast in the self-same mould. Of the possible reluctance, or hesitation, for which Carl’s billet had made me an anxious watcher, no trace, it was soon evident to me, need be sought in the charming countenance of the most beautiful and (one would have supposed) younger of the two novices; the lustre of whose dove-like eyes was obviously as little of this world as the, alas! somewhat hectic bloom of a cheek marked by early beauty for an early grave. That, where *her* fragile form was henceforth to be immured, her heart, in all its saint-like purity, was already long

dedicated, it needed no evidence beyond the rapt upward glance of the bright and tearless eye, and slight curl that crossed the beautiful lip, when the dull monk, whose task it was to eulogize the cloister, marred, by his cold clumsy daubing, the heavenly picture of her glowing fancy.

I turned my inquiring glance from the fair enthusiast's face to that of her sober, chastened image; through all whose vestal purity of expression and demeanour, somewhat of earthly, though most innocent emotion, spoke of motives with which the cloister had but little in common. I had witnessed many professions—some dictated by *pique*, by disappointment, by pride, by indifference, by fear, and many by genuine unaffected devotion; but the feelings that gently stirred, like the plumage of the silver swan, the bosom of this unrepenting victim to affection, had in them—I could have sworn it—something widely differing from them all.

I was pondering, in needless cogitation, their probable source and nature, when one deep glance, full fraught with the love of a life-time, directed towards her sister's face, revealed to me the innocent mystery of her cheerful immolation. It seemed to say: "One have we been from childhood to this hour, and one we will be in fate, if not in feelings, while our blended thread of life endures!" To have interfered—even had it been less akin to impossibility, in any save a

lover's eyes, than it was—to “put asunder” beings thus united by the joint bonds of nature and affection, would have seemed a sort of sacrilege, much as a Protestant might deplore the sacrifice inspired by mistaken piety, in the one case, with that dictated, in the other, by sisterly affection; for very few were the human ties that might legitimately have come in competition with them.

Of Carl's interest in the matter, his mysterious absence, and enigmatic billet (coupled with his previous dejection), sufficed to convince me; but, highly as I esteemed and valued him, I knew not how to regret that he had failed in preventing, by some baffled project, the joint profession of the novices. With the one, all earth's eloquence would evidently have been powerless to prevail; while one would have grudged that aught of conflict should have marred the sweet serenity of sisterly devotion in the other.

The service of the day, meantime, proceeded. The hands of the aged officiating bishop tremblingly set free the clustering ringlets of fair hair from their encircling gems, and let fall the towering plumes on shoulders of rival whiteness. The festal robes of shining satin were cast, in genuine, not feigned, renunciation, behind those whom, for the first and last time, they had decked in uncongenial splendour; and, over the simple bodice of their station and country, their long and flowing tresses now formed

the sisters' only drapery. A chill ran through even the most hackneyed and most bigoted bystanders while the glittering seissors were handed to the aged priest, and while, like some unpractised and unskilful executioner, he prolonged with trembling awkwardness the spoliation of the lovely heads, whose golden honours fell before him like waving grain beneath the reaper's sickle.

As the first handful from the fair head of the devoted Minna strewed the ground, I gave a start as if it had been Carl into whose soul the steel had at that moment entered. My glance and gesture caught the eye of a benevolent nun—all of whom, I had forgotten to mention, the order being by no means a strict one, were seated around the space allotted for the ceremony. I saw her foot first gently advanced to cover a stray lock—her kind hand next extended dexterously to secure it. A movement in the crowd favoured my getting near her, when she and all the sisters rose to give the white-robed novices the kiss of peace and welcome ; and, in a moment, I scarce knew how, the tress was in my hand, and hastily buried in my bosom ; while a soft voice whispered, “*You, at least, have not vowed to renounce it.*”

The nuns had now closed their sable group around their new-found sisters ; and warm and guileless seemed, at least, the fond embrace which welcomed them within the saintly pale. It would have done

even Carl's heart good to mark the benign expression of the elder faees, and the almost joyous one with which the younger hailed such congenial inmates. Both belied alike the tales of conventual gloom and austerity.

The mild glances of the sisters spoke, it is true, responsive good-will and gratitude; but they rested ere long in speechless endearment on each other: while a kiss, the most heartfelt and prolonged of all, ratified the new, strange, superfluous tie of sisterhood between them! Surrounded by their sable escort of new friends, they floated away, like the moon encircled by dark clouds, along the distant aisles to the interior of the convent; and then, like the same soft silver planet suddenly eclipsed, the envious grating closed, and hid them from our view. Then, for the first time, did I feel, some human sympathy for Carl, and some higher and better founded sorrow for a seclusion which, voluntary as it evidently was on one side, and praiseworthy on the other, so miserably narrowed to both the sphere of social and relative duties, and exposed the mistaken piety which dictated it to still further inroads of superstition.

Three days after this profession—not irrevocable, it is true, in law, but rendered nearly so by the tyranny of custom and opinion—arrived in Rome Carl Reine-mann, or rather the ghost of him whom under that name I had so long known and cherished. He read

in my first glance that all he dreaded was over—listened to my assurance that he himself, if present, could but have admired and acquiesced—looked unutterable things—and, evidently weakened by fatigue and illness, sunk into a state of stupor, from which I only succeeded in rousing him by the unexpected boon of the beautiful golden ringlet from the head of his lost Minna. Calmed and soothed by this as by a talisman, and restored to some semblance of his former self, he poured at length into my ear the simple history of his acquaintance with the sisters, and his love for Minna.

Hans Rotheimer, the father of the maidens—educated, like many of his active countrymen, in early life at Rome—had, after unsuccessful efforts to earn by his profession a competence in his native Germany, returned in its evening to Italy, and dedicated, to the obscurer vocation of a copyist, talents which he had long fondly hoped might gain him an honourable place among, at least, the degenerate painters of modern days. Chilled and depressed by disappointment, the spirit of the old man had sunk at length into contentment with his mechanical employment; the more so when its steady though ignoble gains brought plenty to his youthful Italian wife, and the twin cherubs who, in his brighter and more imaginative days, might have served for models to groups lovely as ever graced the hearth of Albano or Dominichino.

All prospered for a while around Hans Rotheimer's elino, till fever swept away its joy and stay, his kindly wife Teresa, and left her mourning husband, and duteous attendants, Meta and Minna, all more or less enfeebled by the same insidious malady. The old man never rallied; but lingered long enough to have, added to grief and infirmity, the painful solietudes arising from the situation of daughters alike destitute of dowry and of friends. It was with a German's nationality, and a father's gratitude, that, during his long, weary illness, Hans hailed the visits and appreeiated the filial attentions of his townsman and distant eonnexion, Carl; and, in the joy with which the prospeet of his marrying one of his poor orphans inspired him, felt but the regret that one alone of them could reward the kindness, while both he was sure would share the good offiees, of so worthy a protector. He little dreamed that neither was destined to repay to Carl his hours of deep, though as yet totally unexpressed, devotion; or that, while his gaze was fixed on Minna alone, her's should be too deeply rivetted on Meta's fading form to have eyes for aught beyond it.

From the period of her young and idolized mother's death, Meta had never regained either health or cheerfulness; and the fever seemed to have left her frame only to settle on her hitherto eloudless mind and spirits. After a brief but painful crisis, during which

not Minna's self could win her sister's confidence, that sister threw herself one day upon her bosom—drew out from her's her mother's well-known silver crucifix, and, kissing it, revealed to poor Minna, not only the long-suspected secret of her adoption of her departed parent's creed, but the vow which, at the same suggestion, she had irrevocably made to devote herself, as soon as her Protestant father's death should leave her at liberty, to a conventual life.

Minna's first thought, as she listened to this astounding confession, was of the hardships and austerities to which the fragile form before her looked so perilously unequal. A glance towards her old father, whose white locks swept, as he read in bed, the silver clasps of Martin Luther's cherished Bible, gave her a thrill and pang that aught so repugnant to his firmer and higher faith should cross a dutiful daughter's fancy. Difference of creed had been the sole bitter drop in her parents' cup of wedded happiness; and Teresa had but acted in the natural spirit of her's when compromising with conscience for the unattempted conversion of Minna, by a death-bed triumph over the feebler character and more excitable temperament of Meta.

Just after this discovery—which it cost poor Minna floods of tears in secret to veil in smiles by day from her infirm, but not the less observant, father—the illness of Carl's own parents summoned him (without

ascertaining Minna's sentiments and his own fate) from Rome; and when he returned, three months after, on the wings of love, it was to find old Hans (whose influence he had little thought ever so urgently to require, or bitterly to regret,) dead and buried—Meta's conversion and intended assumption of the veil openly announced, and her thin cheeks and bright eyes lit up with all the fervour of pious anticipation; while, on Minna's pale but resolved brow, there sat something more fearfully adverse to his hopes than the unaffected scorn of all earth's joys and prospects that flashed at times from Meta's.

Backed by the often-expressed regard, nay, openly avowed predilections, of her departed father, he urged his suit to Minna, to be permitted to take upon him that parent's guardian office, and to give her, as his wife, the power of offering a home to the misguided Meta; and to him, as her husband, the right of rescuing from a living grave the sister whom erring counsels, and an enthusiastic temper, were hurrying to its fatal verge.

"Carl," answered the pale but composed and unfaltering Minna, "the grave you talk of yawns not for one alone. My father and mother are gone, though by separate roads, to heaven; and, on earth, I alone and Meta remain to each other. If it had been in the power of love or friendship to change her purpose, you should have tried, as I have done, to win her

from it ; and I would have been content to owe to you her happiness and mine. But this her vow to her dead mother forbids ; and I, too, Carl, have one laid on me by the same dear spirit. With parched and faltering lips she spoke to me, ere she went hence, of Meta's delicate health and ardent disposition—of her unfitness to tread the thorny path of life, and yet greater unfitness to struggle alone with the nameless ills of solitude. ‘ You are born,’ said she, ‘ with a calmer, firmer character. In weal or woe, Minna, swear to me never to desert your weaker sister, Meta.’

“ I promised, Carl—could I do otherwise?—and, though *I* little knew it was the cloister I thus unwittingly embraced, Meta, who triumphs in her dying mother's pious stratagem, has set her young life on its issue. Without me to love and rest upon, the convent, to which she fondly looks forward, will be indeed a living grave to one so tender and affectionate. With Minna for a companion, it will be to her like this, a home. And though—harmless, at least, as my dear mother's faith still seems to me to be—I cannot view with her a cloistered life as meriting, far less purchasing, heaven, I can act in the spirit of a purer creed, by doing now to Meta as in her place I surely would wish her to do to me. Some go to a convent to leave all they love on earth behind them ; I go that all I love on earth may be the dearer and happier for the sacrifice ; and, though Fra Antonio and the Princi-

peppa shake their heads to hear me own such shocking worldly motives, they trust to time and the sisterhood to give me others in their stead. *You* need not fear, Carl, for my holier faith, or glance so reproachfully up at yonder Bible. The heart is its own sanctuary, and one may fear God, and love one's neighbour, even in a convent cell. Meta's (thanks to our being *twins*, and to my obstinacy about it) is to be mine also; and is it nothing that when pain and sickness wear her, as even now they often do, I shall be there to bathe her throbbing temples, or take her aching head into a sister's bosom? And then her mind, Carl"—said the devoted girl, kindling with holier and far differing enthusiasm—"with none to soothe its wayward moods, or teach even its heavenward flights to keep within the bounds of truth and soberness,—I tremble to think what havoc superstition might make on its bright but perilous texture. And is not the office of Meta's guardian angel worth all the pleasures of the great world without, and the irksomeness of the little one within? I read all you would say, Carl, in your beseeching looks and deprecating gestures—but my mind is fixed, unalterably fixed. Remember us in your prayers, and forget at all other seasons that there ever existed such beings as Meta and Minna Rothheimer."

Carl's love for Minna—true and tender as it was—had been from the first of too pure and fraternal a

character to weigh its own petty interests against ties and motives so commendable. But two considerations of a higher and less selfish nature urged him to avert, if possible, the meditated step: concern for the sacrifice it implied of principles holier still than sisterly affection, and dread of the recoil of a mind, so differently nurtured, from vows rashly embraced and secretly condemned. The object of his hurried flight from Rome had been to meet and waylay a travelling German prince, whose authority over the sisters, as their father's natural sovereign, might have entitled him to claim them, as Protestants, from the Holy See; but all hopes of whose interposition vanished before the astounding intelligence that he himself was on his way to swell the number (rare in modern times!) of royal proselytes to Catholicism! Sick with disappointment and fatigue, Carl penned in his despair the billet which made me a witness of his beloved's immolation, and enabled me to cheer his wounded spirit with my testimony to its cheerful and unreluctant character.

Ere I left Rome, to winter in Sicily, Carl had resumed, though with a saddened heart, his now aimless professional labours. But never did convent-bell salute my ears in that cloister-studded island, nor choir of female voices swell the vesper hymn, without conjuring up the thought of Carl at his solitary easel, or Minna in her perhaps ere now solitary cell.

My fancy proved in the latter case prophetic. Ere nature had robed once more in beauty the world, Meta had herself in early spring abjured—the fair visionary had sought a brighter, loftier sphere. I learned it from the first glance of the again restless and deeply agitated Carl, to whom my daily expected arrival had been matter of intense and feverish anxiety.

“Meta is gone!” were his first words to me; “and Minna is or may be free! Her year of novitiate is, thank God, not expired—her vows, *we* know, were dictated by affections now buried in her sister’s grave. The English are, happily, all-powerful in Rome. To rescue from a cloister a Protestant (and Minna, *we* well know, has remained one at heart) will be to your countrymen a labour of love; while to the holy fathers the intrusion of a concealed heretic within hallowed walls must seem a profanation. All the Milordi of England are your friends and patrons. Let them but free Minna’s soul from the shackles that enthrall it, and I can be content to await our bodily meeting till its fair shrine is exchanged for a tabernacle yet fairer and brighter on high. Here, something tells me, Minna will not even now be mine; and therefore—therefore do I feel so strong to supplicate your generous intervention. For a bride I could not plead thus, even to a friend; but, to win liberty for Minna’s ransomed spirit, I could kneel, methinks, to foes!

The English, thank Heaven, are none to me, or any one. Oh! come with me, and urge their generous natures to a deed of mercy!"

What Carl had hinted of the extent of English influence was fortunately true—what he enthusiastically predicted of the national character was happily also verified. British Protestant feeling, on one part, found an ally in conscientious Catholic feeling on that of the amiable pontiff; nay, the very bigoted scruples of the newly-converted Prince of —— were for once enlisted on the side of reason and humanity!—for the innocent ones of Minna, against infringing even on hasty and imperfect vows, would never perhaps have been got over had not a special act of exoneration from them, ample enough to free, in the Grand Duke's opinion, his new mother church from all connexion with his recreant countrywoman, enriched his hereditary dominions with the best mother, and Carl Reinemann with the best wife, in all Germany.



Designed by W. Wood

Engraved by E. J. P. Barry

THE END OF THE WORLD

THE FIRST-BORN.

BY MARY HOWITT.

THOU art a radiant thing of mirth,
A loving, laughing child of earth;
With glossy ringlets, rich and bright,
And rosy cheek, and eye of light;
And limbs that vigorous life express;
And heart o'erbrimmed with happiness;
And spirit unsubdued and wild,—
A happy mother's happy child.
Ah! wast thou born for care and strife,
The weariness and waste of life—
For feverish lust of power, and gold,
And cruel passions manifold?
No: thou wast made to give a grace
Unto thy happy native place;
To hoard up pleasant memories
Of summer-pastime, fields, and trees;
To be like sunshine round thy home;
To come as happy angels come—

To live within thy mother's heart—
A blessing that can ne'er depart ;
To grow up wise, and good, and kind,
Gifted in person, and in mind !

Oh, holy were those legends sage,
Told in a simpler, quiet age,
Of infant saints, to whom 'twas given
To have high communings with heaven !
Then, sitting in a forest lone,
Or on some mossy, highway stone,
With meek hands crossed, and upturned brow,
Such radiant little ones as thou
Saw visions of celestial things—
Bright angels with their folded wings ;
And young, adoring seraph-bands
With golden palms within their hands :
Then holy songs, and harpings clear,
Came pealing down upon the ear ;
And the young, rapt adorer saw
All heaven unveiled in wondering awe,
Till in his chastened spirit woke
High worship, though no word was spoke,
And heaven gave back celestial grace,
That beamed like glory in his face.
Then, when the dream had passed away,
And he stole home at close of day,
His mother gazed in awe to see

The impress of divinity
Settled like beauty, bright, yet mild,
Upon her loving, gentle child ;
And praised her God that he had given
To that young brow the seal of heaven,
And deemed her, though a lowly one,
Meet mother for her blessed son ;
And she, like Mary, sate apart,
Pondering these things within her heart.

I will not think this creed sublime
A lying legend of old time :
Although our disbelieving sense
Have drawn the glorious vision hence,
I will believe that such as die,
In their pure time, have visions high,
And see, though not with outward sight,
Splendour for us too pure, too bright,—
Glory untold and infinite !
My friend, believe it too ; and see
A bright star risen eternally ;
A human thrall whose chain is burst,—
A child to God ascended first ;
A precious boon which thou hast given
Into the treasury of heaven,
By which thy tears will be o'erpaid
When God's great reckoning shall be made.

A LAMENT AND A REPLY.

BY MRS. FLETCHER, LATE MISS JEWSBURY.

WHEN shall I see a flower,
Nor muse on its decay?
When shall I know *one* happy hour,
Nor—ere it pass away,—
O'ercloud its happiness with tears,
Because it cannot last for years?

When will no dread of change
Darken my spirit's trust?
When will the knowledge, sad and strange,
That man is of the dust,
Whilst gazing on beloved eyes,
Instead of wretched, make me wise?

Nature, and flowers, and youth,
Birds, and their rich, wild glee,
All pleasant things, in sooth,
Why are they sad to me?

Why in each form behold I Death?
Why seems all music but his breath?

Death is my life : Delight
Seems of his influence born ;
A meteor flashing through the night—
A lily fenced with thorn,—
A wild and momentary gladness,
That in its elements hath madness.

A troubled joy in love,
And fears when fully blest,—
Clouds when the sky is bright above,
And sadness when at rest !—
Alas ! my soul hath left its ark,
And wanders o'er the waters dark !

THE REPLY.

Restless spirit !—wouldst thou know
When will close thy night of woe ?—
Cease thy wanderings to and fro.

Long thy heavy heart will beat
With its own unholy heat,
If thy fancy, wild and fleet,

Like a homeless bird must fly,
Searching rock, and plain, and sky,—
All too low, and yet too high.

Let her choose her tree, and rest,
There renew her stolen nest,—
Be again the green leaves' guest.

Stricken spirit, there's a tree
Grows for healing, grows for thee ;
Haste, then,—to its covert flee !

Whispering oracles are rife
'Mid its leaves to quiet strife :
Spirit !—'tis the Tree of Life.

A VISIT TO JOANNA.

BY THE HON. MRS. ERSKINE NORTON.

I DO not recollect ever having been more amused, in the course of my travels, than during a morning's visit at Joanna, a small island to the north of the channel of the Mozambique. It is inhabited by a horde of Arabs, who, as far as I could make out, took possession of it between two and three centuries since, and have remained unmolested, as well by their savage neighbours of Madagascar as by those of the opposite continent: their only enemies are the Mainotes, inhabitants of an island near them.

We anchored before Joanna early in the morning of the 22nd of July, 1821.

Whilst I was dressing I observed a canoe coming off, and presently after, from the bustle on deck, I knew visitors had arrived. Of course I was prepared by the descriptions I had received; yet I found it a very difficult matter to preserve my gravity on being

introduced in form by my husband to his old acquaintances (for he had been here twice before), Lord Wellington, Lord Sidmouth, Admiral Rodney, and the Prime Minister, who, although the most distinguished among them, bore only the simple title of *Bombay Jack*. Lord Wellington wore, over his loose and rather ragged drab trowsers, an old red coat with a pair of epaulettes, which had seen good service on some gay marine, and a cocked hat to match. Admiral Rodney sported a *naval* coat with *two pairs* of epaulettes, one laid over the other on each shoulder. Bombay Jack and Lord Sidmouth were in *plain clothes*, that is to say, arrayed according to their own fashion, with, however, sundry amusing decorations ; all without shoes and stockings. They spoke English—Bombay Jack particularly well : he was a keen, shrewd, little old man, and had, under his king, governed Joanna for many years. He had received the appellation of Bombay Jack from the following circumstance. A ship belonging to the East India Company had been wrecked on some part of the coast of Joanna ; the crew were most hospitably and kindly treated by these poor Arabs. Two vessels passing soon after for Bombay, part of the sufferers was put on board of one, and the Prime Minister, with the remainder, embarked in the other. They arrived at Bombay, and the Company, always noble in its rewards and encouragement, promised to send them every year a present of a little

cloth, and some other articles valuable to them; this promise, I believe, has been punctually performed, and has not only secured the assistance and good-will of these islanders, but has also proved an inducement to their neighbours to “go and do likewise.”

“You shall see, masters,” said Jack, when seated in our cabin, with a glass of wine before him, “that Bombay Jack be no fool. Long, long time since—(early in 1800)—Frenchmen came here,—like Joanna very much; ask no questions, come on shore, build huts, buy food, and then begin plant *cotton*. I no like this. Frenchmen very civil, but very sly; when cotton grow and money come, they take Joanna, and we go into the sea: no, no, no,—that not do—Bombay Jack too cunning. Cotton planted—cotton coming up well. One dark night, when Frenchmen all sleep, we go *very quiet*, boil water, and pour it *very quiet* over all cotton plants. Next morning Frenchmen wake—cotton plants all dead; they come to me: I tell, ‘Cotton always do so—a little time good, and then all die one night.’ Very well. Frenchmen next day pack up, go on board little ship and go away. Good bye, good bye,” continued Bombay Jack, standing up, bowing, and waving his hands in exultation; then turning to us, he said, “What people say if I not do this? Why, they no more call me Bombay Jack,—but they call me—Jack-Ass.”

Each of these Joanna noblemen had with him a

packet of papers, containing *characters* given to him by the commanders, officers, or passengers of different vessels, recommending the bearer as a good and honest washerman, &c. Some, also, had their patents of nobility, drawn up and signed by different commanders, who had dubbed them with the titles they bore.

As it was early, and they promised to treat us with plenty of good milk, eggs, and coffee, on shore, we agreed to accept their invitation to breakfast; accordingly, a young lady who was with me, and myself, put on our bonnets, and the boat was ordered. While we were assembled on the deck, ready for our trip, Lord Sidmouth came up to us and whispered,—“You no give washing to Lord Wellington; great rascal he—not wash well, and always steal people clothes; better wait, and give to Prince of Wales on shore, he very good washerman, and very honest.” We extricated ourselves from this little court intrigue by saying, that as we had so lately left the Cape, and should remain so short a time at Joanna, it was not probable we should require their services in this respect.

We were soon on shore. The village (or *city*, perhaps I ought to call it) was composed of small, low, irregular habitations, looking extremely hot, silent, and dull; the two last qualifications I attributed to the total absence of women, who, perhaps, on account of our visit, were kept more out of sight than usual. The abode of the king was singular: it was built of

wood, in the shape of a ship, upon an arch; we went underneath the arch, where a small door opened to a narrow flight of stairs, which conducted us to his majesty's apartments: they consisted, as far as we saw, of three small rooms; the first was an armoury, containing a tolerable display of muskets, neatly arranged and in good order; the second was the presence-chamber, where, at the head of a rude table, elevated on cushions, and wearing a scarlet mantle trimmed with tarnished gold lace and fringe, white petticoat trousers, and a turban, sat the old king, high George the Third; round his neck, and on his turban, he wore what he intended to be taken for precious stones. Near him stood the Prince of Wales, a fine, intelligent young man, dressed neatly after the fashion of his country. No one sat down. The king nodded graciously to us (the two ladies), and asked my husband which of the two *belonged* to him, and then inquired why and wherefore *the other one* was not disposed of, with sundry other queer questions, which, I began to think, the sooner I put an end to the better. I therefore requested his majesty's permission to pay our respects to the queen and princesses, which was immediately granted, and we were conducted by the Prince of Wales through a short, narrow, dark passage, which was ended by a curtain: this being withdrawn, we discovered, after peering about a little, three female figures seated on cushions on the floor; they had

handkerchiefs placed rather gracefully over their heads, the rest of their persons were concealed by shawls. The two girls, so far as the dim light permitted us to observe, were good-looking, with fine, but heavy eyes : their whole appearance indicated melancholy and indifference ; they stared at us, but I could not trace in their look either curiosity or interest. The old lady, who seemed to have a little more life in her, put one or two questions through her son :—How long had I been married ? How many children had I ? She then spoke a few words in her own language to her son, and we courtesied and took our leave ; the three bowed their heads like automaton, and I was glad to escape from a scene which presented my sex in so miserable and degraded a condition.

On returning up the dark passage we went into the *third* apartment, which contained a table and a few chairs ; the table was covered with a cloth (not over clean, considering there were so many washermen) ; cups, saucers, and plates, of English white ware, were placed on it, with two large bowls of milk : here we took our seats. A great deal of talk and bargaining were going forward in the presence-chamber for things wanted from our ship. When these important affairs were settled, my husband joined us ; and rice, fresh eggs, and coffee, were placed on the table, and we managed to make a very good breakfast, after which, we took our leave of the shrewd and merry old king,

and, according to a promise we had made, proceeded to the residence of the Prince of Wales, where we were to pass the morning, until the bargain that had been concluded was executed.

As we walked along I heard from one of the huts a buzzing, humming noise, like a set of school-boys at their tasks; I popped my head in, and found I was not mistaken, and, from the glance I had of the school-master, I was sure he was a European; but we were so hurried along, on account of the intense heat, that I had no time for further observation. The residence of the Prince of Wales I was gratified by remarking evidently showed the improvement of the rising generation; it had a cheerful verandah, and two or three little rooms behind, which were airy and clean. The walls of the verandah were entirely covered with pictures, prints, wood-cuts, &c., with a number of little common looking-glasses, children's toys, and beads. After we had taken off our bonnets, and rested and fanned ourselves until we were as cool as we could be in a shade where the heat was at least at 96° Farh., we accepted the prince's proposal to introduce us to his wife, and accompanied him into a back apartment, very superior in all respects to that of the queen: a curtain that was suspended in the centre was looped up, and behind it sat the princess on a low couch, *a la Turque*. She was young, and near her first *accouchement*,—more animated, but not so pretty, as her sisters-

in-law. An old woman was seated on the floor, opposite the couch, who, we understood, was her mother, and who seemed wrapped up in the contemplation of her daughter's grandeur. She was not, however, grand enough to satisfy her husband, who whispered something to her, on which she reluctantly pointed to a bundle on a shelf behind her; this he took down, and, opening it, threw a shawl over her, which, I suppose, he considered richer than the one she had on, and, having laid another on the couch, put back the bundle and left us. As soon as he was gone, she spoke to her mother and smiled a little, as if she were amused at what he had done; she then turned to us with some attention and curiosity, and touched and examined the materials of our dresses; but, as we could do nothing but stare and smile at one another, I was not sorry when his Royal Highness returned. As he appeared the most civilized of their community, I ventured to ask him whether the princess would not prefer sitting out with us in the verandah. He smiled, and shook his head. "Not to-day, lady, too much stranger." He then inquired what *we* called that relationship that would exist between his father, the king, and the child that was expected. I explained to him the terms grandson, granddaughter, grandchild, grandchildren, which he quickly understood and repeated with a good accent. We soon took our leave, and returned to the verandah.

I had there an opportunity of inquiring concerning the school and its master. I was informed that the master was a *Scotchman*; that he was encouraged and respected, and was in many respects very useful to their little community. In about an hour my husband came for us; the prince and some of his nobles insisted on escorting us to our boat, where we took a friendly leave of them. On repassing the school we found its master had disappeared. He probably did not wish to be observed and questioned by strangers, nor have I ever had any opportunity of inquiring about him since.

We returned on board to dinner, and in the cool of the evening rowed again on shore, where we took a beautiful, wild, and solitary walk at some distance from the village. We met with one single Arab, who gathered fruit for us and carried it to the boat, where we repaid him with what he most coveted, a smart printed calico handkerchief, which he wound round his head with the greatest delight, and set off at full speed towards the village to display his finery.

The island of Joanna, which, I believe, is about the size of that of Madeira, is very beautiful and fertile; a wild and luxuriant vegetation covers its surface, undulating with hill and dale to the very margin of the sea: towards the interior it is mountainous. Every thing that has yet been tried thrives exceedingly well, not even excepting *cotton*: of coffee there is abund-

ance. The inhabitants themselves are eager for improvement, and very capable of it; and their veneration for the English is so great that I am sure, with a little management, we might effect any change we judged proper.

When the breeze sprung up we took leave of Joanna, her monarch, and his court. As the island faded on our view, I could scarcely believe that what I had witnessed was *real life*. If, reader, you have ever had the luxury of sitting out a solemn play by strolling actors in a barn, with their robes and their rags, their tinsel and poverty, their assumed dignity and inexorable gravity, you will be able to form a just idea of my impression,—only that yours was produced by representation, and mine by reality.

THE CONFESSION.

BY MISS PARDOE.

FATHER, I love the meadows,
Where the turf is fresh and green ;
And I love the shady hedgerows,
Where the purple violet 's seen :
And I dearly love to hear the song
Of the wild bird in the trees,
When the hair is lifted from my brow
By the gentle morning breeze.

Father, it is pleasant
'Neath the clustering boughs to steal,
When to the golden harvest-field
I take your noon-day meal ;
And 'tis very gay to listen,
When the sheaves the reapers bind,
To their merry laughter, as it swells
Upon the summer wind.

Father, it is beautiful
To see the sun decline,
When his slanting beams make stream and tree
In floods of glory shine—
To wander in the shady lanes,
Or in the green wood stray,—
To me it is the loveliest hour
Throughout the live-long day.

But, father, when the darkening sky
Sheds gloom upon the earth ;
When the birds are silent in the boughs,
And the loathsome bat comes forth ;
When the owl is shrieking from her hole,
In the ivy-mantled tower ;
I tremble as I walk alone
In that dull and dreary hour.

Father, you know the dark-eyed youth
Who came from distant lands,
To soothe his grey-haired mother's age
By the labour of his hands :
Sometimes I've met him in my way,
As I've trembled in the gloom ;
And, with a gentle brother's care,
He has brought me safely home.

Father, the moon and stars have shone
In the sky above my head,
As together we have moved along
By the path where I have led :
And, oh, the wondrous tales he tells
Of the billows' wanton sport !
I have ever thought as we wandered on
That the way was very short.

Father, he says that there are lands
Where the girls are very fair,
And wear rich jewels on their arms,
And pearls amid their hair ;
But though they must have looked like queens,
In such gaudy garments dressed,
Yet still he says that he loves the girls
Of his own poor village best.

Father, he is a pious son,
So all the neighbours say ;
And as civil as the other lads,
Though he 's been so far away :
He often lends a helping hand
With my pitcher at the well,
Or bears my basket when I go
With your dinner to the dell.

Father, you are no longer young,
And I cannot bear to see
How very hard you're forced to work,
To support yourself and me :
I often wish you had a son
Who could share your heavy task,
While you might at our cottage-door
In the evening sun-shine bask.

Father, a stout and willing heart
Should stand in lieu of gold,
For industry will prosper still,
As we are often told :
I know of one would gladly share
Your labour—but he 's poor ;
May he not tell his tale himself ?
Father, he 's at the door !

A SCENE IN THE ZENANA.

BY MISS EMMA ROBERTS.

A VALLEY more sequestered or more beautiful than that of Oodipore can scarcely be imagined : it needs not the contrast afforded by the sterility of the scenery beyond, for it possesses every attraction which nature, in her happiest mood, confers upon some favourite spot of earth ; but to those who have traversed the surrounding arid tract, it bursts like a scene of enchantment. The approach, guarded by a fortified gate, is so narrow and intricate as to be fitted only for litters or equestrian travellers ; and, in threading its narrow defiles, the stranger is surprised that any human being should have proceeded more than a few yards in so unpromising a direction in search of a spot habitable by mankind. Suddenly the rich, varied, and fertile landscape opens on the dazzled eye, and every step now seems leading into fairy-land. On the right an

extensive and picturesque lake washes the bases of the hills, whose shining rocks and umbrageous woods shoot up into the golden sky above ; in the distance a large city, exhibiting a confused assemblage of irregular buildings, rises in all the fantastic forms of oriental architecture. Above, crowning a rocky ledge, the palace of the Ranah appears—a huge white mass, which, though conveying ideas of strength rather than of beauty, is still a noble object, and is surrounded by so many attractive scenes that the spectator is too much absorbed in admiration to dwell upon its defects. Below the rocky terrace on which the palace stands, a second lake of considerable extent spreads its glittering waters : numerous Hindoo temples, the frequent ghaut (the constant and beautiful accompaniment of all Indian streams), and gay pavilions of marble, adorn its banks, intermingled with enormous banyans and peepul trees, whose gigantic branches, stretching over the lake, seem to repose upon its bosom. The bright silvery expanse is studded with fairy islands ; and two of the most extensive are decorated with the summer residences of the Ranah, structures of exquisite workmanship, whose delicate marble trellises and airy cupolas appear like the palaces of the genii floating upon a sea of pearl, while orange-trees, palmyras, and cypresses fling the rich luxuriance of their foliage over the carved kiosks and sculptured porticoes.

Such was the scene which caught the golden floods poured down by a cloudless sun; but, if the inmates of the palace ever gazed with admiration upon its beauties, they were now too deeply absorbed in contemplations of a far more interesting nature to regard them. Silence, deep as death, reigned around—a silence only broken by the mournful cry of the ring-dove,* a cry which is scarcely for a moment suspended during the day throughout the plains and valleys of India. In the interior court (a spacious quadrangle, cooled by fountains, and shaded with flowering trees), a crowd mute, and with downcast looks, assembled round the couch whereon the Ranah was now brought, to yield, according to the custom of the country, his last breath in the open air. No hope could be entertained of the recovery of a person who had passed the number of years allotted to his race; and the awful moment of dissolution was awaited, by men who had long anticipated a change of rulers, without any manifestation of the various sensations it occasioned to those whose fortunes it must deeply affect.

Within the principal apartment of the Zenana, the same unnatural tranquillity prevailed: not a word was uttered by the female crowd, amongst whom all the customary employments were suspended; they, also, stood calmly awaiting the event, fraught as it was to them with incidents of the most fearful nature; and

* It is wearying my ear as I write.

the slight movement of the head, indicating anxiety respecting the cause of every sound, were it but the humming of a fly, or the fall of a leaf, alone betrayed the internal feelings of their breasts. Upon all, the decease of the reigning prince would bring a trying change of fortune,—poverty and the world's scorn to those whose natural instincts should teach them to cling to life in its most forlorn and abject state, and a hideous sacrifice to the devoted few disdaining existence when robbed of its dearest blessings. Who shall attempt to describe the conflicting emotions sustained by those helpless females, vacillating between a choice of the most cruel evils—the terrors of death operating against the terrors of disgrace? Yet they maintained an outward appearance of composure not inferior to that displayed by the stronger and the weaker minds which, influenced by various motives, had resolved upon the fulfilment of a dreadful rite.

An old female slave who, though never enjoying the dignity of a wife, was, from her long servitude, and the confidence reposed in her, a person of considerable consequence in the Zenana, apparently had never anticipated any other termination to her existence than that which now presented itself: she considered the death of the Rana to be so completely bound up with her own, that the latter must follow as a thing of course. A younger, fairer female, of higher attractions and superior birth, the daughter of a long line of

princes, deeply imbued with religious enthusiasm, and with the notions of a pre-existent state, rapt in contemplations of the past, now floating through a highly excited imagination in shapes more distinct and vivid than in other dreaming moments, beheld the path before her as one already trodden, one which would be trodden again, and which led to the fulfilment of her destiny. But it was otherwise with the Ranee, the lofty-minded woman who had enjoyed a degree of authority frequently accorded to females in the provinces of central India. She was free from the superstitions so carefully instilled by the priesthood; nor was she inspired by attachment to the man who had not excited any strong sentiments of respect or affection. She had amassed considerable property, and she had acquired a more than ordinary share of public confidence; but neither of these could she retain in a state of widowhood, unless the heir should, on his visit to the Zenana, salute her by the title of "*Raje Baee*," a mode of conferring the dignity of mistress of the Harem, at the option of the new Rana to bestow upon any one of his predecessor's wives. Upon the first fatal symptoms which appeared in the aged monarch's disease, every engine had been set at work by the favourite wife's emissaries to secure a promise of this coveted exaltation; but Juan Singh could not be wrought upon to give a decided answer: it was supposed that he wished to avoid the

maintenance of this unnecessary appendage in the splendour which custom accorded, or that he was tempted by the wealth which offered itself to his grasp. There was only one alternative to a woman who could not brook degradation: perchance, she might still entertain a hope that a message would be sent conveying the assurance she had so earnestly endeavoured to obtain, but it was confined strictly to her own breast; and, having made every arrangement which her duty to her dependants demanded, she stood amid the group equally resigned with those less intellectual beings blindly following customs, or slaves to prejudice. At length a cry was heard in the court below; and it would appear as if some settled rule, or late instruction, had taught each individual her allotted part. "What is that?" exclaimed one of the assembly. "Do you ask?" replied the old slave; "know you not what is required of us to perform?" and, taking the fastenings from her hair, which, unloosed, flowed over her shoulders, she seized a *gurrah* (jar) of water, and poured its contents upon her head. This was equivalent to a declaration that she intended to burn; and three others followed her example: while the remainder, shrinking from the near approach of death, hesitated to commence the fatal preliminaries, and finally resolved to endure an existence embittered by penury, contempt, and neglect, rather than brave the tortures of the flames—a freedom of choice for which they were

solely indebted to the presence of the British Resident, who was well informed of all that passed in the palace, and who possessed the power to prevent involuntary sacrifices. Some buoyed themselves up with a vain hope that the dignity denied to their more distinguished companion would be accorded to them, or endeavoured to excuse themselves by affecting to entertain so futile an expectation.

Short is the interval in India between death and the performance of the obsequies of the deceased—a ceremony which, according to custom, was to take place at sunset. The brief period which intervened was differently employed by those who were to take a prominent part in the fearful drama. The old slave busied herself in settling points of etiquette. A crowd gathered round the Metempsychosian, listening with eager ears to her reminiscencies of the past, and predictions of the future. She declared that she had a distinct recollection of having burned once before, and that she knew she was doomed to burn again ere she could be finally absorbed in the divine essence ; and, while speculating upon the probabilities of receiving a new existence in the same rank which she now held, expressed a hope that she should be born in a lower sphere, as she was convinced that happiness dwelled more frequently in a cottage than in a palace. These hallucinations were devoutly believed to flow from divine inspiration ; and, as she was far more prodigal of

oracular speeches than her companions, she was venerated accordingly, as a person of superior sanctity. The Ranee was differently employed; she wrote a letter to the Resident, recommending several persons, for whom she felt particularly interested, to his protection, and explaining the motives which induced her, while perfectly unimpelled by religious considerations, to prefer death to a life of dishonour.

A short time before sunset, all the preparations were completed; and, descending to the palace gates, unveiled, the four suttees mounted, for the first time in their lives, on horseback, and accompanied the procession to the fatal pile.

Immense multitudes crowded round, striving, with eager interest, to catch the revealings of the future, uttered by those beatified women, who were no longer considered to belong to earth. Many questions were propounded, and one, in particular, indicated the state of the public feeling towards the foreign neighbours established in Hindostan. The Metempsychosian was eagerly entreated to say whether the *Feringhees* would ever be driven out of the country. She judiciously evaded a reply, by inquiring, in turn, whether they had chosen a proper period to ask such a question.

The Resident, in taking his evening ride, purposely encountered the dismal procession, and, accosting the Ranee, for whose admirable qualities, and more than ordinary talents, he entertained a very high respect,

endeavoured to dissuade her from the act she meditated, but without avail. She said it was now too late to retract, and, it being impossible to consent to live in a degraded state, she was glad that her self-sacrifice would confer honour on him who followed, meaning the Ranah, who, according to the etiquette observed by all Indian females towards their husbands, she forbore to name. She invited the Resident to be present at the ceremony; but, turning with horror from a scene so revolting to his heart, he bade her farewell, and took his solitary ride through the picturesque paths of that delightful valley, the peaceful haunt of beautiful creatures, peacocks and pigeons, and countless flocks of birds still more lovely in form and hue, disporting themselves over a sunny land,

“Where all, save the spirit of man, seemed divine.”

Agra, March, 1830.

Note.—The tragic scene narrated in the foregoing pages, was enacted, not very long ago, at Oodipore, upon the death of the late Ranah. The account was given to me by a gentleman attached to the Residency, who could vouch for its truth; and I have related it as I received it from him, without addition or embellishment. I have derived my information respecting the extraordinary beauty of the province from descriptions contained in the correspondence of the same friend, and from drawings taken on the spot. The family of Oodipore, or Chitore, is universally allowed to be the most ancient Hindoo family extant; they belong to the race who boast their descent from the sun, and are superior to all the other Rajpoot tribes.

EARLY MORNING IN MAY.

BY RICHARD HOWITT.

ALL nature is impatient for the day :—

The misty hills seem looking for the sun ;

Even the cuckoo has to shout begun,

And high the lark is heavenward on his way.

Eastward I look, yet all is saddest grey :

No crimson lines along the horizon run,

No silver edgings fringe the fleeces dun,

Caught from the coming sun's far-stretching ray.

Again I look !—and the light grows more strong,—

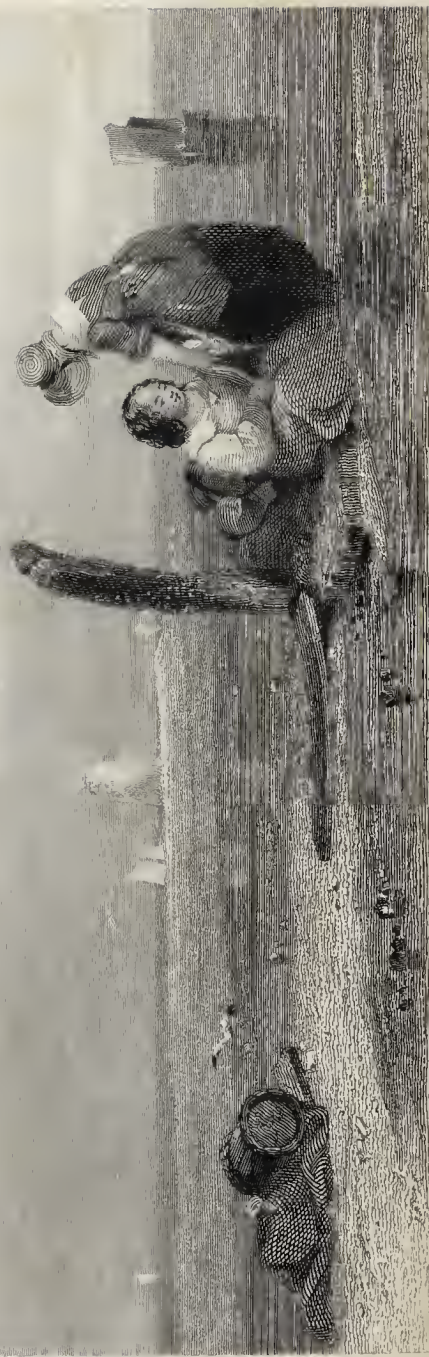
Again !—the gold and silver mingled lie ;

And myriad birds are bursting into song,

As though they caught their music from the sky :

The very leaves with happy life are throng,

And all is animation to the eye.



Engraved by R. Wallis. 2. 1858. 1. 1858.

THE SEA SHORE.

THE SEA SHORE.

THE SEA-SHORE.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

THE ships!—the ships of England!—how gallantly
they sweep
By town and city, fort and tower,—defenders of the
deep!
We build no bastions 'gainst the foe, no mighty walls
of stone;
Our warlike castles breast the tide—the boundless
sea's their own!

The ships!—the ships of England! What British heart
is cold
To the honour of his native isle, to the deathless
deeds of old?—
From quenched Armada's vaunted power, to glorious
Trafalgar,—
From Philip to Napoleon—when set Britannia's star?

The ships!—the ships of England! Where'er the surges
 roar,—

Along the dark Atlantic, by the wild East Indian
 shore—

Where icebergs flash destruction down, or sultry
 breezes play—

The flag of England floats alone, and triumphs on her
 way!

Where sweeps the wind, or swells the wave, our ves-
 sels glad the view;

The wondering savage marks their decks, and stays his
 swift canoe:

The Greenlander forsakes his sledge to watch each
 distant sail

Pass, like a spirit of the deep, beneath the moonlight
 pale!

Oh, wives, that love your cottage-homes! oh, maids,
 that love the green!

And youths, in whose firm, fearless limbs, a free-born
 grace is seen,—

Give honour to the noble ships, that fame and freedom
 lend,

And bid your songs of gratitude from hill and vale
 ascend!

What horrors of the midnight storm our reckless sea-
men know,
When thunders rattle overhead, and billows plunge
below ;
When howls the long ferocious blast, like some fune-
real strain,
And fast and far the vessel drives along the dreadful
main !

How oft the cannon of the foe hath struck their daunt-
less breast,
While ye smiled by the social fire, or found the balm
of rest !
How oft the shriek of drowning men the startled vul-
ture caught,
When ye had closed your doors in peace, and home's
sweet pleasures sought !

Then wake your songs of gratitude to those who brave
the sea,
And peril life that ye may live, and still prove fair and
free :
Amidst your harvest-fields, oh, bid this earnest prayer
prevail:—
“ God guard the ships of England, o'er whatever sea
they sail !”

ENGLISH PREJUDICES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE LISTENER," &c.

WHEN I was a child, through the whole of one winter—or it may be one summer, for that seems a more likely season for invasion—my nurse never put me to bed at night without telling me the “French were coming” before morning. Certainly my ideas were not very distinct as to what was meant by “the French coming ;” but ideas I had, and they were full of horrors undefined and strange : something about great guns and martello towers—about running away from house and home, plumbs and playthings,—literally running ; for all the horses would be seized by the king to put soldiers upon. Then we were to burn bank-notes as useless, and carry off guineas, sixpences, and half-pence—of which last I made a horde for the purpose : and we must kill sheep and oxen for our own eating, because all the butchers would be wanted to kill the French. Strange that ideas so vague and wild should make an impression so lasting !

To this first impression of my early years must,

doubtless, be attributed the dislike I have constantly manifested to every thing French. Since I have reached maturity, and had occasion to express my sentiments, and since it has appeared that instead of the French coming to England, the English must go to France, my childish impressions have shown themselves in characters that never fail to bring on me the charge of “prejudice—English prejudice.” When I have remonstrated with a mother for taking the children whose home is to be England—who have been baptized to England’s faith—whose husbands, whose children, are to be England’s subjects—to bring them up in other tastes, in other habits, under the influences of another faith, that they may learn dislike to English society and English people, to every thing, good or bad, that is peculiar to their country—unfitting them for their own destiny, by changing the something dull and tame solidity of the English character for a frivolous vivacity which they will find nothing here to satisfy,—when I have asked if this be a parent’s wisdom, I have been answered with “prejudice—English prejudice.” And what can so strongly prove the force and permanency of early impressions, as the fact that I have retained those prejudices, not only against argument and persuasion, but against the testimony of facts, such as I am going to relate?

Ben Thompson—I knew him by that familiar name

while yet a boy—was his mother's only son ; and she was a widow. I remember him, with a green-baize bag under his arm, crying every Monday as he went to school ; not for any dislike he had to learning, but because he must leave his mother. I remember him, a few years later, the most blameless member of an academy at Turnham Green, where he was hooted and pelted by his fellows for being home-sick, the only fault that ever was charged upon him. And, later still, I remember him as he was when, his education finished, he returned to his paternal roof, the inheritance of his family for many generations, to which he was the heir. He was one of those—would that England still had millions such !—who, from infancy to manhood, had never guessed there could be any thing better than his own home—any happiness superior to what he found within its walls. It was not his mother only Ben had loved. He loved the paddock—something too proudly called the park—where first he trundled his hoop, or turned the hay with his first pitchfork. He loved the trees he had climbed to look into the bird-nests he was forbidden to take. He loved the church, where every Sunday, in the same corner of the same pew, through many a happy year, he had never been missed by a congregation who looked upon the old squire's son as the greatest man in it, next the parson. And he loved, tenderly loved, the aged nurse, and the still older hind, a sort of pensioners upon the estate ; and

many an honest tenant and labourer beside, who had drunk his health in strong ale at his christening, and had taught their children to greet him with bows and courtesies whenever he came in their way—their future master, and, as they believed on trust, their benefactor. Ben had some hundred acres of good land; and if he had not much beside, there was enough for simple hospitality, such as had characterised his fathers; or, if he wished for more, there was enough to qualify and set him forward in any profession he might choose. I do not say that Ben was without ambition. I often heard of wrongs that Ben had a mind to right as soon as he was old enough to be a magistrate; but that it was five miles from home I should have fancied I saw his eyes glisten with desire to be mayor of the county town. That he ever dreamed of being member I can scarcely think; but Ben could speak good English, and loved a debate with the gardener on politics: and certain it is, his blue ribbon was always larger than any other at election time. Ben was not born when the “French were coming;” if he had, no doubt he would have stood the foremost champion of his country in some yeoman corps. His fine, fair hair, and sensible blue eyes, and sanguine colouring, would have shown well under a helmet.

Such was Benjamin Thompson when, wanting yet a year to be of age, I saw him at his mother’s house; fond of his home, fond of his country, fond of study,

and of every healthful exercise of mind and body, and grateful, as I have reason to think, to heaven for the possession of every thing it had ever entered into his mind to desire : open and honest as the day ; and, if he was a little warm in argument, it was only when any one disputed the rights of the crown, the rights of the church, or the rights of the people,—or denied that the constitution of England was the best in the world, and its climate the finest in the world, and its people the bravest in the world, and the county of D * * * the finest county in it, and Holme Park the best land in the county.

Two years after, Ben came to my apartments, in London, a little browner and older, the same handsome countenance and awkward gait, but with something of an eager restless air ; more gay, but not so satisfied as it used to be. To my inquiries of his business in London, he replied that he was going abroad—he intended to travel for some years. He had already been one year on the continent, and had returned with the intention of settling at Holme Park ; but he found the country so dull and tame after what he had been accustomed to—the climate was so unhealthy he had never felt alive since he returned. He found there was nothing so improving as to travel ; nothing so much enlarged the mind, and cleared away prejudices, and wore off the rust of home. At present he had only seen enough of other countries to

give him a desire for more ; he intended to travel for some years before he settled himself to any pursuit. I asked him of his property. He replied that there was some difficulty : for want of a master's eye things got neglected, and the dues were not forthcoming ; but he had cut down the old trees to make up present deficiencies, and had let the land off his hands for the future. I asked him of his mother : then, for a moment, Ben Thompson looked as he used to do ; he looked grave,—I almost thought he looked sad. He faltered, I am sure, before he answered, “that was the worst of it.” His mother could not bear he should go abroad again. Her heart was almost broken when she heard that Holme Park was to be let. But what could he do ? He could not drone away his best years in the society of a county town, and die of a fog. His mother was still healthy, and not very old ; in a few years he should be tired of roving, and return to make her happy in her latter days. I wondered at this change ; but the mystery was easily explained. Ben's mother had had advisers—as who has not?—they thought it was a pity such a handsome youth should not have a little more polish—should not see something of the world : he could never make any figure in life if he did not travel ; too young at present to settle—much better send him abroad for a year, to acquire knowledge and enlarge his mind. Ben's mother believed ; and in spite of his avowed disinclination, which all his friends

declared to be the effect of prejudices which ought to be got over, he was persuaded to depart. He went—no matter where ; he saw—no matter what. Nature had given Ben what the phrenologists call a large organ of locality, easily awakened to the love of roving ; he had taste and feeling capable of revelling in nature's magnificence, and he had good humour to please and be pleased with all he met. He increased his knowledge—he enlarged his mind—he retained no *prejudices*. Years have passed away since last I saw him ; but Ben is not returned. The park-house is gone to decay—the lease of the land has been renewed—the squire's pew in the church remains empty—the widowed mother has no companion—the poor have no benefactor—England has lost one of her best supports. What Ben has gained I know not. Doubtless he has lost his *prejudices*.

It is not many weeks since I took leave of Helen Maxwell—that was her name when I parted from her ; what it is now is of little consequence, for I shall probably never see her more. She was the eldest daughter of my earliest friend,—loved by me, for her sake, with more than common tenderness, for she had been many years in her grave. Helen was on the verge of womanhood when her mother died—about sixteen, I think ; and, as she gave her parting blessing to this favourite child, she bade her look upon her younger sisters, then

in infancy, as a charge from Heaven, who would look to her for guidance, and, wanting a mother's hand, would form themselves on her example. And this they did; she was mother and sister too. And the father looked upon her as his pride and hope, the other children being yet so young. Every advantage moderate circumstances could procure, was given to Helen in her education; but the greatest of all had been derived from the piety of her sainted mother, who, from her birth, had done all a mother could to bring up her child to God. And Helen seemed to answer to her cares. I thought her religious character as decided as it could be manifested to be in one who had been little tried—who had seen nothing of the world—to whom pleasure had sent no invitations, and interest no bribes, to depart from the pious habits of her father's house; for Helen had never been out of it. The mother, when finishing her own course with joy, and ready to enter her eternal rest, looked gratefully and fearlessly upon this child; for she believed the seed of truth and holiness had taken root in her bosom. She thanked heaven for this answer to her prayers, and died in peace. Every thing in Helen's conduct seemed to give sanction to the mother's hope. She was lovely as the fresh flower of the morning before the eye of day has opened upon it; and, if a too quick susceptibility of impression from external things might be already perceived, it appeared but as a grace, yielding

compliance to every one, and deriving pleasure from every thing. Allowed by her father to follow her own wishes, I never heard that Helen entered into any of those pursuits, or appeared in any of those places, her pious mother had taught her to avoid ; neither that she discontinued the religious services and habits which are supposed to mark a mind determined in its choice of good or evil, of God or mammon.

The time came when Helen's principles were to be put to a more serious trial ; this, too, they stood. I do not think she was more than nineteen when she received proposals of marriage from a gentleman, the son of her father's friend. He was, in every way, what is called a desirable match ; there was no obstacle but that which existed in Helen's mind—or, I would rather say, in her conscience,—for I believed she loved him as well as one could do, who was too young and too inexperienced to know whether she loved or not. At all events, to use her own expression, “she could have loved” him ; but, though of upright character, he had shown no interest in religion—no love to God—no detachment from the world and self. Helen knew what her mother would have wished ; she thought she knew what Heaven would approve ; she said, “How can two walk together except they be agreed?” and she refused the match.

It was not more than a year after this that, making my usual visit to Mr. Maxwell, I was informed by him

that Helen had an invitation to pass six months in Paris with her aunt ; and great as was the sacrifice to himself, and the loss to his other children, to whom Helen was every thing, he could not be so selfishly unjust as to refuse it. Besides the pleasure which every young mind must derive from scenes so new and interesting, great advantages were promised for the improvement of her talents ; and though the dear girl had hesitated a little on account of depriving her sisters of her superintendence, she felt satisfied that they would ultimately benefit by her improvement. It was in vain I used all the freedom of the mother's friend to attempt to dissuade him from his purpose ; in vain I told of unhealthful excitements—of pernicious examples—of a seducing faith. “Prejudices—all English prejudices.” He was sure of those to whom he committed her : good principle was equally safe every where, and he was sure of Helen's.

Helen Maxwell went to Paris. Three months more than the six had elapsed when I received a pressing note from her father to see him at his house. Knowing that Helen had been some time expected, I hoped it was on occasion of her arrival. The expression of the old man's countenance when I entered his apartment was intensely painful ; a pencil might, but language cannot, paint it. Tears, such as manhood does not often shed, stood upon his wrinkled cheek while he told me that Helen had indeed returned, but only

to ask him to part from her for ever. At these words the little children ceased their play, and drew nearer to their father, as if to borrow the expression of his sadness. Helen was to be married. Helen had attached herself to one abroad who loved her, *so she said*, as Englishmen do not love. True, she must leave her country; but she had formed more friendships in nine months abroad than ever she had formed in all her life in England: she minded to leave nothing but her father—and all daughters, when they marry, leave their fathers. True, the man she loved was of a different faith; but Helen had learned, now that she had seen more of life, that there are more ways than one of serving God—that small differences of opinion are of no consequence—that, if the heart be right, it matters not to what church a man belongs; since she had become familiar with the practices of the Romish Church she did not see so much objection to them. She hoped her lover was a pious man; or, if not, with the blessing of God upon her influence, she hoped he would become so, and they might walk together towards heaven, though by a different route. In short, Helen waited only her father's consent, which, she said, could be withheld only at the cost of her happiness, since her affections were fixed unchangeably. The father believed it and consented; but never from that day has sorrow departed from his countenance—never since has he named her without a tear. Of

all she asked at parting, one thing only he refused. She asked to have her sisters, each in turn, to finish their education under her care: he answered, "No: never should another girl of his be sent into a foreign land." Helen Maxwell is married. She has left her father; she has left the family committed by her mother to her guidance; she has left the altar where that sainted mother devoted her in prayer to God;—perhaps, before this, she may have left her faith: doubtless she has left her *prejudices*.

I one day asked a young minister, who had recently been inducted to a living in the country, by what authority from his divine Master he gave up his parochial duties to another, and prepared to pass the summer months on the continent. He answered me that there was quite as much to do on the continent as in England. He did not intend to be idle, or to travel merely for his own gratification. He had prepared himself—pointing to a trunk already packed with Bibles, tracts, homilies, &c.—to pursue his ministerial work wherever he might go, in proclaiming the gospel of peace, and distributing the word of life. I remarked that being an ordained minister of the English Church, and having taken upon himself the especial charge of a portion of her community, as their appointed minister, I did not perceive how he could have any ministerial duties to perform in a foreign land, plainly incom-

patible with the charge committed to him at home. He told me this was a mistake—a *prejudice*. The souls of men in one place were of as much value as in another; the ministry of God's servants was every where. It was convenient for him to travel; and he did not feel that he could be better employed than in carrying the light of truth to the benighted continent. He should leave his parish in good hands, and, with God's blessing on his labours for others, return improved himself in knowledge of mankind—in experience of the ways of the kingdom of darkness, and the devices of the evil one under a diversified character of iniquity. His experience would be gain to his parishioners, as well as to himself. Particularly, he desired to see and to contend with Popery in the focus of her abominations, that he might verify her deeds, and testify of her corruptions. I answered not again; for I felt it unavailing. Mr. Peters was a young man of fortune, of an honourable family, and considerable attainments. He had entered the Church because he loved it, and devoted himself to the ministry of Christ because he loved the service. His piety was beyond question, and his powers of usefulness above the common level. During the short period he had served his parish-church, the congregation had considerably increased; and so pleasing seemed the promise of his ministry, to those best able to appreciate it, that his intended absence was heard of with regret. I hap-

pened to visit that parish whilst Mr. Peters was away, and could not but be struck with the great alteration in the appearance of its church. A pious but not very able man supplied the place of curate ; and, with a tone peculiarly disconsolate and discouraged, went through the service to an empty church, of which the large green pew in the centre, appropriated to the clergyman's family, stood conspicuous in emptiness. Of the parishioners whom I inquired after, some had gone to one place of worship, some to another, and more had stayed at home ; for the rector, as they told me, was away.

How long Mr. Peters stayed away I do not know—it was no business of mine ; neither do I know where he went to, or what he did abroad. I met him after his return at a large dinner-party, succeeding some public meeting ; and my attention was deeply rivetted to a conversation—almost, I may say, a controversy—maintained by my friend alone, against the prevalent feeling of the company, in extenuation of the errors and practices of the Romish Church. Of some things I heard him say they were mere ceremonies—very little important when you come to witness what they are, apart from the colouring distance and exaggeration give ; of other things, that they were not so essentially erroneous as he had supposed, before he had frequent opportunities of intercourse with the members of that church. There was more made, he thought, of the

differences between their faith and ours than need be, if people would put aside their prejudices, and see things for themselves. Doubtless there were errors—many things to be lamented; but it was astonishing how intimacy reconciled those together who were used to set themselves in array against each other, and tended to beget liberality of sentiment, and brotherly affection. Be it not supposed my friend had this thread of argument to himself unbroken. His opponents were many; but to every charge they brought against the apostate church he had something ameliorating to produce. For every exposure of her corruption, he had an *if* or *but* of doubtfulness or explanation; even for the desecration of her Sabbaths he had a softer colouring,—they kept them after their own manner—they understood the institution differently, and meant no dishonour when they devoted them to pleasure. He thought the frequent residence of our people abroad would greatly tend to reduce the acrimony that was between the churches, and, by removing prejudices on both sides, bring them into more Christian communion. I thought so too. I should have found reason to think it now, if I never had before. The reverend apologist was a gentle and benevolent spirit, too readily susceptible, perhaps, of the charms of social intercourse—too easily blinded to what is sinful before God by what is kind and acceptable to man: as the eye looks upon darkness till it sees it not

dark, and the taste is accustomed to bitterness till it finds no disrelish in it, so this amiable and pious young man had looked upon error till it ceased to disgust him, and upon sin till it ceased to seem sinful. Mr. Peters might have carried light to the benighted—he might have distributed knowledge to the ignorant,—this I know not; but I know, for I have had frequent communication with him since, that he has brought back diminished attachment to his own church—diminished jealousy for the honour of the divine word—diminished earnestness in maintaining the *peculiar* tenets of Protestantism: of course, he has brought back no *prejudices*.

Perhaps I may be thought too serious. One story more, and I have done. A lady came some years ago to my apartment, introduced by a friend, to consult me upon the state of her worldly prospects, and be advised of the likeliest method to amend them. She was a remarkably plain little woman, upon the verge, as I guessed, of fifty; but with a good-nature and simplicity in her countenance that rendered it not unpleasing. She wore a close, untrimmed bonnet, which, for any look of fashion or newness that was upon it, might have been her grandmother's; the rest of her dress was remarkably plain and common, and something worn: her whole manner and appearance below that of polished life, though free from any thing that could rightly be called

vulgarity. In the statement of her pretensions she was very humble and modest. She had been engaged in tuition it seemed, and in some moderate and pious families had been considerably valued ; but not being quite polished enough, or accomplished enough, or learned enough, for this wonderful age, her plain trustworthiness had become depreciated in the market, and could with difficulty be disposed of at any price. In this dilemma she consulted me upon the advisability of going to Paris to improve herself. Of course she was unaware of my early prejudices. She must soon have perceived them when, with most anti-parisian plainness, I made mention of her years—of the little time that remained to make provision for the flesh ; that her difficulties, if increasing with age, must also be shortening—that the little property she had might better be applied to the diminished necessities of her diminished years than expended in speculations upon future gains. In short—for I have never concealed my prejudices—I told her I had seen many injured by going to Paris, but few improved by it—that she would deprive herself of religious comforts and advantages, so necessary to her age and state of mind ; and I doubted if what she would gain would be any recommendation to serious families on her return.

She thanked me, and left me, and I thought no more of her till, two years after, I was sitting in the same chair, in the same apartment—how some people stand

still and let the world go by them !—when a lady was shown in. It was even Dorothy ; but what a change ! Never shall I forget the sight of her. Flaxen curls, of which each one was as large as a penny roll, were ranged in triple rows on either side her face : a smart silk hat, of many colours, was so obliquely placed as to shadow one half only. Her wizen face had acquired a colouring which I did not take to be the flush of youth. The rest was in keeping : bracelets, and chains, and ruffles, and flounces, had swelled out her person to ample proportions with its height. Whilst I sat in blank amaze, “I am come,” said Dorothy, with a fantastic and tripping tone, “to show you that I am not injured by going to Paris.” I looked intently in her face—I am almost afraid I laughed ; but Dorothy, nothing abashed by vulgar gaze, went on to assure me nothing could be so false as had been my prejudices. There was a great deal more spirituality among the religious people in France than in England. She had enjoyed much greater privileges in the society there than ever she had here. They were more united, more liberal, more separated from the world. Never had she felt so much of the Spirit’s influence as in that delightful Paris. Poor Dorothy ! I did not ask after her acquirements, her old bonnet, or her modesty : I supposed they had gone with her PREJUDICES.

MAY MORNING.

ADDRESSED TO E. L. E., BY THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE
PEASANT.

“Sit under the May-bush at the head of the table.”—*Darley*.

LADY, 'tis thy desire to move
Far from the world's ungentle throng ;
Lady, 'tis thy desire to love
The muses and the heirs of song :
Nor taste alone is thine to praise,
For thou canst touch the minstrel-wire,
And, while thou'rt praising other's lays,
Wake notes that any may admire :
Forgive if I, in friendship's way,
Do offer thee a wreath of May.

I greet thee with no gaudy flowers,
For thou art not to fashions prone,
But rather lov'st the woodland bowers,
Where Nature's beauties charm alone.

The passion-flower and Ceres fine
By wealth and pride are reared alone ;
Yet flowers more sweet, nor less divine,
Spring's humble fields and forests own,—
To every hand and bosom given,
And nourished by the dews of heaven.

The little violet, too, I weave
In wreaths, I'm fain that thou shouldst prize,
Although it comes at Winter's eve,
And often in the tempest dies :
The primrose, too, a doubtful dream
Of what precarious Spring would be ;
Yet would I not the type should seem
Aught fancy feigns resembling thee,
And thus belie thy gentle heart,
Where worldly coldness hath no part.

Here, too, are boughs of blushing May,
And lilies of the valley fair ;
Yet, not with idle praise to say
They're types of what are sweet and fair,
I cropped one from the pasture hedge,
The other from the forest dell,
And thou hast given the muse's pledge,
Such scenes delight thy bosom well :—
'Tis not thy person wakes my lays,
Thy heart alone I mean to praise.

Forgive me, though I flatter not ;
Youth's beauties it were thine to wear
Have been by riper years forgot,
And thou hast had a happy share ;
And I might praise full many a grace
That lives and lingers yet behind ;
But they, like flowers, shall change their place—
Not so the beauties of the mind :
So I have ivy placed between,
To show that worth is evergreen.

The little blue forget-me-not
Comes, too, on friendship's gentle plea,
Spring's messengers in every spot,
Smiling on all—Remember me !
But gaudy tulips find no place
In garlands friendship would bestow ;
Yet here the cowslip shows its face,
Prized for its sweetness more than show :—
Passions to pride and pomp inclined
Would but offend a modest mind.

I would not on May's garland fling
The laurel to the muse and thee ;
For fashion's praise a common thing
Hath made of that once sacred tree :
I trust we many laurels wear
That never grew on Parnass' hill ;

Yet dare I speed 'tis thine to heir
The muse's laurels if ye will :—
Let flattery think her wreaths divine,
Merit by its own worth will shine.

Oh, when I read the glorious host
Of poets to my country born ;
Though sorrow was the lot of most,
And many shared the sneers of scorn
That now, by time and talent tried,
Give life to fame's eternal sun !—
Oh, when I mark the glorious pride
That England from her bards hath won,—
Even I, the meanest of the throng,
Warm into extasy and song !

The highest gifts each kingdom claims
Are minstrels on the muse's throne,
And bards who've won the richest fames
'Tis England's proudest boast to own :
Shakspeares and Miltons, they who heir
The fame immortal o'er decay ;
And Scotts and Byrons, born to wear
The honours of a later day,
That join, to present, past renown,
And wear the never-tarnished crown.

These from proud laurels never won
Their fames and honours more divine ;

They, like the grand eternal sun,
Confer their glories where they shine :
The laurel were a common bough
Had it not decked the poet's crown ;
And even weeds, so common now,
Placed there would augur like renown,—
Bloom, satellites in glory's way,
Proud as the laurel and the bay.

Lady !—and thou hast chosen well
To give the muses thy regard ;
There, taste from pleasure bears the belle,
There, feeling finds its own reward :
Though genius often, while it makes
Life's millions happy with her songs,
From sorrow's cup her portion takes,
And struggles under bitterest wrongs :—
To cares of life and song unknown,
The poet's fame be thine alone !

A FIGHT AT SEA.

BY A NAVAL CAPTAIN.

The boatswain's whistle shrilly blew ;
Loud beat the drum ; the British crew
To quarters instant came :
Each, ardent, to his post repaired—
The guns cast loose, the decks all cleared—
Resolved to merit fame.

EVERY old Indian stager must have heard of the little T——, so long the favourite of the station, and endearingly named by sailors the saucy T——. This ship belonged to the Bombay Marine, a service much less paid than worked ; for the old lady of Leadenhall is but little aware of what her good sons of the grab-service suffer.

The saucy T—— weighed one fine morning in 1804, and stood out of Bombay harbour, with a party of soldiers on board, and an armed Patamah in company, to look after a privateer which had recently captured the Fly, a company's cruiser, full of gold mohurs and rupees. The weather was serene ; the Mahratta hills

bounded the prospect on one hand, and an azure expanse of ocean, tinted by fantastic clouds, on the other, and with our studding-sails alow and aloft, and our striped flag and pendant waving in the breeze, we soon left the light-house in the distance. All hands were in high spirits, and Lieut. R——, who commanded the detachment of troops, was so animated that he seemed to be ready to eat an enemy. This state of enjoyment lasted a couple of days, and a bright look-out was kept on every side; but on the third evening the sky became overcast, the breeze freshened, the soldiers and idlers dived below, and the watch began to reduce sail by taking in the top-gallant sails, and reefing the top-sails. The Patamah was about a quarter of a mile to leeward, and, seeing that she laboured to the swell, we made her signal to prepare for bad weather. The sun now descended in angry radiance, tinging the liquid element and the sky with a gloomy redness :—

“Through the wide atmosphere, condensed with haze,
His glaring orb emits a sanguine blaze.”

The luminary never rose again on many of those who beheld his going down; for this was the last time we saw the poor Patamah; and she was never heard of afterwards.

The sunset was succeeded by a pitchy darkness, the wind and sea increased simultaneously, the rain fell in torrents, and vivid lightning added terror to the

scene. All the small sails were sent from aloft—the top-tackles were rove—the fore and mizen top-sails handed—the top-gallant-masts struck, and the flying-jib boom run in ; and we made tolerably good weather of it, under a close-reefed main-top-sail, fore-sail, fore-top-mast stay-sail, and balanced mizen. The land-men were mostly sea-sick ; and Lieut. R—— grumbled bitterly at having left his comfortable quarters at Coulabah, to volunteer his services upon the faithless element : he did not like the clattering of blocks and ropes—the flapping of sails—the noise of the crew, nor the motion of the vessel ; he “ had only come on board to fight, and not to suffer thus.”

While we were dashing over the waves, like a sea-bird on the wing, and shipping occasional sprays over the weather chess-tree, a voice on the forecastle suddenly bawled out, “ A ship on the lee bow ! ” This announcement created no little confusion ; all who had not turned in were on deck in an instant, and those who had came tumbling up half rigged. The private night-signal was made, and remained unanswered, though the stranger passed sufficiently near to enable us to perceive that she had three raking-masts, and loomed large ; but darkness prevented all further observation. The sails were trimmed, and the course altered so as to follow her apparent track ; and we flew rapidly in the direction, with many of the best eyes in the barkey staring till they ached again, to

catch a sight of the *prize*, as they termed the stranger. The rest of the night passed in pithy yarns about hard knocks and prize-money.

Morning brought only a renewal of the tempest : a blaek driving scud mantled the sky, and the wild waves were crested with foam ; nor was there any thing, either friend or foe, in sight. As Cananor was under our lee, we made for Mount Delhi, and in the afternoon brought up in deep water in the road-stead, where the bottom proved good holding ground, for the anchors held, though we were pitching bows under. All hands had been cold, hungry, and weary, but a hearty meal, with a good allowanee of *brandy pornee*, soon set matters to-rights. The wind abated towards the evening, and the sea fell, so that the idlers began to show their noses on deck again ; and some of them thought it a shame that the looks-out of the middle watch had permitted the stranger to slip out of sight.

The little 'T—— rode that night tolerably easy ; but the gale was not over, the squally puffs being very violent at intervals. We had scarcely commenced holystoning the decks at day-break, according to custom, when a sail hove in sight in the offing, which, by the rake of her masts, was at once pronounced to be our night friend. The hands hardly required turning up ; every man flew to his station, and we began getting clear for action. As our skipper did not wish to be caught by the nose, he resolved to weigh, thinking the stranger

would not perceive us under the land ; but she stood stem on for us, and we now saw, by the cut of her jib, that she was a frigate-built Frenchman : so, as we had not time to purchase both our anchors, we ran up the best bower, and drew the splice of the small one. Away went the cable end-for-end, and away went the sauey T——, under close-reefed top-sails and courses, as much as she could stagger under, while whole green seas were canted over the weather bow, and the live lumber began to kick about, all afloat in the lee-scuppers.

“ What do you think of that fellow, my friend ? ” said Lieut. R—— to Collins, the old quarter-master.

“ Why, rum work I expeet ; our pop-guns won’t do much agen his sides, and if we don’t get elose aboard on him, there’ll be many as will lose the number of their mess.”

“ But, my good man, how is that to be done in such rough weather ? ” demanded the soldier.

“ Oh, where there’s a will there’s a way,” replied Collins, with imperturbable coolness ; “ better we both go down together than let him lead us off, or sink us by ourselves.”

The lieutenant evidently had had enough of this discourse, and looked rather blank for a moment, being so entirely out of his element. However, resolving to “ grin and bear it,” he obeyed Captain B——’s directions with alacrity, and made his men station them-

selves in the boats on the booms, to take advantage of circumstances.

Meantime Crapaud had caught a full sight of us ; and, not liking the manner in which we were handled, wore and shook out a couple of reefs, evidently determined to avoid a brush if possible,—merchantmen being rather his aim than ships that show teeth.

“ Hands, make sail !” sung out our skipper ;—“ men to their stations—give her weather-helm—square away the after-yards—look out when she’s right a-head.”

“ Aye, aye, sir !” answered old Collins, who had now taken the wheel.

“ Port a little—there, steady, so, steady !”

The top-gallant-masts were then fidded, the yards swayed aloft and crossed, and in a few minutes the T—— was under as much canvass as she could carry to a quartering wind. The drum beat to quarters—the decks were cleared—every rope an end—tompions out of the guns—cheeses of wads in readiness—the fire-screens hung up—and the fighting-water filled. Captain B—— visited every part of the decks to see that the officers and men were properly stationed, and to caution them not to fire unless they could make sure of their shot telling. Besides the boarders being armed as usual, additional pikes, tomahawks, and cutlasses were distributed, and an abundant supply of ball-cartridges was handed to the soldiers.

The wind was falling from a gale into a stiffish

breeze, and the T—— stood so well under her canvass that we soon began to overhaul upon the chase, she, in the meantime, steering rather wildly, and losing ground by her yaws. At about six bells in the forenoon watch, we came up so hand-over-hand that Crapaud did not like it; he thereupon hoisted his tri-coloured rag, and opened with long balls from his stern-chasers. “Steady,” however, was the word, and not a shot did we think of returning till we closed upon his weather quarter, when, clapping the helm up, we stretched athwart his stern, till our broadside bore upon the gingerbread work abaft, and then bang she had it, double-shotted. This evidently astonished her; and, as the smoke blew off, we perceived that we had knocked away her mizen top-mast, which was hanging over the side. This was a fortunate accident, of which we took good advantage. We were now about thirty yards from her stern; the helm was put a-starboard—the after-sails shivered, and as we fell off we gave her the other broadside as hot as she could take it. Scarcely a shot seemed to miss, while Lieut. R—— and his men stood to their posts, and picked off some of the enemy’s most conspicuous officers and men. The instant we had fired we braced up our after-yards, put the helm a-port, and stood for her again; and this manœuvre we practised with such success that Crapaud could only get his stern-chasers and musketry to bear upon us.

This was warm work for our barkey, for we soon found that our opponent could be no other than the *Psyche*, of whose superiority we were well aware ; and the skipper's idea, in attacking her at all, was rather in the hope of crippling so mischievous a cruiser than the chance of taking her. But the fortunate position we had taken on her stern was a terrible balance against her ; and the blood trickling down her scuppers showed that she felt the weight of our compliments. The conflict continued upwards of an hour, when our rigging was much torn, and several of our best men were killed and wounded. The *Psyche* now shortened sail, as if determined to render the affray more desperate and decisive ; and Captain B——, on his part, was determined to try to carry her by assault.

“Sail-trimmers to the weather-braces!” cried he ; “boarders to the starboard quarter, and stand by to follow me. We'll have her, my lads!” A loud cheer followed this announcement ; but, at the same instant, the Frenchman having lessened his way, the T—— forged too far ahead, and received the greater part of a destructive broadside which was blazed at her, and which principally told among the soldiers on the booms, and the people at the waistguns.

Although most of Crapaud's sails were hanging in ribbons, and his upper works were pretty well riddled, yet the confusion this bitter dose threw us into

enabled him to close upon us, which he effected with a horrid surge. At the instant of the crash, about fifty of them, headed by a very ferocious-looking officer, attempted to carry us by boarding; but they were repulsed by our gallant lads with slaughter. Still the enemy had now gained a footing on our decks: the combat became dreadful, and the pikes and tomahawks were used with death-dealing effect. The French leader fell in attacking our captain, whose cutlass dealt destruction to all who opposed his arm, although severely wounded in the sword-wrist, which tended to make him more furious; yet, though the guns were deserted for the purpose of repelling this attack, it would have gone hard with us, for, as our fore-yard was locked in the *Psyche's* mizen rigging, she could easily pour in more men. At this critical instant Brooks, the captain of the fore-top, cut away the lifts, and the vessel began to swing, on which the assailants retreated with great precipitation; but about twenty of the Frenchmen were left on board of us, who were most of them shot or cut down in the heat of the moment. Among the English who fell in this attack was poor old Collins; he was struck in the head by a grape-shot, while in the act of cheering the men on the quarter-deck.

The *Psyche* let run her fore and main clue-garnets, kept large, and was for sheering off; and though we saw her drift, which was evidently an unwillingness to

renew the engagement, we could now do little to interrupt her. Our bulwarks, sails, and rigging were much torn—the decks covered with blood—fourteen fine men were killed, and twice as many wounded; yet, in the hope of knocking away a stick, we ranged up again on her weather quarter, and discharged another broadside as a parting token. A feeble discharge of musketry, and a round from the stern-chasers, was all the reply; and, as they had stoppered their standing rigging, they were able to make sail, and creep off. Captain B—— had thus done every thing in his power to disable an enemy so dangerous to the commerce of the station; and, as no further good could arise from pursuing a vessel of such superior force, we hove to, and repaired damages as well as we could. Having buried the slain, both French and English, and got the saucy T—— into ship-shape trim again, we stood in for Tellichery, where the intrepidity and resolution of the captain, and the gallantry of the men, were applauded to the skies. But amidst the general hilarity there was an occasional sigh for our departed shipmates, and the following lines were earnestly ejaculated:—

They sleep! but o'er their ocean-grave,
Deep peals the minute-gun,
The thundering requiem of the brave,
When their bright course is done;
And night-winds oft shall whisper there,—
Peace to the wave-tossed mariner!

A POSTSCRIPT TO THE AMULET,

FOR 1834.

BY J. F. HOLLINGS.

AUTUMN has smiled its last ; the rising dirge
Of feebly moaning winds is in the woods,
Where, with the gust, in eddying circles borne,
The yellow leaf disports, or, with the stream
Deep rolling, hurries forward. Sternly sweep,
Low hung o'er dim-seen hills, the trailing clouds ;
And, throwing faint, at intervals, his glance
O'er rustling thickets sere, and fallows dun,
And hoary towers, above whose time-worn brows
The gilded vanes more bright the ray return,
From the far south the melancholy sun
Looks coldly forth, then fades, obscured anew.
There dwells a louder voice among the rocks,
Where bursts the troubled surge ; less bold to wing
Seaward his heavy flight, along the shore
Screams querulous and shrill the plaintive mew ;
And the broad ocean's space, which, stretched erewhile
Beneath the unclouded blue of laughing skies,

Heaved with a tint as deep, is white with foam :
Bright glistening from the berried hawthorn's spray,
A mimic gem, the pendent dew-drop waves ;
While on the web, whose intertexture slight
Hangs tremulous below, the infant frost,
Sportive in birth, has strung its countless beads.
Eve steals apace upon the track of noon,
With drizzling sleet, and curling vapours grey,
Fast gathering where the briary streamlet glides ;
And, long before her daily task is done,
The careful housewife, frugal of the hour,
Kindles her glimmering light, which, through the panes
Of windows narrow-latticed, shoots aslant
Its beams, illumining the parted gloom.
Thus, in his staid and unobtrusive dress,
Borne from his house of storms, and heralded
By deeper shades upon the slumbering earth,
And brighter stars upon the studded sky,
Comes Winter to our doors with stealthy pace.
Grave-featured guest ! yet not esteemed the less,
As leading in his train the gentle band
Of calm delights, and peaceful sports, which sit,
Like household fairies, round the illumined hearth,
And joys the purest as the widest spread,
Which, born from social love and friendship tried,
Through many a fair and many a clouded hour,
Find, in their constant exercise, increase,
And nurse in turn the sense from which they sprung.

Then let the gathering tempest howl without,
And on the casement the dull pattering rain
Beat in its fitful strength; and where the shore,
With threatening crest, o'erhangs the impetuous wave,
The rushing billow's length its dripping load
Of shells and weeds, uptorn for many a rood,
Scatter in sullen enmity. Within,
The excited blaze, with murmurs as of mirth,
Mounts with its chasing flames in lambent play,
Brightening the smile on many a cheerful face,
And rendering darker yet the forms grotesque,
Which rise and quiver on the shadowy wall.
In modulation sweet the song is heard,
Or, no less melody, the merry laugh;
Nor wanting is the sure tradition, told
In tone so staid, and with such anxious hush
And breathless eagerness of awe received,
That the spent cinder, tinkling on the hearth,
Falls with a power to stir the quickened pulse,
Almost as if the rustling curtain drawn
Showed the grim spectre to the hearer's gaze,
Or, on their startled ears, the hollow bell
Pealed sullenly the mystic note of ONE.
Last, clothed in graceful dress of varied dye,
Enriched with many a view from flood and rill,
Grey-castled heights, and ivy-mantled glades,
And gleaming lakes, whose still and waveless sleep
The cloud-wreathed mountain guards, and cities proud,

Girdled with war-worn battlement and tower ;
Or scenes which, wrought to embody passion deep,
Breathe of the magic of triumphant art,
Comes forth the Annual token, with its name
Winning a welcome from Affection's lips,
And doubly valued for the giver's sake.
Here, while the eye in admiration dwells,
And still finds beauties new, the shrouded day
Sets with no gloomy power ; and sober eve
O'er the dim sky her legions numberless
Leads forth in marshalled splendour unobserved,
While, as the glistening needle plies its task,
And the still labour speeds, some willing voice
Charms hence the stealing moments in their flight,
With tales of venturous deed and peril rude—
Of antique merriment and costly state—
Of constancy revered, and changeless faith,
Tried by the test of years ; nor wanting found,
Legend, and lay, and flow of sportive song.

“ Trifles too slight for censure,—very weeds,
Which, sown prolific o'er the lettered soil,
Weak as the short-lived growth whose name they bear,
Please for their hour and perish,—frivolous
In work and texture as the brittle frost
By Winter formed, which, for a minute, draws
The eye amused to dwell upon its wild
And fretted tracery of stars and flowers,

Excites, perchance, one quickly passing smile,
Then melts and is forgotten." Be it so,
Sage Aristarchus of the wrinkled front,
And lips recurved in cynical disdain ;
And yet, methinks, if innocent the means,
But with one smile to light the gentle lip—
To chase one shadow from the saddened brow—
To cheer one minute, else o'ercast with gloom,
Were no mean end, in prospect or in gain,
To render pleasant tasks less brief than ours ;
Nor deem we it a valueless reward,
To know that, where the kindly circle meets,
Whose space, although we view it not, the glass
Of fancy mirrors with its tempered mirth,
And friendly interchange of look and word,
The varied product of our lonelier hours
In this, our country's fairest scene, bestows
An added pleasure to the joyous heart,
Or livelier lustre to the cheerful eye,
E'en though the short-lived labour, as thou sayest,
And hands employed forgotten soon may be.

And yet not all forgotten ! Time shall be,
When on this volume—haply worn with age,
And treasured with the wrecks of days gone by,
Then shown like those which now attract from us
Much wonder at the comforts of our sires,
When Tudor or Plantagenet was king,—

Some passing eye may rest, while lightly streams
The summer-beam upon its gilded name,
And faded garniture ; some curious hand
Turn its damp leaves obedient to the wish,
To learn from thence the purport and design
Which gave a being to each antique page.
Know then, most gentle reader, yet unborn,
Whose fancied quest, anticipated thus,
We meet and quickly obviate ere prolonged,
That, not forgetful that far higher aims,
And nobler tasks, our privileges claimed,
Wove we our annual garland, year by year ;
But, knowing this as well, that He who gives
Its separate duties to each fleeting hour,
And wills our days to pass not unredeemed,
Amidst the care, and toil, and fears of life,
Hath also given to rest its suited place,
And, in the tumult of this earthly strife,
Assigned a time for gathering strength anew.

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